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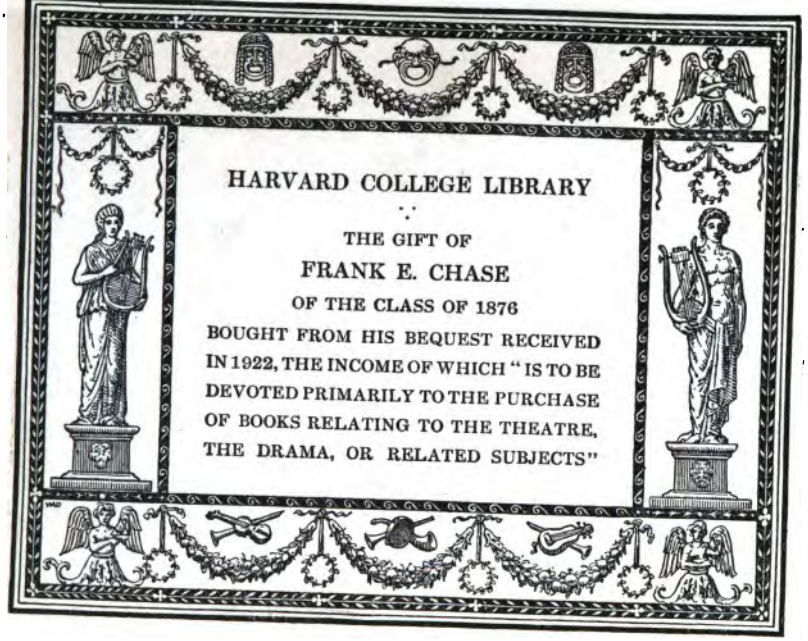
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VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

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COMEDIES.

LONDON.
Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange in the
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B. E L L's

BRITISH THEATRE,

Conſiſting of the moſt eſteemed

ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

Being the Eighth VOLUME of COMEDIES.

CONTAINING

The TWIN RIVALS, by Mr. FARQUHAR.
The COUNTRY WIFE, by Mr. WYCHERLEY.
The FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL, by Mr. SHADWELL.
The ALCHYMIST, by BEN JONSON.
LOVE'S LAST SHIFT, by Mr. CHA. JOHNSON.

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Boston

Bartolozzi del. Published for Bells British Theatre Nov.r 2d. 1777.

Mrs. ABINGTON in the Character of AURELIA.

No, no, I'm resolved against a man that disappears all the summer like a Woodcock.

BELL'S EDITION.

THE *TWIN RIVALS.*

A COMEDY,

As written by Mr. FARQUHAR.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

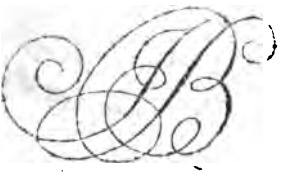
Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

Sic vos non vobis.



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter-Exchange*, in the *Strand.*

MDCCLXXVII.

TO

HENRY BRETT, Esq.

THE commons of England have a right of petitioning; and since, by your place in the senate, you are obliged to hear and redress the subject, I presume upon the privilege of the people, to give you the following trouble.

As prologues introduce plays on the stage, so dedications usher them into the great theatre of the world; and as we chuse some staunch actor to address the audience, so we pitch upon some gentleman of undisputed ingenuity to recommend us to the reader. Books, like metals, require to be stamped with some valuable effigies before they become popular and current.

To escape the critics, I resolved to take sanctuary with one of the best; one who differs from the fraternity in this, that his good-nature is ever predominant; can discover an author's smallest faults, and pardon the greatest.

Your generous approbation, Sir, has done this play service, but has injured the author; for it has made him insufferably vain, and he thinks himself authorised to stand up for the merit of his performance, when so great a master of wit has declared in his favour.

The muses are the most coquetish of their sex, fond of being admired, and always putting on their best airs to the finest gentleman: but, alas, Sir! their addresses are stale, and their fine things but repetition; for there is nothing new in wit, but what is found in your own conversation.

Could I write by the help of study, as you talk without it, I would venture to say something in the usual strain of dedication; but as you have too much wit to suffer it, I too little to undertake it, I hope the world will excuse my deficiency, and you will pardon the presumption of,

SIR,

Your most obliged, and
Most humble servant,

Dec. 23, 1702. G. FARQUHAR.

PREFACE.

THE ſucceſs and countenance that debauchery has met with in plays, was the moſt ſevere and reaſonable charge againſt their authors in Mr. Collier's Short View; and indeed this gentleman had done the drama conſiderable ſervice, had he arraigned the ſtage only to puniſh its miſdemeanors, and not to take away its life. But there is an advantage to be made ſometimes of the advice of an enemy, and the only way to diſappoint his deſigns, is to improve upon his invectives, and to make the ſtage flouriſh, by the virtue of that ſatire by which he thought to ſuppreſs it.

I have therefore in this piece endeavoured to ſhew, that an Engliſh comedy may anſwer the ſtrictneſs of poetical juſtice: but indeed the greater ſhare of the Engliſh audience (I mean that part which is no farther read than in plays of their own language) have imbibed other principles, and ſtand up as vigorouſly for the old poetic licence, as they do for the liberty of the ſubject. They take all innovations for grievances; and let a project be never ſo well laid for their advantage, yet the undertaker is very likely to ſuffer by it. A play without a beau, cully, cuckold, or coquet, is as poor an entertainment to ſome palates, as their Sunday's dinner would be without beef and pudding. And this I take to be one reaſon that the galleries were ſo thin during the run of this play. I thought indeed to have ſoothed the ſplenetic zeal of the City, by making a gentleman a knave, and puniſhing their great grievance—a whoremaſter: but a certain virtuoſo of that fraternity has told me ſince, that the Citizens were never more diſappointed in any entertainment; for (ſaid he) however pious we may appear to be at home, yet we never go to that end of the town but with an intention to be lewd.

There

There was an odium caſt upon this play, before it appeared, by ſome perſons who thought it their intereſt to have it ſuppreſſed. The ladies were frighted from ſeeing it, by formidable ſtories of a midwife, and were told, no doubt, that they muſt expect no leſs than a labour upon the ſtage; but I hope the examining into that aſperſion will be enough to wipe it off, ſince the character of the midwife is only ſo far touched as is neceſſary for carrying on the plot, ſhe being principally decyphered in her procuring capacity; and I dare not affront the ladies ſo far, as to imagine they could be offended at the expoſing of a bawd.

Some critics complain, that the deſign is defective for want of Clelia's appearance in the ſcene; but I had rather they ſhould find this fault, than I forfeit my regard to the fair, by ſhewing a lady of figure under a misfortune; for which reaſon I made her only nominal, and choſe to expoſe the perſon that injured her. And if the ladies don't agree that I have done her juſtice in the end, I am very ſorry for it.

Some people are apt to ſay, that the character of Richmore points at a particular perſon; though I muſt confeſs, I ſee nothing but what is very general in his character, except his marrying his own miſtreſs; which by the way he never did, for he was no ſooner off the ſtage, but he changed his mind, and the poor lady is ſtill in *ſtatu quo:* but upon the wole matter, 'tis application only makes the aſs; and characters in plays, are like Long-Lane clothes, not hung out for the uſe of any particular perſon, but to be bought by only thoſe they happen to fit.

The moſt material objection againſt this play is the importance of the ſubject, which neceſſarily leads into ſentiments too great for diverſion, and ſuppoſes vices too great for comedy to puniſh. 'Tis ſaid, I muſt own, that the buſineſs of comedy is chiefly to ridicule folly, and that the puniſhment of vice falls rather into the province of tragedy; but if there be a middle ſort of wickedneſs, too high for the ſock, and too low for the buſkin, is there any reaſon that it ſhould go unpuniſhed? What are more obnoxious to humane ſociety, than the villains expoſed in this play, the frauds, plots and contrivances

upon the fortunes of men, and the virtue of women? But the perſons are too mean for heroic; then what muſt we do with them? Why, they muſt of neceſſity drop into comedy: for 'tis unreaſonable to imagine that the law-givers in poetry would tie themſelves up from executing that juſtice which is the foundation of their conſtitution; or to ſay, that expoſing vice is the buſineſs of the drama, and yet make rules to ſcreen it from perſecution.

Some have aſked the queſtion, why the elder Wou'dbe, in the fourth act, ſhould counterfeit madneſs in his confinement? Don't miſtake; there was no ſuch thing in his head; and the judicious could eaſily perceive that it was only a ſtart of humour put on to divert his melancholy; and when gaiety is ſtrained to cover misfortune, it may very naturally be overdone, and riſe to a ſemblance of madneſs, ſufficient to impoſe on the conſtable, and perhaps on ſome of the audience; who taking every thing at ſight, impute that as a fault, which I am bold to ſtand up for, as one of the moſt maſterly ſtrokes of the whole piece.

This I think ſufficient to obviate what objections I have heard made; but there was no great occaſion for making this defence, having had the opinion of ſome of the greateſt perſons in England, both for quality and parts, that the play has merit enough to hide more faults than have been found; and I think their approbation ſufficient to excuſe ſome pride that may be incident to the author upon this performance.

I muſt own myſelf obliged to Mr. Longueville for ſome lines in the part of Teague, and ſomething of the Lawyer; but above all, for his hint of the Twins, upon which I formed my plot: but having paid him all due ſatisfaction and acknowledgment, I muſt do myſelf the juſtice to believe, that few of our modern writers have been leſs beholden to foreign aſſiſtance in their plays, than I have been in the following ſcenes.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

By Mr. MOTTEUX.

[An Alarm ſounded.]

WITH drums and trumpets in this warring age,
A martial prologue ſhould alarm the ſtage.
New plays——e'er acted, a full audience near,
Seem towns inveſted, when a ſiege they fear.
Prologues are like a forelorn hope ſent out
Before the play, to ſkirmiſh and to ſcout:
Our dreadful foes, the criticks, when they ſpy,
They cock, they charge, they fire,—then back they fly.
The ſiege is laid—their gallant chiefs abound,
Here—foes intrench'd, there—glittering troops around,
And the loud batt'ries roar—from yonder riſing ground.
In the firſt act, briſk ſallies, (miſs or hit)
With vollies of ſmall ſhot, or ſnip-ſnap wit,
Attack, and gall the trenches of the pit.
The next—the fire continues, but at length
Grows leſs, and ſlackens like a bridegroom's ſtrength.
The third, feints, mines, and countermines abound,
Your critic engineers, ſafe under-ground,
Blow up our works, and all our art confound.
The fourth—brings on moſt action, and 'tis ſharp,
Freſh foes crowd on, at your remiſſneſs carp,
And deſp'rate, tho' unſkill'd, inſult our counterſcarp.
Then comes the laſt; the gen'ral ſtorm is near,
The poet-governor now quakes for fear;
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And would give all he's plunder'd——to get off.
So—Don, and Monſieur—Bluff, before the ſiege,
Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege:
'Twas Viva Spagnia! Vive France! before;
Now, Quartier: Monſieur! Quartier! Ah! Seuor!
But what your reſolution can withſtand?
You maſter all, and awe the ſea and land.
In war—your valour makes the ſtrong ſubmit;
Your judgment humbles all attempts in wit.
What play, what fort, what beauty can endure
All fierce aſſaults, and always be ſecure!
Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to write,
Since now—that ſeems as deſp'rate as to fight:
If we muſt yield—yet e'er the day be fix'd,
Let us hold out the third—and, if we may, the ſixth.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Drury Lane.
Elder Woud'be,	Mr. Reddiſh.
Young Woud'be,	Mr. King.
Richmore,	Mr. Packer.
Trueman,	Mr. Jefferſon.
Subtleman,	Mr. Baddely.
Balderdaſh and *Alderman*,	Mr. Parſons.
Clear-Account, a Steward,	Mr. Hartrey.
Fair-Bank, a Goldſmith,	Mr. Hurſt.
Teague,	Mr. Moody.

WOMEN.

Conſtance,	Miſs Pope.
Aurelia,	Mrs. Abington.
Midnight,	Mrs. Bradſhaw.
Steward's Wife,	Mrs. Love.

Conſtable, Watch, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

THE

TWIN RIVALS.

*** *The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the repreſentation.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lodgings.*

The curtain drawn up, diſcovers Young Wou'dbe *dreſſing, and his Valet buckling his ſhoes.*

YOUNG WOU'DBE.

THERE is ſuch a plague every morning with buckling ſhoes, gartering, combing, and powdering—Pſhaw! ceaſe thy impertinence, I'll dreſs no more today. ——Were I an honeſt brute that riſes from his litter, ſhakes himſelf, and ſo is dreſt, I could bear it.

Enter Richmore.

Rich. No farther yet, Wou'dbe! 'Tis almoſt one.

Y. W. Then blame the clock-makers, they made it ſo ——Pr'ythee, what have we to do with time? Can't we let it alone as nature made it? Can't a man eat when he's hungry, go to bed when he's ſleepy, riſe when he wakes, dreſs when he pleaſes, without the confinement of hours to enſlave him?

Rich. Pardon me, Sir, I underſtand your ſtoiciſm—— You have loſt your money laſt night.

Y. W. No, no, fortune took care of me there——I had none to looſe.

'*Rich.* 'Tis that gives you the ſpleen.

'*Y. W.* Yes, I have got the ſpleen and ſomething elſe '——Heark'e——

'*Rich.*

'*Rich.* How! [*Whispers.*

'*Y. W.* Positively. The lady's kind reception was 'the most severe usage I ever met with—Sha'n't I break 'her windows, Richmore?

'*Rich.* A mighty revenge truly. Let me tell you, 'friend, that breaking the windows of such houses are 'no more than writing over a vintner's door, as they do 'in Holland——*Vin te koop.* 'Tis no more than a bush 'to the tavern, a decoy to the trade, and to draw in 'customers: but upon the whole matter, I think, a 'gentleman should put up an affront got in such little 'company; for the pleasure, the pain, and the resent-'ment, are all alike scandalous.

'*Y. W.* Have you forgot, Richmore, how I found 'you one morning with the Flying-Post in your hand, 'hunting for physical advertisements?

'*Rich.* That was in the days of Dad, my friend, in 'the days of dirty linen, pit-masks, hedge-taverns, and 'beef-steaks: but now I fly at nobler game, the Ring, 'the Court, Pawlet's and the Park. I despise all wo-'men that I apprehend any danger from, less than the 'having my throat cut; and should scruple to converse 'even with a lady of fortune, unless her virtue were 'loud enough to give me pride in exposing it. Here's a 'letter I received this morning; you may read it.

'[*Gives a letter.*

'*Y. W.* [*Reads.*]

"IF there be solemnity in protestation, justice in 'Heaven, or fidelity on earth, I may still depend on the 'faith of my Richmore. Tho' I may conceal my love, 'I no longer can hide the effects on't from the world—— 'Be careful of my honour, remember your vows, and 'fly to the relief of the disconsolate

CLELIA."

'The fair, the courted, blooming Clelia!

'*Rich.* The credulous, troublesome, foolish Clelia. 'Did you ever read such a fulsome harrangue?—Lord, 'Sir, I am near my time, and want your assistance.—— 'Does the silly creature imagine that any man would 'come near her in those circumstances, unless it were 'doctor Chamberlain——You may keep the letter.

'*Y. W.*

'*Y. W.* But why would you truſt it with me? You know I can't keep a ſecret that has any ſcandal in't.

'*Rich.* For that reaſon I communicate it. I know thou art a perfect Gazette, and will ſpread the news all over the town: for you muſt underſtand that I am now beſieging another; and I would have the fame of my conqueſt upon the wing, that the town may ſurrender the ſooner.

'*Y. W.* But if the report of your cruelty goes along with that of your valour, you'll find no garriſon of any ſtrength will open their gates to you.

'*Rich.* No, no, women are cowards, the terror prevails upon them more than clemency: my beſt pretence to my ſucceſs with the fair, is my uſing them ill; 'tis turning their own guns upon them, and I have always found it the moſt ſucceſsful battery to aſſail one reputation by ſacrificing another.

'*Y. W.* I could love thee for thy miſchief, did I not envy thee for thy ſucceſs in it.'

Rich. You never attempt a woman of figure.

Y. W. How can I? This confounded hump of mine is ſuch a burthen at my back, that it preſſes me down here in the dirt and diſeaſes of Covent-Garden, the low ſuburbs of pleaſure——Curſt fortune! I am a younger brother, and yet cruelly deprived of my birth-right, a handſome perſon; ſeven thouſand a year in a direct line, would have ſtraightened my back to ſome purpoſe——But I look, in my preſent circumſtances, like a branch of another kind, grafted only upon the ſtock, which makes me grow ſo crooked.

Rich. Come, come, 'tis no misfortune, your father is ſo as well as you.

Y. W. Then why ſhould not I be a lord as well as he? Had I the ſame title to the deformity, I could bear it.

Rich. But how does my Lord bear the abſence of your twin-brother?

Y. W. My twin-brother! Ay, 'twas his crowding me that ſpoiled my ſhape, and his coming half an hour before me that ruined my fortune. My father expelled me his houſe ſome two years ago, becauſe I would have perſuaded him that my twin-brother was a baſtard. He gave me

me my portion, which was about fifteen hundred pounds; and I have ſpent two thouſand of it already. As for my brother, he don't care a farthing for me.

Rich. Why ſo pray?

Y. W. A very odd reaſon——Becauſe I hate him.

Rich. How ſhould he know that?

Y. W. Becauſe he thinks it reaſonable it ſhould be ſo.

Rich. But did your actions ever expreſs any malice to him?

Y. W. Yes: I would fain have kept him company; but being aware of my kindneſs, he went abroad. He has travelled theſe five years, and I am told, is a grave, ſober fellow, and in danger of living a great while: all my hope is, that when he gets into his honour and eſtate, the nobility will ſoon kill him by drinking him up to his dignity. But come, Frank, I have but two eye-ſores in the world, a brother before me, and a hump behind me, and thou art ſtill laying them in my way: let us aſſume an argument of leſs ſeverity. Can'ſt thou lend me a brace of hundred pounds?

Rich. What would you do with them?

Y. W. Do with them! There's a queſtion indeed—— Do you think I would eat them.

Rich. Yes, o' my troth would you, and drink them together. Look'e, Mr. Wou'dbe, whilſt you kept well with your father, I could have ventured to have lent you five guineas. But as the caſe ſtands, I can aſſure you, I have lately paid off my ſiſters' fortunes, and——

Y. W. Sir, this put-off looks like an affront, when you know I don't uſe to take ſuch things.

Rich. Sir, your demand is rather an affront, when you know I don't uſe to give ſuch things.

Y. W. Sir, I'll pawn my honour.

Rich. That's mortgaged already for more than it is worth; you had better pawn your ſword there, 'twill bring you forty ſhillings.

Y. W. 'Sdeath, Sir— [*Takes his ſword off the table.*

Rich. Hold, Mr. Wou'dbe——ſuppoſe I put an end to your misfortunes all at once.

Y. W. How, Sir?

Rich. Why, go to a magiſtrate, and ſwear you would have robbed me of two hundred pounds.——'Look'e,

'Sir, you have been often told, that your extravagance 'would some time or other be the ruin of you; and it 'will go a great way in your indictment, to have turned 'the pad upon your friend."

Y. W. This usage is the height of ingratitude from you, in whose company I have spent my fortune.

Rich. I'm therefore a witness, that it was very ill spent —Why would you keep company, be at equal expences with me that have fifty times your estate? What was gallantry in me, was prodigality in you: mine was my health, because I could pay for it; yours a disease, because you could not.

Y. W. And is this all I must expect from our friendship?

Rich. Friendship! Sir there can be no such thing without an equality.

Y. W. That is, there can be no such thing when there is occasion for't.

Rich. Right, Sir——our friendship was over a bottle only; and whilst you can pay your club of friendship, I'm that way your humble servant; but when once you come borrowing, I'm this way——your humble servant.

[*Exit.*

Y. W. Rich, big, proud, arrogant villain! I have been twice his second, thrice sick of the same love, and thrice cured by the same physic, and now he drops me for a trifle——That an honest fellow in his cups, should be such a rogue when he's sober!——The narrow-hearted rascal has been drinking coffee this morning. Well, thou dear solitary half-crown, adieu!——Here, Jack, take this, pay for a bottle of wine, and bid Balderdash bring it himself. [*Exit Serv.*] How melancholy are my poor breeches; not one chink!——Thou art a villainous hand, for thou hast picked my pocket.—— This vintner now has all the marks of an honest fellow, a broad face, a copious look, a strutting belly and a jolly mien. I have brought him above three pound a-night for these two years successively. The rogue has money, I'm sure, if he will but lend it.

Enter Balderdash *with a bottle and glass.*

Oh, Mr. Balderdash, good morrow.

Bald. Noble Mr. Wou'dbe, I'm your moſt humble ſervant. I have brought you a whetting-glaſs, the beſt Old Hock in Europe; I know 'tis your drink in a morning.

Y. W. I'll pledge you, Mr. Balderdaſh.

Bald. Your health, Sir. [*Drinks.*

Y. W. Pray, Mr. Balderdaſh, tell me one thing, but firſt ſit down: now tell me plainly what you think of me?

Bald. Think of you, Sir! I think that you are the honeſteſt, nobleſt gentleman, that ever drank a glaſs of wine; and the beſt cuſtomer that ever came into my houſe,

Y. W. And do you really think as you ſpeak?

Bald. May this wine be my poiſon, Sir, if I don't ſpeak from the bottom of my heart. [*Drinks.*

Y. W. And how much money do you think I have ſpent in your houſe?

Bald. Why, truly, Sir, by a moderate computation, I do believe, that I have handled of your money the beſt part of five hundred pounds within theſe two years.

Y. W. Very well! And do you think that you lie under any obligation for the trade I have promoted to your advantage?

Bald. Yes, Sir; and if I can ſerve you in any reſpect, pray command me to the utmoſt of my ability.

Y. W. Well! thanks to my ſtars, there is ſtill ſome honeſty in wine. Mr. Balderdaſh, I embrace you and your kindneſs: I am at preſent a little low in caſh, and muſt beg you to lend me a hundred pieces.

Bald. Why truly, Mr. Wou'dbe, I was afraid it would come to this; I have had it in my head ſeveral times to caution you upon your expences: but you were ſo very genteel in my houſe, and your liberality became you ſo very well, that I was unwilling to ſay any thing that might check your diſpoſition; but truly, Sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too extravagant.

Y. W. But ſince you reaped the benefit of my extravagance, you will, I hope, conſider my neceſſity.

Bald. Conſider your neceſſity! I do with all my heart; and muſt tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer acceſſary

acceſſary to it: I deſire you, Sir, to frequent my houſe no more.

Y. W. How, Sir!

Bald. I ſay, Sir, that I have an honour for my good lord your father, and will not ſuffer his ſon to run into any inconvenience: Sir, I ſhall order my drawers not to ſerve you with a drop of wine. Would you have me connive at a gentleman's deſtruction?

Y. W. But methinks, Sir, that a perſon of your nice conſcience ſhould have cautioned me before.

Bald. Alas! Sir, it was none of my buſineſs: would you have me be ſaucy to a gentleman that was my beſt cuſtomer? Lack-a-day, Sir, had you money to hold it out ſtill, I had been hanged rather than be rude to you—But truly, Sir, when a man is ruined, 'tis but the duty of a chriſtian to tell him of it.

Y. W. Will you lend me money, Sir?

Bald. Will you pay me this bill, Sir?

Y. W. Lend me the hundred pound, and I'll pay the bill.——

Bald. Pay me the bill, and I will——not lend you the hundred pound, Sir.——But pray conſider with yourſelf, now, Sir; would not you think me an errant coxcomb, to truſt a perſon with money that has always been ſo extravagant under my eye? whoſe profuſeneſs I have ſeen, I have felt, I have handled? Have not I known you, Sir, throw away ten pound a-night upon a covey of pit-partridges, and a ſetting-dog? Sir, you have made my houſe an ill houſe: my very chairs will bear you no longer.—In ſhort, Sir, I deſire you to frequent the Crown no more, Sir.

Y. W. Thou ſophiſticated ton of iniquity; have I fattened your carcaſs, and ſwelled your bags with my vital blood? Have I made you my companion to be thus ſaucy to me? But now I will keep you at your due diſtance.

[*Kicks him.*

Serv. Welcome, Sir! [*Kicks him.*

Y. W. Well ſaid, Jack. [*Kicks him again.*

Serv. Very welcome, Sir! I hope we ſhall have your company another time. Welcome, Sir!

[*He is kicked off.*

Y. W. Pray, wait on him down Stairs, and give him a welcome at the door too. [*Exit Serv.*] This is the punishment of hell; the very devil that tempted me to sin, now upbraids me with the crime. I have villainously murdered my fortune, and now its ghost, in the lank shape of poverty, haunts me. Is there no charm to conjure down the fiend?

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir! here's sad news.

Y. W. Then keep it to thyself, I have enough of that already.

Serv. Sir, you will hear it too soon.

Y. W. What! is Broad below?

Serv. No, no, Sir; better twenty such as he were hanged. Sir, your father's dead.

Y. W. My father!——Good night, my lord. Has he left me any thing?

Serv. I heard nothing of that, Sir.

Y. W. Then I believe you heard all there was of it. Let me see——— my father dead, and my elder brother abroad——If Necessity be the mother of Invention, she was never more pregnant than with me. [*Pauses.*] Here, sirrah, run to Mrs. Midnight. and bid her come hither presently. [*Exit Serv.*] That woman was my mother's midwife when I was born, and has been my bawd these ten years. I have had her endeavours to corrupt my brother's mistress; and now her assistance will be necessary to cheat him of his estate; for she's famous for understanding the right-side of a woman, and the wrong-side of the law. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Midnight's *House.*

Enter Midnight *and Maid.*

Mid. Who's there?

Maid. Madam.

Mid. Has any message been left for me to-day?

Maid. Yes, Madam; here has been one from my Lady Stilborn, that desired you not to be out of the way, for she expected to cry out every minute.

Mid. How! every minute!—Let me see— [*Takes out her pocket-book.*] Stilborn—Ay—she reckons with her husband from the first of April; and with Sir James,

James, from the first of March.—Ay, she's always a month before her time. [*Knocking at the door.*] Go see who's at the door.——

Maid. Yes, Madam. [*Exit Maid.*

Mid. Well! certainly there is not a woman in the world so willing to oblige mankind as myself; and really I have been so ever since the age of twelve, as I can remember. 'I have delivered as many women of great 'bellies, and helped as many to them as any person 'in England;' but my watching and cares have broken me quite, I am not the same woman I was forty years ago.

Enter Richmore.

Oh, Mr. Richmore! you're a sad man, a barbarous man, so you are. What will become of poor Clelia, Mr. Richmore? The poor creature is so big with her misfortunes, that they are not to be borne. [*Weeps.*

Rich. You, Mrs. Midnight, are the fittest person in the world to ease her of them.

Mid. And won't you marry her, Mr. Richmore?

Rich. My conscience won't allow it; for I have sworn since to marry another.

Mid. And will you break your vows to Clelia?

Rich. Why not, when she has broke her's to me?

Mid. How's that, Sir?

Rich. Why she swore a hundred times never to grant me the favour, and yet, you know, she broke her word.

Mid. But she loved, Mr. Richmore, and that was the reason she forgot her oath.

Rich. And I love Mr. Richmore, and that is the reason I forgot mine. 'Why should she be angry that I 'follow her own example, by doing the very same thing 'from the very same motive?'

Mid. Well, well! take my word, you'll never thrive. 'I wonder how you can have the face to come near me, 'that am the witness of your horrid oaths and imprecations! Are not you afraid that the guilty chamber 'above-stairs should fall down upon your head? Yes, 'yes, I was accessary, I was so! but if ever you involve 'my honour in such a villainy the second time——Ah, 'poor Clelia! I loved her as I did my own daughter—'you seducing man. [*Weeps.*

Rich. Heigh, ho! my Aurelia.

Mid. Hey, ho! she's very pretty.

Rich. Dost thou know her, my dear Midnight?

'*Mid.* Hey, ho! she's very pretty. Ah, you're a 'sad man. Poor Clelia was handsome, but indeed, 'breeding, puking, and longing, has broken her much. 'Tis a hard case, Mr. Richmore, for a young lady to 'see a thousand things, and long for a thousand things, 'and yet not dare to own that she longs for one. She 'had like to have miscarried t'other day for the pith of 'a loin of veal. Ah, you barbarous man!

'*Rich.* But my Aurelia! confirm me that you know 'her, and I'll adore you.

Mid. You would fling five hundred guineas at my head, that you knew as much of her as I do. Why, Sir, I brought her into the world; I have had her sprawling in my lap. Ah! she was plump as a puffin, Sir.

Rich. I think she has no great portion to value herself upon; her reputation only will keep up the market. We must first make that cheap, by crying it down, and then she'll part with it at an easy rate.

Mid. But won't you provide for poor Clelia?

Rich. Provide! why han't I taught her a trade? Let her set up when she will, I'll engage her customers enough, because I can answer for the goodness of her ware.

Mid. Nay, but you ought to set her up with credit, and take a shop; that is, get her a husband. Have you no pretty gentleman your relation now, that wants a young virtuous lady, with a handsome fortune? No young Templar that has spent his estate in the study of the law, and starves by the practice? No spruce officer that wants a handsome wife to make court for him among the major-generals? Have you none of these, Sir?

'*Rich.* Pho, pho, Madam—you have tired me upon 'that subject. Do you think a lady that gave me so 'much trouble before possession, shall ever give me any 'after it? No, no; had she been more obliging to me 'when I was in her power, I should be more civil to her 'now she's in mine: my assiduity before-hand was an 'over-price; had she made a merit of the matter, she 'should have yielded sooner.

'*Mid.*

'*Mid.* Nay, nay, Sir; tho you have no regard to 'her honour, yet you ſhall protect mine: how d'ye 'think I have ſecured my reputation ſo long among the 'people of the beſt figure, but by keeping all mouths 'ſtopped? Sir, I'll have no clamours at me. Heavens 'help me, I have clamours enough at my door early 'and late in my t'other capacity. In ſhort, Sir, a huſ-'band for Clelia; or I baniſh you my preſence for 'ever.

'*Rich.* Thou art a neceſſary devil, and I can't want 'thee. [*Aſide.*

'*Mid.* Look'e, Sir, 'tis your own advantage; 'tis only 'making over your eſtate into the hands of a truſtee; 'and tho' you don't abſolutely command the premiſſes, 'yet you may exact enough out of them for neceſſaries, 'when you will.'

Rich. Patience a little, Madam! I have a young nephew that is a captain of horſe: he mortgaged the laſt morſel of his eſtate to me, to make up his equipage for the laſt campaign. Perhaps you know him; he's a briſk fellow, much about court, Captain Trueman.

Mid. Trueman! Ads my life, he's one of my babies; ——I can tell you the very minute he was born—— preciſely at three o'clock, next St. George's day, Trueman will be two and twenty; 'a ſtripling,' the prettieſt good-natured child, and your nephew! He muſt be the man; and ſhall be the man; I have a kindneſs for him.

Rich. But we muſt have a care; the fellow wants neither ſenſe nor courage.

Mid. Phu, phu! never fear her part, ſhe ſhan't want inſtructions; and then for her lying-in a little abruptly, 'tis my buſineſs to reconcile matters there, a fright or a fall excuſes that: lard, Sir, I do theſe things every day.

Rich. 'Tis pity then to put you out of your road; and Clelia ſhall have a huſband.

Mid. Spoke like a man of honour. And now I'll ſerve you again. This Aurelia, you ſay——

Rich. O ſhe diſtracts me! her beauty, family, and virtue make her a noble pleaſure.

Mid.

Mid. And you have a mind, for that reaſon, to get her a huſband.

Rich. Yes, faith: I have another young relation at Cambridge, he's juſt a going into orders; and I think ſuch a fine woman, with fifteen hundred pound, is a better preſentation than any living in my gift; and why ſhould he like the cure the worſe, that an incumbent was there before?

Mid. Thou art a pretty fellow. At the ſame moment you would perſuade me that you love a woman to madneſs, you are contriving how to part with her?

Rich. If I loved her not to madneſs, I ſhould not run into theſe contradictions. Here, my dear mother, Aurelia's the word—— [*Offering her money.*

Mid. Pardon me, Sir; [*Refuſing the money.*] did you ever know me mercenary? No, no, Sir; virtue is its own reward.

Rich. Nay, but Madam, I owe you for the teeth-powder you ſent me.

Mid. O, that's another matter, Sir; [*Takes the money.*] I hope you like it, Sir.

Rich. Extremely, Madam. But it was ſomewhat dear of twenty guineas. [*Aſide.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here is Mr. Wou'dbe's footman below, with a meſſage from his maſter.

Mid. I come to him preſently. Do you know that Wou'dbe loves Aurelia's couſin and companion, Mrs. Conſtance with the great fortune, and that I ſolicit for him?

Rich. Why, ſhe's engaged to his elder brother: beſides, Young Wou'dbe has no money to proſecute an affair of ſuch conſequence. You can have no hopes of ſucceſs there, I'm ſure.

Mid. Truly, I have no great hopes; but an induſtrious body, you know, would do any thing rather than be idle. The aunt is very near her time, and I have acceſs to the family when I pleaſe.

Rich. Now I think on't; pr'ythee get the letter from Wou'dbe that I gave him juſt now; it would be proper to our deſigns upon Trueman, that it ſhould not be expoſed.

Mid. And you ſhewed Clelia's letter to Wou'dbe?

Rich. Yes.

Mid. Eh, you barbarous man.—Who the devil would oblige you?——What pleaſure can you take in expoſing the poor creature? Dear little child, 'tis pity indeed it is.

Rich. Madam, the meſſenger waits below; ſo I'll take my leave. [*Exit.*

Mid. Ah, you're ſad a man! [*Exit.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Conſtance *and* Aurelia.

AURELIA.

PR'YTHEE, couſin Conſtance, be chearful: let the dead lord ſleep in peace, and look up to the living; take pen, ink, and paper, and write immediately to your lover, that he is now a baron of England, and you long to be a baroneſs.

Con. Nay, Aurelia, there is ſome regard due to the memory of the father, for the reſpect I bear the ſon; beſides, I don't know how I could wiſh my young lord were at home in this juncture: this brother of his—— Some miſchief will happen——I had a very ugly dream laſt night————In ſhort, I am eaten up with the ſpleen.

Aur. Come, come, walk about and divert it; the air will do you good; think of other people's affairs a little. When did you ſee Clelia?

Con. I'm glad you mentioned her; don't you obſerve her gaiety to be much more forced than formerly, her humour don't ſit ſo eaſy upon her.

Aur. No, nor her ſtays neither, I can aſſure you.

Con. Did you obſerve how ſhe devoured the pomegranates yeſterday?

Aur. She talks of viſiting a relation in Leiceſterſhire.

Con.

Con. She fainted away in the country-dance t'other night.

Aur. Richmore ſhunned her in the walk laſt week.

Con. And his footman laughed.

Aur. She takes Laudanum to make her ſleep a-nights.

Con. Ah, poor Clelia! What will ſhe do, couſin?

Aur. Do! Why nothing till the nine months be up.

Con. That's cruel, Aurelia; how can you make merry with her misfortunes? I am poſitive ſhe was no eaſy conqueſt; ſome ſingular villainy has been practiſed upon her.

Aur. Yes, yes, the fellow would be practiſing upon me too, I thank him.

Con. Have a care, couſin, he has a promiſing perſon.

Aur. Nay, for that matter, his promiſing perſon may as ſoon be broke as his promiſing vows: 'Nature indeed 'has made him a giant, and he wars with heaven like the 'giants of old.'

Con. Then why will you admit his viſits?

Aur. I never did. But all the ſervants are more his than our own: he has a golden key to every door in the houſe: beſides, he makes my uncle believe that his intentions are honourable; and indeed he has ſaid nothing yet to diſprove it. But, couſin, do you ſee who comes yonder, ſliding along the Mall?

Con. Captain Trueman! I proteſt the campaign has improved him; he makes a very clean well-finiſhed figure.

Aur. Youthful, eaſy, and good-natured. I could wiſh he would know us.

Con. Are you ſure he's well-bred?

Aur. I tell you he's good-natured; and I take good manners to be nothing but a natural deſire to be eaſy and agreeable to whatever converſation we fall into; and a porter with this is mannerly in his way; and a duke without it has but the breeding of a dancing-maſter.

Con. I like him for his affection to my young lord.

Aur. And I like him for his affection to my young perſon.

Con. How, how, couſin! You never told me that?

Aur.

Aur. How ſhould I? He never told it me, but I have diſcovered it by a great many ſigns and tokens, that are better ſecurity for his heart than ten thouſand vows and promiſes.

Con. He's Richmore's nephew.

Aur. Ah! would he were his heir too. He's a pretty fellow—but then he's a ſoldier, and muſt ſhare his time with his miſtreſs, Honour, in Flanders. No, no, I am reſolved againſt a man that diſappears all the ſummer like a woodcock,

[*As theſe words are ſpoken,* Trueman *enters behind them, as paſſing over the ſtage.*

True. That's for me, whoever ſpoke it. Aurelia! [*Surprized.*

[*The Ladies turn about.*

Con. What, Captain, you're afraid of every thing but the enemy.

True. I have reaſon, ladies, to be moſt apprehenſive where there is moſt danger; the enemy is ſatisfied with a leg or an arm, but here I am in hazard of loſing my heart.

Aur. None in the world, Sir; nobody here deſigns to attack it.

True. But ſuppoſe it be aſſaulted, and taken already, Madam?

Aur. Then we'll return it without ranſom.

True. But ſuppoſe, Madam, the priſoner chuſe to ſtay where it is.

Aur. That were to turn deſerter; and you know, Captain, what ſuch deſerve.

True. The puniſhment it undergoes this moment—— ſhot to death——

Con. Nay, then, 'tis time for me to put in.——Pray, Sir, have you heard the news of my lord Wou'dbe's death?

True. People mind not the death of others, Madam, that are expiring themſelves. [*To* Conſtance.] Do you conſider, Madam, the penalty of wounding a man in the park? [*To* Aurelia.

Aur. 'Hey day! Why, Captain, d'ye intend to make 'a Vigo buſineſs of it, and break the boom at once?' Sir, if you only rally, pray let my couſin have her ſhare;

ſhare; or if you would be particular, pray be more reſpectful? not ſo much upon the declaration, I beſeech you, Sir.

True. I have been, fair creature, a perfect coward in my paſſion; I have had hard ſtrugglings with my fear before I durſt engage, and now perhaps behave far too deſperately.

Aur. Sir, I am very ſorry you have ſaid ſo much; for I muſt puniſh you for't, tho' it be contrary to my inclination. Come, couſin, will you walk?

Con. Servant, Sir. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

True. Charming creature! I muſt puniſh you for't, tho' it be contrary to my inclination. Hope and deſpair in a breath. But I'll think the beſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Young Wou'dbe's *Lodgings.*

Young Wou'dbe *and* Midnight *meeting.*

Y. W. Thou life and ſoul of ſecret dealings, welcome.

Mid. My dear child, bleſs thee——Who would have imagined that I brought this great rogue into the world? He makes me an old woman, I proteſt—But adſo, my child, I forgot; I'm ſorry for the loſs of your father, ſorry at my heart, poor man. [*Weeps.*] Mr. Wou'dbe, have you got a drop of brandy in your cloſet? I an't very well to-day.

Y. W. That you ſhan't want: but be pleaſed to ſit, my dear mother. Here, Jack, the brandy-bottle. Now, Madam, I have occaſion to uſe you in dreſſing up a handſome cheat for me.

Mid. I defy any chamber-maid in England to do it better. I have dreſſed up a hundred and fifty cheats in my time.

Enter Jack *with the brandy-bottle.*

Here, boy, this glaſs is too big, carry it away, I'll take a ſup out of the bottle.

Y. W. Right, Madam—And my buſineſs being very urgent—In three words, 'tis this—

Mid. Hold, Sir, till I take advice of my council. [*Drinks.*] There is nothing more comfortable to a poor creature, and fitter to revive waſting ſpirits, than a little plain brandy. I an't for your hot ſpirits, your Roſa Solis,

Solis, your Ratifia's, your orange-waters, and the like ——A moderate glaſs of cool Nants is the beſt thing.

Y. W. But to our buſineſs, Madam—My father is dead, and I have a mind to inherit his eſtate.

Mid. You put the caſe very well.

Y. W. One of two things I muſt chuſe—either to be a lord or a beggar.

Mid. Be a lord to chuſe—Tho' I have known ſome that have choſen both.

Y. W. I have a brother that I love very well; but ſince one of us muſt want, I had rather he ſhould ſtarve than I.

Mid. Upon my conſcience, dear heart, you're in the right on't.

Y. W. Now your advice upon theſe heads.

Mid. They be matters of weight, and I muſt conſider. [*Drinks.*] Is there a will in the caſe?

Y. W. There is; which excludes me from every foot of the eſtate.

Mid. That's bad—Where's your brother?

Y. W. He's now in Germany, in his way to England, and is expected very ſoon.

Mid. How ſoon?

Y. W. In a month, or leſs.

Mid. Oh, ho! A month is a great while! Our buſineſs muſt be done in an hour or two————We muſt ſuppoſe your brother to be dead; nay, he ſhall be actually dead——and, my Lord, my humble ſervice t'ye.—[*Drinks.*

Y. W. O, Madam, I'm your Ladyſhip's moſt devoted. Make your words good, and I'll——

Mid. Say no more, Sir; you ſhall have it, you ſhall have it.

Y. W. Ay, but how, dear Mrs. Midnight?

Mid. Mrs. Midnight! Is that all? ——Why not mother, aunt, grandmother? Sir, I have done more for you this moment, than all the relations you have in the world.

Y. W. Let me hear it.

Mid. By the ſtrength of this potent inſpiration, I have made you a peer of England, with ſeven thouſand pound a year.——My Lord, I wiſh you joy. [*Drinks.*

Y. W. The woman's mad, I believe.

Mid. Quick, quick, my Lord! counterfeit a letter presently from Germany, that your brother is killed in a duel: let it be directed to your father, and fall into the hands of the steward when you are by. What sort of fellow is the steward?

Y. W. Why, a timorous half-honest man, that a little persuasion will make a whole knave. He wants courage to be thoroughly just, or entirely a villain—but good backing will make him either.

Mid. And he shan't want that! I tell you the letter must come into his hands when you are by; upon this you must take immediate possession, and so you have the best part of the law of your side.

Y. W. But suppose my brother comes in the mean time?

Mid. This must be done this very moment. Let him come when you're in possession, I'll warrant we'll find a way to keep him out.

Y. W. But how, my dear contriver?

Mid. By your father's will, man, your father's will—That is, one that your father might have made, and which we will make for him. I'll send you a nephew of my own, a lawyer, that shall do the business; go, get into possession, I say: let us have but the estate to back the suit, and you'll find the law to strong for justice, I warrant you.

Y. W. My oracle! How shall we revel in delight when this great prediction is accomplished.—But one thing yet remains, my brother's mistress, the charming Constance—Let her be mine——

Mid. Pho, pho, she's yours o'course; she's contracted to you: for she's engaged to marry no man but my Lord Wou'dbe's son and heir; now you being the person, she's recoverable by law.

Y. W. Marry her! No, no, she's contracted to him; 'twere injustice to rob a brother of his wife, an easier favour will satisfy me.

Mid. Why, truly, as you say, that favour is so easy, that I wonder they make such a bustle about it.——But get you gone and mind your affairs, I must about mine.

Oh!

Oh! I had forgot—Where's that foolish letter you had this morning from Richmore?

T. W. I have posted it up in the chocolate-house.

Mid. Yaw, [*Shrieks.*] I shall fall into fits; hold me—

T. W. No, no, I did but jest; here it is.——But be assured, Madam, I wanted only time to have exposed it.

Mid. Ah! you barbarous man, why so?

T. W. Because when knaves of our sex, and fools of yours meet, they make the best jest in the world.

Mid. Sir, the world has better share in the jest when we are the knaves, and you the fools. But look'e, Sir, if ever you open your mouth about this trick——I'll discover all your tricks! therefore silence and safety on both sides.

Mid. Madam, you need not doubt my silence at present, because my own affairs will employ me sufficiently; so there's your letter. [*Gives the letter.*] And now to write my own. [*Exit.*

Mid. Adieu, my Lord. 'Let me see—[*Opens the letter and reads.*] "If there be solemnity in protestations" ——That's foolish, very foolish—Why should she expect solemnity in protestations? Um, um, um,—"I may still depend on the faith of my Richmore."—Ah! poor Clelia!——Um, um, um,——"I can no longer hide the effects on't from the world."—The effects on't! How modestly is that expressed? Well, 'tis a pretty Letter, and I'll keep it.'

[*Puts the letter in her pocket, and exit.*

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *House.*

Enter Steward and his Wife.

Wife. You are to blame, you are much to blame, husband in being so scrupulous.

Stew. 'Tis true: this foolish conscience of mine has been the greatest bar to my fortune.

Wife. And will ever be so. Tell me but one that thrives, and I'll shew you a hundred that starve by it. Do you think 'tis fourscore pound a year makes my Lord Gouty's steward's wife live at the rate of four hundred? Upon my word, my dear, I'm as good a gentlewoman as she, and I expect to be maintained accordingly: 'tis conscience, I warrant, that buys her the point-heads,

and diamond necklace? Was it conſcience that bought her the fine houſe in Jermain-ſtreet? Is it conſcience that enables the ſteward to buy, when the lord is forced to ſell?

Stew. But what would you have me do?

Wife. Do! Now's your time; that ſmall morſel of an eſtate your Lord bought lately, a thing not worth mentioning; take it towards your daughter Molly's portion——What's two hundred a year? 'twill never be miſſed.

Stew. 'Tis but a ſmall matter, I muſt confeſs; and as a reward for my paſt faithful ſervice, I think it but reaſonable I ſhould cheat a little now.

Wife. Reaſonable! All the reaſon that can be. If the ungrateful world won't reward an honeſt man, why let an honeſt man reward himſelf. There's five hundred pounds you received but two days ago, lay them aſide—you may eaſily ſink it in the charge of the funeral. Do, my dear, now, kiſs me, and do it.

Stew. Well, you have ſuch a winning way with you—But, my dear, I'm ſo much afraid of my young Lord's coming home: he's a cunning cloſe man, they ſay, and will examine my accounts very narrowly.

Wife. Ay, my dear, would you had the younger brother to deal with; you might manage him as you pleaſed——I ſee him coming. Let us weep, let us weep.

[*They pull out their handkerchiefs, and ſeem to mourn.*

Enter Young Wou'dbe.

Stew. Ah, Sir! we have all loſt a father, a friend, and a ſupporter.

Y. W. Ay, Mr. Steward, we muſt ſubmit to fate, as he has done. And it is no ſmall addition to my grief, honeſt Mr. Clearaccount, that it is not in my power to ſupply my father's place to you and yours. Your ſincerity and juſtice to the dead merits the greateſt regard from thoſe that ſurvive him. Had I but my brother's ability, or he my inclinations, I'll aſſure you, Mrs. Clearaccount, you ſhould not have ſuch cauſe to mourn.

Wife. Ah, good noble Sir!

Stew. Your brother, Sir, I hear, is a very ſevere man.

Y. W.

Y. W. He is what the world calls a prudent man, Mr. Steward: I have often heard him very ſevere upon men of your buſineſs; and has declared, that for form's ſake indeed he would keep a ſteward, but that he would inſpect into all his accounts himſelf.

Wife. Aye, Mr. Wou'dbe, you have more ſenſe than to do theſe things; you have more honour than to trouble your head with your own affairs. Would to heavens we were to ſerve you.

Y. W. Would I could ſerve you, Madam—without injuſtice to my brother.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A letter for my Lord Wou'dbe.

Stew. It comes too late, alas! for his peruſal; let me ſee it. [*Opens, and reads.*] "Frankfort, October 10, New Style." Frankfort! Where's Frankfort, Sir?

Y. W. In Germany. This letter muſt be from my brother! I ſuppoſe he's coming home.

Stew. 'Tis none of his hand. Let me ſee. [*Reads.*

"My Lord,

I am troubled at this unhappy occaſion of ſending to your Lordſhip. Your brave ſon, and my dear friend, was yeſterday unfortunately killed in a duel by a German Count——"

I ſhall love a German Count as long as I live. My Lord, my Lord, now I may call you ſo, ſince your elder brother's dead.

Y. W. } How!
Wife. }

Stew. Read there.

[*Gives the letter*, Wou'dbe *peruſes it.*

Y. W. O, my fate! a father and a brother in one day! Heavens! 'Tis too much——Where is the fatal meſſenger?

Serv. A gentleman, Sir, who ſaid he came poſt on purpoſe. He was afraid the contents of the letter would unqualify my Lord for company, ſo he would take another time to wait on him.

Y. W. Nay, then 'tis true; and there is truth in dreams. Laſt night I dreamed—

Wife. Nay, my Lord, I dreamed too. I dreamed I saw your brother dreſſed in a long miniſter's gown, (Lord bleſs us!) with a book in his hand, walking before a dead body to the grave.

Y. W. Well, Mr. Clearaccount, get mourning ready.

Stew. Will your Lordſhip have the old coach covered, or a new one made?

Y. W. A new one. The old coach, with the grey horſes, I give to Mrs. Clearaccount here; 'tis not fit ſhe ſhould walk the ſtreets.

Wife. Heavens bleſs the German Count, I ſay——But, my Lord——

Y. W. No reply, Madam, you ſhall have it——And receive it but as the earneſt of my favours. Mr. Clearaccount, I double your ſalary, and all the ſervants wages, to moderate their grief for our great loſſes. Pray, Sir, take order about theſe affairs.

Stew. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exeunt Stew. and Wife.*

Y. W. So! I have got poſſeſſion of the caſtle, and if I had but a little law to fortify me now, I believe we might hold it out a great while. Oh! here comes my attorney. Mr. Subtleman, your ſervant.

Enter Subtleman.

Sub. My Lord, I wiſh you joy. My aunt Midnight has ſent me to receive your commands.

Y. W. Has ſhe told you any thing of the affair?

Sub. Not a word, my Lord.

Y. W. Why then——come nearer.—— Can you make a man right heir to an eſtate during the life of an elder brother?

Sub. I thought you had been the eldeſt.

Y. W. That we are not yet agreed upon; for you muſt know, there is an impertinent fellow that takes a fancy to diſpute the ſeniority with me. For look'e, Sir, my mother has unluckily ſowed diſcord in the family, by bringing forth twins: my brother, 'tis true, was firſt-born; but I believe from the bottom of my heart, I was the firſt begotten.

Sub. I underſtand——you are come to an eſtate and dignity, that by juſtice indeed is your own, but by law it falls to your brother.

Y. W.

Y. W. I had rather, Mr. Subtleman, it were his by juſtice, and mine by law: for I would have the ſtrongeſt title, if poſſible.

Sub. I am very ſorry there ſhould happen any breach between brethren: ſo I think it would be but a chriſtian and charitable act to take away all farther diſputes, by making you true heir to the eſtate by the laſt will of your father. Look'e, I'll divide ſtakes—you ſhall yield the elderſhip and honour to him, and he ſhall quit his eſtate to you.

Y. W. Why, as you ſay, I don't much care if I do grant him the eldeſt, half an hour is but a trifle: but how ſhall we do about his will? Who ſhall we get to prove it?

Sub. Never trouble yourſelf for that: I expect a cargoe of witneſſes and uſquebaugh by the firſt fair wind.

Y. W. But we can't ſtay for them: it muſt be done immediately.

Sub. Well, well; we'll find ſome body, I warrant you, to make oath of his laſt words.

Y. W. That's impoſſible; for my father died of an apoplexy, and did not ſpeak at all.

Sub. That's nothing, Sir: he's not the firſt dead man that I have made to ſpeak.

Y. W. You're a great maſter of ſpeech, I don't queſtion, Sir; and I can aſſure you there will be ten guineas for every word you extort from him in my favour.

Sub. O, Sir, that's enough to make your great grandfather ſpeak.

Y. W. Come then, I'll carry you to my ſteward; he ſhall give you the names of the manors, and the true titles and denominations of the eſtate, and then you ſhall go to work. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Park.*

Richmore *and* Trueman *meeting.*

Rich. O brave cuz! you're very happy with the fair, I find. Pray, which of theſe two ladies you encountered juſt now has your adoration?

True. She that commands by forbidding it: and ſince I had courage to declare to herſelf, I dare now own it to the world, Aurelia, Sir, is my angel.

True. Ha! [*Pauſes.*] Sir, I find you're of every body's religion; but methinks you make a bold flight at firſt: do you think your Captain's pay will ſtake againſt ſo high a gameſter?

True. What do you mean?

Rich. Mean! Bleſs me, Sir, mean! You're a man of mighty honour, we all know. But I'll tell you a ſecret. The thing is public already.

True. I ſhould be proud that all mankind were acquainted with it; I ſhould deſpiſe the paſſion that could make me either aſhamed, or afraid to own it.

Rich. Ha, ha, ha! Prythee, dear Captain, no more of theſe rhodomontado's; 'you may as ſoon put a ſtanding army upon us.' I'll tell you another ſecret—Five hundred pound is the leaſt penny.

True. Nay, to my knowledge, ſhe has fifteen hundred.

Rich. Nay, to my knowledge, ſhe took five.

True. Took five! How! Where?

Rich. In her lap, in her lap, Captain; where ſhould it be?

True. I'm amazed.

Rich. So am I, that ſhe could be ſo unreaſonable—— Fifteen hundred pound! 'Sdeath! had ſhe that price from you?

True. 'Sdeath, I meant her portion.

Rich. Why, what have you to do with her portion?

True. I loved her up to marriage, by this light.

Rich. Marriage! Ha, ha, ha! I love the gypſy for her cunning.——A young, eaſy, amorous, credulous fellow 'of two and twenty,' was juſt the game ſhe wanted: I find ſhe preſently ſingled you out from the herd.

True. You diſtract me!

Rich. A ſoldier too, that muſt follow the wars abroad, and leave her to engagements at home.

True. Death and furies! I'll be revenged.

Rich. Why, what can you do? You'll challenge her, will you?

True. Her reputation was ſpotleſs when I went over.

Rich. 'So was the reputation of Mareſchal Boufflers.' But d'ye think, that while you were beating the French abroad,

abroad, that we were idle at home? No, no; we have had our ſieges, our capitulations, and ſurrenders, and all that. We have cut ourſelves out good winter quarters as well as you.

True. And are you billetted there?

Rich. Look'e, Trueman, you ought to be very truſty to a ſecret, that has ſaved you from deſtruction. In plain terms, I have buried five hundred pounds in that little ſpot, and I ſhould think it very hard, if you took it over my head.

True. Not by a leaſe for life, I can aſſure you: but I ſhall——

Rich. What? You ha'n't five hundred pounds to give. Look'e, ſince you can make no ſport, ſpoil none. In a year or two ſhe dwindles to a perfect baſſet-bank; every body may play at it that pleaſes, and then you may put in for a piece or two.

True. Dear Sir, I could worſhip you for this.

Rich. Not for this, nephew! for I did not intend it, but I came to ſeek you upon another affair. Were not you at court laſt night?

True. I was.

Rich. Did you not talk to Clelia, my Lady Taper's niece?

True. A fine woman!

Rich. Well; I met her upon the ſtairs; and handing her to her coach, ſhe aſked me, if you were not my nephew? And ſaid two or three warm things, that perſuade me ſhe likes you: her relations have intereſt at court, and ſhe has money in her pocket.

Rich. But —— this devil Aurelia ſtill ſticks with me.

Rich. What then! The way to love in one place with ſucceſs, is to marry in another with convenience. Clelia has four thouſand pounds; this applied to your reigning ambition, whether love or advancement, will go a great way: and for her virtue, and conduct, be aſſured that nobody can give a better account of it than myſelf.

True. I am willing to believe from this late accident, that you conſult my honour and intereſt in what you propoſe; and therefore I am ſatisfied to be governed.

Rich.

Rich. I see the very lady in the walk. We'll about it.

True. I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Lord* Wou'dbe's *House.*

Enter Young Wou'dbe, Subtleman, *and* Steward.

Y. W. Well, Mr. Subtleman, you are sure the will is firm and good in law.

Sub. I warrant you, my Lord: and for the last words to prove it, here they are. Look'e, Mr. Clearaccount—Yes—that is an answer to the question that was put to him (you know) by those about him when he was a dying——Yes, or No, he must have said; so we have chosen Yes——"Yes, I have made my will, as it may be found in the custody of Mr. Clearaccount my steward; and I desire it may stand as my last will and testament." Did you ever hear a dying man's words more to the purpose? An apoplexy! I tell you, my Lord had intervals to the last.

Steu. Ay, but how shall these words be proved?

Sub. My Lord shall speak them now.

Y. W. Shall he, faith!

Sub. Ay, now—if the corpse ben't buried——Look'e, Sir, these words must be put into his mouth, and drawn out again before us all: and if they won't be his last words then—I'll be perjured.

Y. W. What, violate the dead! It must not be, Mr. Subtleman.

Sub. With all my heart, Sir! But I think you had better violate the dead of a tooth or so, than violate the living of seven thousand pound a year.

Y. W. But is there no other way?

Sub. No, Sir. Why, d'ye think Mr. Clearaccount here will hazard soul and body to swear they are his last words, unless they be made his last words; for my part, Sir, I'll swear to nothing but what I see with my eyes come out of a man's mouth.

Y. W. But it looks so unnatural.

Sub. What! to open a man's mouth, and put in a bit of paper!—This is all.

Y. W.

T. W. But the body is cold, and his teeth can't be got asunder.

Sub. But what occasion has your father for teeth now? I tell you what: I knew a gentleman, three days buried, taken out of his grave, and his dead hand set to his last will, unless somebody made him sign another afterwards; and I know the estate to be held by that tenure to this day: and a firm tenure it is; for a dead hand holds fastest; and let me tell you, dead teeth will fasten as hard.

T. W. Well, well, use your pleasure, you understand the law best. [*Exeunt* Subtleman *and* Steward. What a mighty confusion is brought in families by sudden death? Men should do well to settle their affairs in time. Had my father done this before he was taken ill, what a trouble had he saved us? But he was taken suddenly, poor man!

Re-enter Subtleman.

Sub. Your father still bears you the old grudge, I find: it was with much struggling he consented: I never knew a man so loth to speak in my life.

T. W. He was always a man of few words.

Sub. Now I may safely bear witness myself, as the scrivener there present——I love to do things with a clear conscience. [*Subscribes.*

T. W. But the law requires three witnesses.

Sub. Oh! I shall pick up a couple more, that perhaps may take my word for it——But is not Mr. Cleanaccount in your interest?

T. W. I hope so.

Sub. Then he shall be one: a witness in the family goes a great way; besides, these foreign evidences are risen confoundedly since the wars. I hope, if mine escape the privateers, to make an hundred pound an ear of every head of them——But the Steward is an honest man, and shall save you the charges. [*Exit.*

T. W. The pride of birth, the heats of appetite, and fear of want, are strong temptations to injustice. But why injustice?—The world hath broke all civilities with me, and left me in the eldest state of nature, wild, where force or cunning first created right. I cannot say I ever knew a father—'Tis true, I was begotten in his life-time, but I

was

was posthumous born, and lived not till he died——My hours indeed I numbered, but never enjoyed them, till this moment.——My brother! What is brother? We are all so; and the first two were enemies. He stands before me in the road of life, to rob me of my pleasures. My senses, formed by nature for delight, are all alarmed. My sight, my hearing, taste and touch, call loudly on me for their objects, and they shall be satisfied. [*Exit.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Levee.*

Young Wou'dbe *dressing, and several Gentlemen whispering him by turns.*

Young WOU'DBE.

SURELY the greatest ornament of quality is a clean and a numerous levee; such a croud of attendants for the cheap reward of words and promises, distinguishes the nobility from those that pay wages to their servants.

'[*A Gentleman whispers.*

'Sir, I shall speak to the commissioners, and use all my 'interest, I can assure you, Sir.

'[*Another whispers.*

'Sir, I shall meet some of your board this evening; let 'me see you to-morrow.

'[*A Third whispers.*

'Sir, I'll consider of it.——That fellow's breath stinks 'of tobacco. [*Aside.*]' O Mr. Comick, your servant.

Com. My Lord, I wish you joy; I have something to shew your Lordship.

Y. W. What is it, pray, Sir?

Com. I have an Elegy upon the dead Lord, and a Panegyric upon the living one: *in utrumque paratus*, my Lord.

Y. W. Ha, ha, very pretty, Mr. Comick—But pray, Mr. Comick, why don't you write plays? It would give one an opportunity of serving you.

Com. My Lord, I have writ one.

Y. W.

Y. W. Was it ever acted?

Com. No, my Lord, but it has been a rehearsing these three years and a half.

Y. W. A long time. There must be a great deal of business in it surely.

Com. No, my Lord, none at all.—I have another play just finished, but that I want a plot for't.

Y. W. A plot! You should read the Italian and Spanish plays, Mr. Comick——I like your verses here mightily.——Here, Mr. Clearaccount.

Com. Now for five guineas at least. [*Aside.*

Y. W. Here, give Mr. Comick, give him—give him the Spanish play that lies in the closet window.—'Captain, can I do you any service?

'*Capt.* Pray, my Lord, use your interest with the General for that vacant commission. I hope, my Lord, the blood I have already lost may intitle me to spill the remainder in my country's cause.

'*Y. W.* All the reason in the world—Captain, you may depend upon me for all the service I can.

'*Gen.* I hope your Lordship won't forget to speak to the General about that vacant commission: although I have never made a campaign, yet, my Lord, my interest in the country can raise me men, which, I think, should prefer me to that gentleman, whose bloody disposition frightens the poor people from listing.

'*Y. W.* All the reason in the world—Sir, you may depend upon me for all the service in my power.—Captain, I'll do your business for you.—Sir, I'll speak to the General, I shall see him at the house——— [*To the Gentlemen.*'

Enter a Citizen.

Oh, Mr. Alderman, your servant.—Gentlemen all, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt Lovee.*

Mr. Alderman, have you any service to command me?

Ald. Your Lordship's humble servant—I have a favour to beg: You must know, I have a graceless son, a fellow that drinks and swears eternally, keeps a whore in every corner of the town; in short, he's fit for no kind of thing but a soldier. I'm so tir'd of him, that I intend to throw him into the army: let the fellow be ruined if he will.

Y. W. I commend your paternal care, Sir. Can I do you any ſervice in this affair?

Ald. Yes, my Lord: there is a vacant company in Colonel What-d'ye-call-'em's regiment, and if your Lordſhip would but ſpeak to the General——

Y. W. Has your ſon ever ſerved?

Ald. Served! Yes, my Lord, he's an enſign in the Train-bands now.

Y. W. Has he ever ſignalized his courage?

Ald. Often, often, my Lord; but one day in particular, you muſt know, his captain was ſo buſy ſhipping off a cargo of cheeſe, that he left my ſon to command in his place. Would you believe it, my Lord? he charged up Cheapſide in the front of the Buff-coats, with ſuch bravery and courage, that I could not forbear wiſhing, in the loyalty of my heart, for ten thouſand ſuch officers upon the Rhine. Ah, my Lord! we muſt employ ſuch fellows as he, or we ſhall never humble the French king—Now, my Lord, if you could find a convenient time to hint theſe things to the General——

Y. W. All the reaſon in the world, Mr. Alderman, I'll do you all the ſervice I can.

Ald. You may tell him, he's a man of courage, fit for the ſervice; and then he loves hardſhip. He ſleeps every other night in the round-houſe.

Y. W. I'll do you all the ſervice I can.

Ald. Then, my Lord, he ſalutes with his pike ſo very handſomely, it went to his miſtreſs's heart t'other day—and he beats a drum like an angel.

Y. W. I'll do you all the ſervice I can——

[*Not taking the leaſt notice of the Alderman all this while, but dreſſing himſelf in the glaſs.*

Ald. But, my Lord, the hurry of your Lordſhip's affairs may put my buſineſs out of your head; therefore, my Lord, I'll preſume to leave you ſome *memorandum*.

Y. W. I'll do you all the ſervice I can—

[*Not minding him.*

Ald. Pray, my Lord, [*Pulling him by the ſleeve.*] give me leave, for a *memorandum*; my glove, I ſuppoſe, will do. Here, my Lord, pray remember me.

[*Lays his glove upon the table and exit.*

Y. W. I'll do you all the ſervice I can——What, is he gone? 'Tis the moſt rude, familiar fellow——Faugh! what

what a greasy gauntlet is here——[*A purse drops out of the glove.*] Oh! No, the glove is a clean, well-made glove, and the owner of it the most respectable person I have seen this morning, he knows what distance [*Chinking the purse.*] is due to a man of quality——But what must I do for this? Frisure [*To his Valet.*] do you remember what the Alderman said to me?

Fris. No, my Lord, I thought your Lordship had.

Y. W. This blockhead thinks a man of quality can mind what people SAY—when they do something, 'tis another case. Here, call him back. [*Exit* Friseur.] He talked something of the General and his son, and Trainbands, I know not what stuff.

Re-enter Alderman *and* Friseur.

Oh, Mr. Alderman, I have put your *memorandum* in my pocket.

Ald. Oh, my Lord, you do me too much honour.

Y. W. But, Mr. Alderman, the business you were talking of, it shall be done; but if you gave a short note of it to my secretary, it would not be amiss——But, Mr. Alderman, ha'n't you the fellow to this glove, it fits me mighty well. [*Putting on the glove.*] It looks so like a challenge to give a man an odd glove—and I would have nothing that looks like enmity between you and I, Mr. Alderman.

Ald. Truly, my Lord, I intended the other glove for a *memorandum* to the Colonel; but since your Lordship has a mind to't—— [*Gives the glove.*

Y. W. Here, Friseur, lead this gentleman to my secretary, and bid him take a note of his business.

Ald. But, my Lord, don't do me all the service you can now.

Y. W. Well, I won't do you all the service I can——These citizens have a strange capacity of soliciting sometimes. [*Exit Ald.*

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord, here are your taylor, your vintner, your bookseller, and half a dozen more, with their bills, at the door, and they desire their money.

Y. W. Tell 'em, Mr. Clearaccount, that when I was a private gentleman, I had nothing else to do but to run in debt, and now that I have got into a higher rank, I'm so very busy I can't pay it. As for that clamorous rogue

of a taylor, ſpeak him fair, till he has made up my liveries—then, about a year and a half hence I ſhall be at leiſure to put him off for a year and a half longer.

Stew. My Lord, there's a gentleman below calls himſelf Mr. Baſſet; he ſays that your Lordſhip owes him fifty guineas, that he won of you at cards.

Y. W. Look'e, Sir, the gentleman's money is a debt of honour, and muſt be paid immediately.

'*Stew.* Your father thought otherwiſe, my Lord, he 'always took care to have the poor tradeſmen ſatisfied, 'whoſe only ſubſiſtence lay in the uſe of their money, 'and was uſed to ſay, that nothing was honourable but 'what was honeſt.

'*Y. W.* My father might ſay what he pleaſed, he was 'a nobleman of very ſingular humour—— but in my no'tion, there are not two things in nature more different 'than honour and honeſty. Now your honeſty is a lit'tle mechanic quality, well enough among citizens, peo'ple that do nothing but pitiful mean actions according 'to law; but your honour flies a much higher pitch, 'and will do any thing that's free and ſpontaneous, but 'ſcorns to level itſelf to what is only juſt.'

Stew. But I think it is a little hard to have theſe poor people ſtarve for want of their money, and yet pay this ſharping raſcal fifty guineas.

Y. W. Sharping raſcal! What a barbariſm that is? Why he wears as good wigs, as fine linen, and keeps as good company as any at White's; and, between you and I, Sir, this ſharping raſcal, as you are pleaſed to call him, ſhall make more intereſt among the nobility with his cards and counters, than a ſoldier ſhall with his ſword and piſtol. Pray let him have fifty guineas immediately.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Elder Wou'dbe *writing in a pocket-book, in a riding-habit.*

E. W. "Monday the 14th of December, 1702, I arrived ſafe in London, and ſo concluding my travels—"

[*Putting up his book.*

Now welcome, country, father, friends,
My brother too (if brothers can be friends:)
But, above all, my charming fair, my Conſtance.

Through

Through all the mazes of my wand'ring steps,
Through all the various climes that I have run,
Her love has been the loadstone of my course,
Her eyes the stars that pointed me the way.
Had not her charms my heart intire possess'd,
Who knows what Circe's artful voice and look
Might have ensnar'd my travelling youth,
And fix'd me to enchantment?

Enter Teague *with a port-manteau. He throws it do and sits on it.*

Here comes my fellow-traveller. What makes you upon the port-manteau, Teague? You'll rumple t things.

Tea. By my shoul, maishter, I did carry the port-ma tel till it tired me; and now the port-mantel shall ca me till I tire him.

E. W. And how d'ye like London, Teague, after a travels?

Tea. Fot, dear joy, 'tis the braveft place I have fhe in my peregrinations, exshepting my nown brave shity Carrickfergus,—Uf, uf, dere ish a very fragrant shm hereabouts—Maishter, shall I run to that paishtry-cook for shix-pennyworth of boil'd beef?

E. W. Though this fellow travelled the world over, would never lose his brogue nor his stomach.——Wh you cormorant! so hungry and so early?

Tea. Early! Deel take me, maishter, 'tish a great de more than almost passt twelve o'clock.

'*E. W.* Thou art never happy, unless thy guts ' stuffed up to thy eyes.

'*Tea.* Oh, maishter, dere ish a dam way of distan ' and the deel a bit between.'

Enter Young Wou'dbe *in a chair, with four or five Foot before him, and passes over the stage.*

E. W. Hey-day! Who comes here? With one, t three, four, five footmen! Some young fellow just t ing the sweet vanity of fortune. Run, Teague, enq who that is.

Tea. Yes, maishter. [*Runs to one of the Footmen.*] will you give my humble shervice to your maishter, tell him to shend me word sat name ish upon him?

Foot. You would know sat name ish upon him?

Tea. Yeſh, fet wou'd I.

Foot. Why, what are you, Sir?

Tea. By my ſhoul, I am a ſhentleman bred and born, and dere iſh my maiſhter.

Foot. Then your maſter wou'd know it?

Tea. Arah, you fool, iſh it not the ſaam ting?

Foot. Then tell your maſter, 'tis the young Lord Wou'dbe, juſt come to his eſtate by the death of his father and elder brother. [*Exit Footman.*

E. W. What do I hear?

Tea. You hear that you are dead, maiſhter; fere vil you pleaſhe to be buried?

E. W. But art thou ſureſt was my brother?

Tea. By my ſhoul it was his nown ſelf; I know'd him very well, after his man told me.

E. W. The buſineſs requires that I be convinced with my own eyes. I'll follow him, and know the bottom on't. Stay here till I return.

Tea. Dear maiſhter, have a care upon your ſhelf. Now they know you are dead, by my ſhoul they may kill you.

E. W. Don't fear: none of his ſervants know me, and I'll take care to keep my face from his ſight. 'It con-'cerns me to conceal myſelf, till I know the engines of 'this contrivance.' Be ſure you ſtay till I come to you; and let nobody know whom you belong to. [*Exit.*

Tea. Oh, ho, hon, poor Teague is left all alone.

[*Sits on the port-manteau.*

Enter Subtleman *and* Steward.

Sub. And you won't ſwear to the will?

Stew. My conſcience tells me I dare not do't with ſafety.

Sub. But if we make it lawful what ſhould we fear? We now think nothing againſt conſcience, 'till the cauſe be thrown out of court.

Stew. In you, Sir, 'tis no ſin, becauſe 'tis the principle of your profeſſion: but in me, Sir, 'tis downright perjury indeed. You can't want witneſſes enough, ſince money won't be wanting——and you muſt loſe no time; for I heard juſt now, that the true Lord Wou'dbe was ſeen in town, or his ghoſt.

Sub. It was his ghoſt, to be ſure; for a nobleman without an eſtate is but the ſhadow of a lord.—Well, take no care;

care: leave me to myſelf; I am near the Friers, and ten to one ſhall pick up an evidence.

Stew. Speed you well, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sub. There's a fellow that has hunger and the gallows pictured in his face, and looks like one for my purpoſe. —How now, honeſt friend, what have you got under you there?

Tea. Nothing, dear joy.

Sub. Nothing! Is it not a port-manteau?

Tea. That is nothing to you.

Sub. The fellow's a wit.

Tea. Fait am I! My grandfather was an Iriſh poet— He did write a great book of verſes concerning the vars between St. Patrick and the wolf-dogs.

Sub. Then thou art poor, I'm afraid?

Tea. By my ſhoul, my ſole generation iſh ſo—I have noting but thiſh port-manteau, and dat itſhelf iſh not my own.

Sub. Why, who does it belong to?

Tea. To my maiſhter, dear joy.

Sub. Then you have a maſter?

Tea. Fait I have, but he's dead.

Sub. Right! And how do you intend to live?

Tea. By eating, dear joy, ſen I can get it, and by ſleeping ſen I can get none.—'Tiſh the faſhion of Ireland.

Sub. What was your maſter's name pray?

Tea. [*Aſide.*] I will tell a lee now; but it ſhall be a true one.———Macfadin, dear joy, was his naam. He vent over vith King Jamiſh into France.——He was my maiſhter once. Deere iſh the true lee noo. [*Aſide.*

Sub. What employment had he?

Tea. Je ne ſçay pas.

Sub. What, can you ſpeak French?

Tea. Ouy, Monſieur,—I did travel France and Spain, and Italy—Dear joy, I did kiſh the pope's toe, and dat will excuſe me all the ſins of my life: and ſen I am dead, St. Patrick will excuſe the reſt.

Sub. A rare fellow for my purpoſe! [*Aſide.*] Thou lookeſt like an honeſt fellow; and if you will go with me

me to the next tavern, I'll give thee a dinner and a glaſs of wine.

Teg. By my ſhoul 'tis dat I wanted, dear joy; come along, and I will follow you.

[*Runs out before* Subtleman *with the port-manteau on his back.*

Enter Elder Wou'dbe.

E. W. My father dead! my birth-right loſt! How have my drowſy ſtars ſlept over my fortune? Ha! [*Looking about.*] My ſervant gone! The ſimple, poor, ungrateful wretch has left me. I took him up from poverty and want; and now he leaves me juſt as I found him. My clothes and money too! But why ſhould I repine? Let man but view the dangers he has paſt, and few will fear what hazards are to come. 'That 'Providence that has ſecured my life from robbers, 'ſhipwreck, and from ſickneſs, is ſtill the ſame; ſtill 'kind whilſt I am juſt.' My death, I find, is firmly believed; but how it gained ſo univerſal credit, I fain would learn. Who comes here?—honeſt Mr. Fairbank! My father's goldſmith, a man of ſubſtance and integrity. The alteration of five years abſence, with the report of my death, may ſhade me from his knowledge, till I enquire ſome news.

Enter Fairbank.

Sir, your humble ſervant.

Fair. Sir, I don't know you. [*Shunning him.*

E. W. I intend you no harm, Sir; but ſeeing you come from my Lord Wou'dbe's houſe, I would aſk you a queſtion or two. Pray what diſtemper did my Lord die of?

Fair. I am told it was an apoplexy.

E. W. And pray, Sir, what does the world ſay? Is his death much lamented?

Fair. Lamented! My eyes that queſtion ſhould reſolve. Friend, thou kneweſt him not; elſe thy own heart had anſwered thee.

E. W. His grief, methinks, chides my defect of filial duty. [*Aſide.*] But I hope, Sir, his loſs is partly recompenſed in the merits of his ſucceſſor.

Fair. It might have been; but his eldeſt ſon, heir to his

his virtue and honour, was lately and unfortunately killed in Germany.

E. W. How unfortunately, Sir?

Fair. Unfortunately for him, and us. I do remember him——He was the mildeſt, humbleſt, ſweeteſt youth—

E. W. Happy indeed had been my part in life, if I had left this human ſtage, whilſt this ſo ſpotleſs, and ſo fair applauſe, had crowned my going off. [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir.

Fair. But thoſe that ſaw him in his travels, told ſuch wonders of his improvement, that the report recalled his father's years; and with the joy to hear his Hermes praiſed, he oft would break the chains of gout and age; and leaping up with ſtrength of greeneſt youth, cry, My Hermes is myſelf: methinks I live my ſprightly days again, and I am young in him.

'*E. W.* Spite of all modeſty, a man muſt own pleaſure in the hearing of his praiſe. [*Aſide.*'

Fair. You're thoughtful, Sir. Had you any relation to the family we talk of?

E. W. None, Sir, beyond my private concern in the public loſs. But pray, Sir, what character does the preſent Lord bear?

Fair. Your pardon, Sir. As for the dead, their memories are left unregarded, and tongues may touch them freely: but for the living, they have provided for the ſafety of their names by a ſtrong incloſure of the law. There is a thing called *Scandalum Magnatum*, Sir.

E. W. I commend your caution, Sir; but be aſſured I intend not to entrap you. I am a poor gentleman, and having heard much of the charity of the old Lord Wou'dbe, I had a mind to apply to his ſon, and therefore enquired his character.

Fair. Alas! Sir, things are changed: that houſe was once what poverty might go a pilgrimage to ſeek, and have its pains rewarded. The noble Lord, the truly noble Lord, held his eſtate, his honour, and his houſe, as if they were only lent upon the intereſt of doing good to others. He kept a porter, not to exclude, but ſerve the poor. No creditor was ſeen to guard his going out, or watch his coming in: no craving eyes, but looks of

ſmiling

ſmiling gratitude. But now, that family, which, like a garden fairly kept, invited every ſtranger to its fruit and ſhade, is now run over with weeds: nothing but wine and revelling within, a croud of noiſy creditors without, a train of ſervants inſolently proud—Would you believe it, Sir, as I offered to go in juſt now, the rude porter puſhed me back with his ſtaff. I am at this preſent (thanks to Providence and my induſtry) worth twenty thouſand pounds. I pay the fifth part of this to maintain the liberty of the nation; and yet this ſlave, this impudent Swiſs ſlave, offered to ſtrike me.

E. W. 'Twas hard, Sir, very hard: and if they uſed a man of your ſubſtance ſo roughly, how will they manage me, that am not worth a groat?

Fair. I would not willingly defraud your hopes of what may happen. If you can drink and ſwear, perhaps——

E. W. I ſhall not pay that price for his Lordſhip's bounty, would it extend to half he's worth. Sir, I give you thanks for your caution, and ſhall ſteer another courſe.

Fair. Sir, you look like an honeſt, modeſt gentleman. Come home with me; I am as able to give you a dinner as my Lord; and you ſhall be very welcome to eat at my table every day, till you are better provided.

E. W. Good man. [*Aſide.*] Sir, I muſt beg you to excuſe me to-day; but I ſhall find a time to accept of your favours, or at leaſt to thank you for them.

Fair. Sir, you ſhall be very welcome whenever you pleaſe. [*Exit.*

E. W. Generous, citizen! Surely, if Juſtice were an herald, ſhe would give this tradeſman a nobler coat of arms than my brother. But I delay: I long to vindicate the honour of my ſtation, and to diſplace this bold uſurper. But one concern, methinks is nearer ſtill: my Conſtance! Should ſhe, upon the rumour of my death, have fixed her heart elſewhere, then I were dead indeed; but if ſhe ſtill prove true, brother, ſit faſt:

I'll ſhake your ſtrength all obſtacles remove,
Suſtain'd by juſtice, and inſpir'd by love. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *an Apartment.*

Enter Conſtance *and* Aurelia.

Con. For heaven's ſake, couſin ceaſe your impertinent conſolations: it but makes me angry, and raiſes two paſſions

sions in me instead of one. You see I commit no extravagance, my grief is silent enough; my tears make no noise to disturb any body. I desire no companion in my sorrows; leave me to myself, and you comfort me.

Aur. But, cousin, have you no regard to your reputation? This immoderate concern for a young fellow. What will the world say? You lament him like a husband.

Con. No; you mistake: I have no rule nor method for my grief; no pomp of black and darkened rooms; no formal month for visits on my bed. I am content with the slight mourning of a broken heart; and all my form is tears.

Enter Midnight.

Mid. Madam Aurelia, Madam, don't disturb her.—— Every thing must have its vent. 'Tis a hard case to be crossed in one's first love. But you should consider, Madam, [*To* Constance.] that we are all born to die, some young, some old.

Con. Better we all died young, than to be plagued with age, as I am. I find other folks years are as troublesome to us as our own.

Mid. You have reason, you have cause to mourn. He was the handsomest man, and the sweetest babe, that I know; tho' I must confess too, that Ben had much the finer complexion when he was born: but then Hermes, yes Hermes, had the shape, that he had. But of all the infants that I ever beheld with my eyes, I think Ben had the finest ear, wax-work, perfect wax-work! 'and 'then he did so sputter at the breast!——His nurse was 'a hale, well-complexioned, sprightly jade, as ever I 'saw; but her milk was a little too stale, tho' at the 'same time 'twas as blue and clear as a cambrick.'

Aur. Do you intend all this, Madam, for a consolation to my cousin?

Mid. No, no, Madam, that's to come. I tell you, fair lady, you have only lost the man; the estate and title are still you own; and this very moment I would salute you Lady Wou'dbe, if you pleased.

Con. Dear Madam, your proposal is very tempting; let me consider but till to-morrow, and I'll give you an answer.

Mid. I knew it, I knew it; I ſaid, when you were born, you would be a lady; I knew it. To-morrow, you ſay. My Lord ſhall know it immediately. [*Exit.*

Aur. What d'ye intend to do, couſin?

Con. To go into the country this moment, to be free from the impertinence of condolence, the perſecution of that monſter of a man, and that devil of a woman.—O, Aurelia, I long to be alone. I am become ſo fond of grief, that I would fly where I might enjoy it all, and have no interruption in my darling ſorrow.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe *unperceived.*

E. W. In tears! perhaps for me! I'll try——

[*Drops a picture, and goes back to the entrance, and liſtens.*

Aur. If there be aught in grief delightful, don't grudge me a ſhare.

Con. No, my dear Aurelia, I'll engroſs it all. I loved him ſo, methinks I ſhould be jealous if any mourned his death beſides myſelf. What's here! [*Takes up the picture.*] Ha! ſee, couſin! the very face and features of the man! Sure ſome officious angel has brought me this for a companion in my ſolitude. Now I am fitted out for ſorrow. With this I'll figh, with this converſe, gaze on his image till I grow blind with weeping.

Aur. I'm amazed! how came it here?

Con. Whether by miracle or human chance, 'tis all alike; I have it here: nor ſhall it ever ſeparate from my breaſt—it's the only thing could give me joy, becauſe it will encreaſe my grief.

E. W. [*Entering.*] Moſt glorious woman! now I am fond of life.

Aur. Ha! What's this? Your buſineſs, pray Sir?

E. W. With this lady. [*Goes to* Conſtance, *takes her hand, and kneels.*] Here let me worſhip that perfection, whoſe virtue might attract the liſtening angels, and make them ſmile to ſee ſuch purity, ſo like themſelves, in human ſhape.

Con. Hermes!

E. W. Your living Hermes, who ſhall die yours too.

'*Con.* Now paſſion, powerful paſſion, would bear me
'like a whirlwind to his arms—but my ſex has bounds.
'Tis wonderous, Sir!

E. W.

'*E. W.* Moſt wonderous are the works of fate for 'man, and moſt cloſely laid is the ſerpentine line that 'guides him into happineſs! That hidden power which 'did permit thoſe arts to cheat me of my birth-right, 'had this ſurprize of happineſs in ſtore, well knowing 'that grief is the beſt preparative for joy.'

Con. 'I never found the true ſweets of love till this 'romantic turn! dead and alive! my ſtars are poetical.' For heaven's ſake, Sir, unriddle your fortune.

E. W. That my dear brother muſt do: for he made the ænigma,

Aur. Methinks I ſtand here like a fool all this while: would I had ſome body or other to ſay a fine thing or two to me.

E. W. Madam, I beg ten thouſand pardons: I have my excuſe in my hand.

Aur. My Lord, I wiſh you joy.

E. W. Pray, Madam, don't trouble me with a title till I am better equipped for it. My peerage would look a little ſhabby in theſe robes.

Con. You have a good excuſe, my Lord; you can wear better when you pleaſe.

E. W. I have a better excuſe, Madam——Theſe are the beſt I have.

Con. How, my Lord!

E. W. Very true, Madam; I am at preſent, I believe, the pooreſt peer in England. Hark'e, Aurelia, pr'ythee lend me a piece or two.

Aur. Ha, ha, ha! a poor peer indeed! He wants a guinea.

Con. I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

E. W. Why ſo, Madam?

Con. Becauſe I can furniſh you with five thouſand.

E. W. Generous woman!

Enter Trueman.

Ha! my friend too!

True. I am glad to find you here, my Lord: here's a current report about town that you were killed. I was afraid it might reach this family, ſo I come to diſprove the ſtory, by your letter to me by the laſt poſt.

Aur. I'm glad he's come; now it will be my turn, couſin.

True. Now, my Lord, I wish you joy; and I expect the same from you.

E. W. With all my heart; but upon what score?

True. The old score, marriage.

E. W. To whom?

True. To a neighbour lady here. [*Looking at* Aurelia.

Aur. Impudence! [*Aside.*] The lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Sir.

True. The lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Madam.

Aur. Don't mistake me, Sir; I did not care if the lady were in Mexico.

True. Nor I neither, Madam.

'*Aur.* You're very short, Sir.

'*True.* The shortest pleasures are the sweetest, you 'know.'

Aur. Sir, you appear very different to me from what you were very lately.

True. Madam, you appear very different to me to what you were lately.

Aur. Strange!

[*This while* Constance *and* Wou'dbe *entertain one another in dumb shew.*

True. Miraculous!

Aur. I could never have believed it.

True. Nor I, as I hope to be saved.

Aur. Ill manners!

True. Worse.

Aur. How have I deserved it, Sir?

True. How have I deserved it, Madam?

Aur. What?

True. You.

Aur. Riddles!

True. Women!——My Lord, you'll hear of me at White's. Farewel. [*Runs off.*

E. W. What, Trueman gone!

Aur. Yes. [*Walks about in disorder.*

Con. Bless me! what's the matter, cousin?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. Why are you uneasy!

Aur. Nothing.

Con. What ails you then?

Aur.

Aur. Nothing.——I don't love the fellow—yet to be affronted—I can't bear it.

[*Bursts out a crying, and runs off.*

Con. Your friend, my Lord, has affronted Aurelia.

E. W. Impoſſible! His regard to me were ſufficient ſecurity for his good behaviour here, tho' it were in his nature to be rude elſewhere.—She has certainly uſed him ill.

Con. Too well rather.

E. W. Too well! have a care, Madam! that, with ſome men, is the greateſt provocation to a flight.

Con. Don't miſtake, my Lord, her uſage never went farther than mine to you; and I ſhould take it very ill to be abuſed for it.

E. W. I'll follow him, and know the cauſe of it.

Con. No, my Lord, I'll follow her, and know it: beſides, your own affairs with your brother require you at preſent. [*Exeunt.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *Houſe.*

Enter Young Wou'dbe *and* Subtleman.

YOUNG WOU'DBE.

RETURNED! Who ſaw him? Who ſpoke with him? He can't be returned.

Sub. My Lord, he's below at the gate, parlying with the porter, who has private orders from me to admit nobody till you ſend him word, that we may have the more time to ſettle our affairs.

Y. W. 'Tis a hard caſe, Mr. Subtleman, that a man can't enjoy his right without all this trouble.

Sub. Ah, my Lord, you ſee the benefit of law now, what an advantage it is to the public for ſecuring of property. Had you not the law of your ſide, who knows what devices might be practiſed to defraud you of your right. But I have ſecured all——The will is in true

form; and you have two witneſſes already to ſwear to the laſt words of your father.

Y. W. Then you have got another?

Sub. Yes, yes, a right one; and I ſhall pick up another time enough before the term. And I have planted three or four conſtables in the next room, to take care of your brother if he ſhould be boiſterous.

Y. W. Then you think we are ſecure.

Sub. Ay, ay, let him come now when he pleaſes: I'll go down and give orders for his admittance.

Y. W. Unkind brother! to diſturb me thus, juſt in the ſwing and ſtretch of my full fortune! Where is the tie of blood and nature, when brothers will do this? Had he but ſtaid till Conſtance had been mine, his preſence or his abſence had been then indifferent.

Enter Midnight.

Mid. Well, my Lord, [*Pants as out of breath.*] you'll never be ſatisfied till you have broke my heart. I have ſuch ado yonder about you with Madam Conſtance—— but ſhe's your own.

Y. W. How! my own! Ah! my dear helpmate, I am afraid we are routed in that quarter: my brother's come home.

Mid. Your brother come home; then I'll go travel. [*Going.*

Y. W. Hold, hold, Madam, we are all ſecure; we have provided for his reception; your nephew Subtleman has ſtopped up all paſſages to the eſtate.

'*Mid.* Ay, Subtleman is a pretty thriving ingenious 'boy. Little do you think who is the father of him. 'I'll tell you; Mr. Moabite the rich Jew in Lombard-'ſtreet

'*Y. W.* Moabite the Jew!

'*Mid.* You ſhall hear, my Lord—One evening, as I 'was very grave in my own houſe, reading the—Weekly 'Preparation—Ay, it was the Weekly Preparation, I do 'remember particularly well. What hears me I—but 'pat, pat, very ſoftly at the door. Come in, cries I, 'and preſently enters Mr. Moabite, followed by a ſnug 'chair, the windows cloſe drawn, and in it was a fine 'young virgin juſt upon the point of being delivered.— 'We were all in a great hurly-burly for a while to be ſure;

'sure; but our production was a fine boy. I had fifty 'guineas for my trouble, the lady was wrapped up very 'warm, placed in her chair, and re-conveyed to the 'place she came from. Who she was, or what she was, 'I could never learn, though my maid said that the 'chair went through the Park—but the child was left 'with me——The father would have made a Jew on it 'presently, but I swore, if he committed such a barba- 'rity on the infant, that I would discover all.—So I had 'him brought up a good christian, and bound 'prentice 'to an attorney.

'*Y. W.* Very well.

'*Mid.* Ah, my Lord! there's many a pretty fellow in 'London that knows as little of their true father and 'mother as he does; I have had several such jobs in 'my time—there was one Scotch nobleman that brought 'me four in half a year.

'*Y. W.* Four! and how were they all provided for?

'*Mid.* Very handsomely indeed; they were two sons 'and two daughters; the eldest son rides in the first troop 'of guards, and the other is a very pretty fellow, and 'his father's valet de chambre.

'*Y. W.* And what is become of the daughters, pray?

'*Mid.* Why one of them is a manteau-maker, and 'the youngest has got into the play-house.'——Ay, ay, my Lord, let Subtleman alone, I'll warrant he'll manage your brother. Ads my life, here is somebody coming, I would not be seen.

Y. W. 'Tis my brother, and he'll meet you upon the stairs! adso, get into this closet till he be gone.

[*Shuts her into the closet.*

Enter Elder Wou'dbe *and* Subtleman.

My brother! dearest brother, welcome!

[*Runs and embraces him.*

E. W. I can't dissemble, Sir, else I would return your false embrace.

Y. W. False embrace! still suspicious of me! I thought that five years absence might have cooled the unmanly heats of our childish days; that I am over-joyed at your return, let this testify; this moment I resign all right and title to your honour, and salute you Lord.

E. W. I want not your permission to enjoy my right;

here I am lord and maſter without your reſignation; and the firſt uſe I make of my authority, is to diſcard that rude, bull-faced fellow at the door. Where is my ſteward?

Enter Clearaccount.

Mr. Clearaccount, let that pampered centinel below this minute be diſcharged. Brother, I wonder you could feed ſuch a ſwarm of lazy, idle drones about you, and leave the poor induſtrious bees, that fed you from their hives, to want. Steward, look to't; if I have not diſcharges for every farthing of my father's debts upon my toilet to-morrow morning, you ſhall follow the tipſtaff, I can aſſure you.

Y. W. Hold, hold, my Lord, you uſurp too large a power, methinks, over my family.

E. W. Your family!

Y. W. Yes, my family; you have no title to lord it here. Mr. Clearaccount, you know your maſter.

E. W. How! a combination againſt me! Brother, take heed how you deal with one, that cautious of your falſhood, comes prepared to meet your arts, and can retort your cunning to your infamy: your black unnatural deſigns againſt my life, before I went abroad, my charity can pardon; but my prudence muſt remember to guard me from your malice for the future.

Y. W. Our father's weak and fond ſurmiſe! which he upon his death bed owned; and to recompenſe me for that injurious, unnatural ſuſpicion, he left me ſole heir to his eſtate. Now, my Lord, my houſe and ſervants are at your ſervice.

E. W. Villainy beyond example! have I not letters from my father of ſcarce a fortnight's date, where he repeats his fears for my return, leſt it ſhould again expoſe me to your hatred?

Sub. Well, well, theſe are no proofs, no proofs, my Lord; they won't paſs in court againſt poſitive evidence. Here is your father's will, *ſignatum & ſigillatum*, beſides his laſt words to confirm it, to which I can take my poſitive oath in any court of Weſtminſter.

E. W. What are you, Sir?

Sub. Of Clifford's Inn, my Lord, I belong to the law.

E. W. Thou art the worm and maggot of the law, bred in the bruiſed and rotten parts, and now art nouriſhed

riſhed on the ſame corruption that produced thee. The Engliſh law, as planted firſt, was like the Engliſh oak, ſhooting its ſpeading arms around, to ſhelter all that dwelt beneath its ſhade: but now whole ſwarms of caterpillars, like you, hang in ſuch cluſters upon every branch, that the once thriving tree now ſheds infectious vermin on our heads.

Y. W. My Lord, I have ſome company above; if your Lordſhip will drink a glaſs of wine, we ſhall be glad of the honour: if not, I ſhall attend you at any court of judicature, whenever you pleaſe to ſummon me.

E. W. Hold, Sir —— Perhaps my father's dying weakneſs was impoſed on, and he has left him heir; if ſo, his will ſhall freely be obeyed. [*Aſide.*] Brother, you ſay you have a will?

Sub. Here it is. [*Shewing a parchment.*

E. W. Let me ſee it.

Sub. There's no precedent for that, my Lord.

E. W. Upon my honour, I'll reſtore it.

Y. W. Upon my honour, but you ſhan't [*Takes it from* Sub. *and puts it in his pocket.*

E. W. This over-caution, brother, is ſuſpicious.

Y. W. Seven thouſand pound a year is worth looking after.

E. W. Therefore you can't take it ill that I am a little inquiſitive about it. Have you witneſſes to prove my father's dying words?

Y. W. A couple in the houſe.

E. W. Who are they?

Sub. Witneſſes, my Lord! 'Tis unwarrantable to enquire into the merits of the cauſe out of court; —— my client ſhall anſwer no more queſtions.

E. W. Perhaps, Sir, upon a ſatisfactory account of his title, I intend to leave your client to the quiet enjoyment of his right, without troubling any court with the buſineſs; I therefore deſire to know what kind of perſons are theſe witneſſes.

Sub. Oho, he's coming about. [*Aſide.*] I told your Lordſhip already, that I am one; another is in the houſe, one of my Lord's footmen.

E. W. Where is this footman?

Y. W. Forth coming.

E. W.

E. W. Produce him.

Sub. That I shall presently. The day's our own, Sir. [*To* Y. W.] But you shall engage first to ask him no cross-questions. [*Exit.*

E. W. I am not skilled in such. But, pray brother, did my father quite forget me? left me nothing?

Y. W. Truly, my Lord, nothing: he spoke but little, left no legacies.

E. W. 'Tis strange! he was extremely just, and loved me too; but perhaps—

Enter Subtleman *with* Teague.

Sub. My Lord, here's another evidence.

E. W. Teague!

Y. W. My brother's servant!

[*They all four stare upon one another.*

Sub. His servant!

Tea. Maishter! see here, maishter, I did get all dish [*Chinks money.*] for being an evidensh, dear joy; and by my shoule, I will give the half of it to you, if you will give me your permishon to make swear against you.

E. W. My wonder is divided betwen the villainy of the fact, and the amazement of the discovery. Teague! my very servant! sure I dream.

Tea. Fet, dere ish no dreaming in the cash; I'm sure the croon pieceish are awake, for I have been talking with dem dish half hour.

Y. W. Ignorant, unlucky man, thou hast ruined me; why had not I a sight of him before?

Sub. I thought the fellow had been too ignorant to be a knave.

Tea. By my shoule, you lee, dear joy. I can be a knave as well as you, sen I think it conveniency.

E. W. Now, brother! Speechless! Your oracle too silenced! 'Is all your boasted fortune sunk to the guilty 'blushing for a crime?' But I scorn to insult. Let disappointment be your punishment: but for you lawyer there—Teague, lay hold of him.

Sub. Let none dare to attach me without a legal warrant.

Tea. Attach! no, dear joy, I cannot attach you——, but I can catch you by the throat, after the fashion of Ireland. [*Takes* Sub. *by the throat*

Sub. An aſſault! an aſſault!

Tea. No, no, 'tiſh noting but choaking, noting but choaking.

E. W. Hold him faſt, Teague. Now, Sir, [*To* Y. W.] becauſe I was your brother, you would have betrayed me; and becauſe I am your brother, I forgive it; diſpoſe yourſelf as you think fit. I'll order Mr. Clearaccount to give you a thouſand pounds. Go, take it, and pay me by your abſence.

Y. W. I ſcorn your beggarly benevolence: had my deſigns ſucceeded, I would not have allowed you the weight of a wafer, and therefore will accept none. As for that lawyer, he deſerves to be pilloried, not for his cunning in deceiving you, but for his ignorance in betraying me. The villain has defrauded me of ſeven thouſand pounds a year. Farewel. [*Going.*

Enter Midnight *out of the cloſet, runs to* Young Woud'be, *and kneels.*

Mid. My Lord, my dear Lord Wou'dbe, I beg you ten thouſand pardons.

Y. W. What offence haſt thou done to me?

Mid. An offence the moſt injurious. I have hitherto concealed a ſecret in my breaſt, to the offence of juſtice, and the defrauding your Lordſhip of your true right and title. You, Benjamin Wou'dbe, with the crooked back, are the eldeſt born, and true heir to the eſtate and dignity.

Om. How!

Tea. Arah, how?

Mid. None, my Lord, can tell better than I, who brought you both into the world.——My deceaſed Lord, upon the ſight of your deformity, engaged me, by a conſiderable reward, to ſay you were the laſt born, that the beautiful twin, likely to be the greater ornament to the famiry, might ſucceed him in his honour. This ſecret my conſcience has long ſtruggled with. Upon the news that you were left heir to the eſtate, I thought juſtice was ſatisfied, and I was reſolved to keep it a ſecret ſtill; but by ſtrange chance, over-hearing what paſſed juſt now, my poor conſcience was racked, and I was forced to declare the truth.

Y. W.

Y. W. By all my former hopes I could have ſworn it: I found the ſpirit of elderſhip in my blood; my pulſes beat, and ſwelled for ſeniority. Mr. Hermes Wou'dbe, I'm your moſt humble ſervant. [*Foppiſhly.*

E. W. Hermes is my name, my chriſtian name; of which I am prouder than of all titles that honour gives, or flattery beſtows. But thou, vain bubble, 'puft up 'with the empty breath of that more empty woman;' to let thee ſee how I deſpiſe thy pride, I'll call thee Lord, dreſs thee up in titles like a king at arms; 'you ſhall be 'blazoned round, like any church in Holland; thy pa-'geantry ſhall exceed the Lord Mayor's;' and yet this Hermes, plain Hermes, ſhall deſpiſe thee.

Sub. Well, well, this is nothing to the purpoſe. Miſtreſs, will you make an affidavit of what you have ſaid, before a maſter in Chancery?

Mid. That I can, tho' I were to die the next minute after it.

Tea. Den, dear joy, you would be damn'd the next minute after dat.

E. W. All this is trifling: I muſt purge my houſe of this neſt of villainy at once. Here, Teague [*Whiſpers* Teague.] go, make haſte.

Tea. Dat I can.

[*As he runs out*, Young Wou'dbe *ſtops him.*

Y. W. Where are you going, Sir?

Tea. Only for a pot of ale, dear joy, for you and my maiſhter, to drink friends.

Y. W. You lie, ſirrah. [*Puſhes him back.*

Tea. Fet, I do ſo.

E. W. What, violence to my ſervant! Nay, then I'll force him a paſſage.

Sub. An aſſault, an aſſault upon the body of a peer. Within there!

Enter three or four Conſtables, one of them with a black patch on his eye. They diſarm Elder Wou'dbe, *and ſecure* Teague.

E. W. This plot was laid for my reception. Unhand me, conſtable.

Y. W. Have a care, Mr. Conſtable, the man is mad; he's poſſeſſed with an odd phrenzy, that he's my brother, and

and my elder too; ſo becauſe I would not very willingly reſign my houſe and eſtate, he attempted to murder me.

Sub. Gentlemen, take care of that fellow: he made an aſſault upon my body *vi & armis.*

Tea. Arah, fat iſh dat wy at armiſh?

Sub. No matter, ſirrah, I ſhall have you hanged.

Tea. Hang'd! dat is nothing, dear joy——we are us'd to't.

E. W. Unhand me, villains, or by all——

Tea. Have a care, dear maiſter, don't ſwear; we ſhall be in the Crown-Offiſh. You know dere iſh ſharpers about us. [*Looking about on them that hold him.*

Y. W. Mr. Conſtable, you know your directions; away with 'em.

E. W. Hold——

Con. No, no, force him away.

[*They all hurry him off*, manent *Y. W. and* Midnight.

Y. W. Now, my dear propheteſs, my ſybil; by all my dear deſires and ambitions, I do believe you have ſpoken the truth—I am the elder.

Mid. No, no, Sir, the devil a word on't is true——I would not wrong my conſcience neither: for, faith and troth, as I am an honeſt woman, you were born above three-quarters of an hour after him.—But I don't much care if I do ſwear that you are the eldeſt.—What a bleſſing it was that I was in the cloſet at that pinch! Had I not come out that moment, you would have ſneaked off; your brother had been in poſſeſſion, and then we had loſt all: but now you are eſtabliſhed: poſſeſſion gets you money, that gets you law, and law, you know—Down on your knees, ſirrah, and aſk me bleſſing.

Y. W. No, my dear mother, I'll give thee a bleſſing, a rent-charge of five-hundred pounds a year, upon what part of the eſtate you will, during your life.

Mid. Thank you, my Lord; that five hundred a year will afford me 'a leiſurely life, and 'a handſome retirement in the country, 'where I mean to repent me of my 'ſins, and die a good Chriſtian; for, heaven knows, I 'am old, and ought to bethink me of another life.'——Have you none of the cordial left that we had in the morning?

Y. W. Yes, yes, we'll go to the fountain head. [*Ex.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Teague.

Tea. Deel tauke me but diſh iſh a moſt ſhweet buſineſs indeed; maiſhters play the fool, and ſhervants muſt ſhuffer for it. I am priſhoner in the Conſtable's houſe, by my ſhoul, and ſhent abroad to fetch ſome bail for my maiſhter; but who ſhall bail poor Teague, agra?

Enter Conſtance.

Oh, dere iſh my maiſhter's old love. Indeed, I fear diſh biſhneſs will ſpoil his fortune,

Con. Who's here? Teague! [*He turns from her.*

Tea. Deel tauke her, I did tought ſhe cou'd not know me agen, now I am a priſhoner. [Conſtance *goes about to look him in the face. He turns from her.*] Diſh iſh not ſhivil, by my ſhoul, to know a ſhentleman fether he will or no.

Con. Why this, Teague? What's the matter? Are you aſham'd of me or yourſelf, Teague?

Tea. Of bote, by my ſhoul.

Con. How does your maſter, Sir?

Tea. Very well, dear joy, and in priſhon.

Con. In priſon! how? where?

Tea Why, in the little Baſhtile yonder, at the end of the ſtreet.

Con. Shew me the way immediately.

Tea. Fet, I can ſhew you the houſe yonder; ſhee yonder! by my ſhoul, I ſhee his face yonder, peeping thro' the iron glaſs window.

Con. I'll ſee him, though a dungeon were his confinement. [*Runs out.*

Tea. Ah! auld kindneſh, by my ſhoul, cannot be forgotten. Now, if my maiſhter had but graſhe enough to get her with child, her word wou'd go for two; and ſhe wou'd bail him and I bote. [*Exit.*

SCENE *a Room miſerably furniſhed, Elder* Wou'dbe *ſitting and writing.*

E. W. The Tow'r confines the great,
The ſpunging-houſe the poor;
Thus there are degrees of ſtate
That ev'n the wretched muſt endure.

Virgil,

Virgil, tho' cheriſh'd in courts,
Relates but a ſplenetic tale,
Cervantes revels and ſports,
Altho' he writ in a gaol.

Then hang reflexions, [*Starts up.*] I'll go write a comedy. Ho, within there: tell the lieutenant of the tower that I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Conſtable.

Con. Ay, ay, the man is mad: lieutenant of the tower! ha, ha, ha! would you could make your words good, maſter.

E. W. Why, am not I a priſoner here? I know it by the ſtately apartments. What is that, pray, that hangs ſtreaming down upon the wall yonder?

Con. Yonder! 'tis cobweb, Sir.

E. W. 'Tis falſe, Sir: 'tis as fine tapeſtry as any in Europe.

Con. The devil it is!

E. W. Then your damaſk bed, here; the flowers are ſo bold, I took them for embroidery; and then the head-work, *point de Venice*, I proteſt!

Con. As good Kidderminſter as any in England, I muſt confeſs: and though the ſheets be a little ſoiled, yet I can aſſure you, Sir, that many an honeſt gentleman has lain in them.

E. W. Pray, Sir, what did thoſe two Indian pieces coſt, that are fixed up in the corner of the room?

Con. Indian pieces! What the devil, Sir, they are my old Jack-boots, my militia boots.

E. W. I took them for two China jars, upon my word. But hark'e, friend, art thou content that theſe things ſhould be as they are?

Con. Content! ay, Sir.

E. W. Why then ſhould I complain?

[*One calls within.*

Within. Mr. Conſtable, here's a woman will force her way upon us: we can't ſtop her.

Conſt. Knock her down then, knock her down; let no woman come up, the man's mad enough already.

Enter Conſtance.

Con. Who dares oppoſe me?

[*Throws him a handful of money.*

Conſt. Not I truly, Madam. [*Gathering up the money.*

E. W. My Conſtance! my guardian-angel here!—— Then nought can hurt me.

Conſt. Hark'e, Sir, you may ſuppoſe the bed to be a damaſk bed for half an hour, if you pleaſe.

Con. No, no, Sir, your priſoner muſt along with me.

Conſt. Ay! faith, the woman's madder than the man.

Enter Trueman *and* Teague.

E. W. Ha! Trueman too! I'm proud to think that many a prince has not ſo many true friends in his palace, as I have here in priſon—Two ſuch—

Tea. Tree, by my ſhoul.

True. My Lord, juſt as I heard of your confinement, I was going to make myſelf a priſoner. Behold the fetters; I had juſt bought the wedding-ring.

Con. I hope they are golden fetters, Captain.

True. They weigh four thouſand pound, Madam, beſides the purſe, which is worth a million. My Lord, this very evening was I to be married; but the news of your misfortune has ſtopt me: I would not gather roſes in a wet hour.

E. W. Come, the weather ſhall be clear; the thoughts of your good fortune will make me eaſy, more than my own can do, if purchaſed by your diſappointment.

True. Do you think, my Lord, that I can go to the bed of pleaſure whilſt you lie in a hovel? Here, where is this Conſtable? How dare you do this, inſolent raſcal?

Conſt. Inſolent raſcal! do you know who you ſpeak to, Sir?

True. Yes, firrah; don't I call you by your proper name? How dare you confine a peer of the realm?

Conſt. Peer of the realm! you may give good words tho', I hope.

E. W. Ay, ay, Mr. Conſtable is in the right, he did but his duty; I ſuppoſe he had twenty guineas for his pains.

Conſt. No, I had but ten.

E. W. Hark'e, Trueman, this fellow muſt be ſoothed, he'll

he'll be of uſe to us; I muſt employ you too in this affair of my brother.

True. Say, no more, my Lord, I'll cut his throat, 'tis but flying the kingdom.

E. W. No, no, 'twill be more revenge to worſt him at his own weapons. Could I but force him out of his garriſon, that I might get into poſſeſſion, his claim would vaniſh immediately. Does my brother know you?

True. Very little, if at all.

E. W. Hark'e. [*Whiſpers.*

True. It ſhall be done. Look'e, Conſtable, you're drawn into a wrong cauſe, and it may prove your deſtruction, if you don't change ſides immediately. We deſire no favour but the uſe of your coat, wig, and ſtaff for half an hour.

Conſt. Why, truly, Sir, I underſtand now, by this gentlewoman, that I know to be our neighbour, that he is a Lord, and I heartily beg his worſhip's pardon, and if I can do your honour any ſervice your grace may command me.

E. W. I'll reward you. But you muſt have the black patch for the eye too.

'*Tea.* I can give your Lordſhip van; here ſet, 'tis 'a plaiſhter for a ſore finger, and I have worn it but 'twice.'

Con. But pray, Captain, what was your quarrel at Aurelia to-day.

True. With your permiſſion, Madam, we'll mind my Lord's buſineſs at preſent; when that's done, we'll mind the lady's. My Lord, I ſhall make an excellent conſtable; I never had the honour of a civil employment before: we'll equip ourſelves in another place. Here, you prince of darkneſs, have you never a better room in your houſe, theſe iron grates frighten the lady.

Conſt. I have a handſome, neat parlour below, Sir.

True. Come along then, you muſt conduct us.——We don't intend to be out of your ſight—that you may not be out of ours. [*Aſide.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment.*

Enter Aurelia *in a paſſion*, Richmore *following.*

Aur. Follow me not; age and deformity, with quiet, were preferable to this vexatious perſecution; for Hea-

ven's ſake, Mr. Richmore, what have I ever ſhewn to vindicate this preſumption of yours?

Rich. You ſhew it now, Madam, your face, your wit, your ſhape, are all temptations to undergo even the rigour of your diſdain, for the bewitching pleaſure of your company.

Aur. Then be aſſured, Sir, you ſhall reap no other benefit from my company; and if you think it a pleaſure to be conſtantly ſlighted, ridiculed, and affronted, you ſhall have admittance to ſuch entertainment whenever you will.

Rich. I take you at your word, Madam; I am armed with ſubmiſſion againſt all the attacks of your ſeverity, and your Ladyſhip ſhall find, that my reſignation can bear much longer than your rigour can inflict.

Aur. That is, in plain terms, your ſufficiency will preſume much longer than my honour can reſiſt. Sir, you might have ſpared the unmannerly declaration to my face, having already taken care to let me know your opinion of my virtue, by your impudent ſettlement propoſed by Mrs. Midnight.

Rich. By thoſe fair eyes, I'll double the propoſal; this ſoft, this white, this powerful hand [*Takes her hand.*] ſhall write its own conditions.

Aur. Then it ſhall write this—[*Strikes him.*]—and if you like the terms, you ſhall have more another time.

[*Exit.*

Rich. Death and madneſs! a blow—Twenty thouſand pound ſterling for one night's revenge upon her dear, proud, diſdainful perſon! 'Am I rich as many a ſove-'reign prince, wallow in wealth, yet can't command my 'pleaſure? Woman! if there be power in gold, I yet 'ſhall triumph o'er thy pride.'

Enter Midnight.

Mid. O' my troth, and ſo you ſhall, if I can help it.

Rich. Madam, madam, here, here, here's money, gold, ſilver, take, take all, all, my rings too; all ſhall be yours, make me but happy in this preſumptuous beauty, I'll make thee rich as avarice can crave; if not, I'll murder thee and myſelf too.

Mid. Your bounty is too large, too large indeed, Sir.

Rich.

Rich. Too large! no, 'tis beggary without her—— Lordſhips, manors, acres, rents, tithes and trees, all, all ſhall fly for my dear ſweet revenge.

Mid. Say no more, this night I'll put you in a way.

Rich. This night?

Mid. The lady's aunt is very near her time—ſhe go's abroad this evening a viſiting; in the mean time I'll ſend to your miſtreſs, that her aunt is fallen in labour at my houſe: ſhe comes in a hurry, and then——

Rich. Shall I be there to meet her?

Mid. Perhaps.

Rich. In a private room?

Mid. Mum.

Rich. No creature to diſturb us?

Mid. Mum, I ſay, but you muſt give me your word not to raviſh her; 'nay, I can tell you ſhe won't be ra-'viſhed.

'*Rich.* Raviſh! Let me ſee, I'm worth five thouſand 'pound a year, twenty thouſand guineas in my pocket, 'and may not I force a toy that's ſcarce worth fifteen 'hundred pound? I'll do it.

'Her beauty ſets my heart on fire, beſide
'Th' injurious blow has ſet on fire my pride;
'The bare fruition were not worth my pain,
'The joy will be to humble her diſdain;
'Beyond enjoyment will the tranſport laſt
'In triumph, when the extaſy is paſt.' [*Exeunt.*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *Houſe*.

Enter Young Wou'dbe.

Young WOU'DBE.

SHEW me that proud Stoic that can bear ſucceſs and champaign; philoſophy can ſupport us in hard fortune, but who can have patience in proſperity? The learned may talk what they will of human bodies, but I am ſure there is not one atom in mine but what is truly

Epicurean. My brother is ſecured, I guarded with my friends, my lewd and honeſt midnight friends. Holla! who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord!

Y. W. A freſh battalion of bottles to re-inforce the ciſtern. Are the ladies come?

Serv. Half an hour ago, my Lord: They're below in the bathing chamber.

'*Y. W.* Where did you light on 'em?

'*Serv.* One in the paſſage at the old play-houſe, my 'Lord—I found another very melancholy paring her 'nails by Roſamond's Pond—and a couple I got at the 'Chequer alehouſe in Holborn; the two laſt came to 'town yeſterday in a Weſt-country waggon.'

Y. W. Very well; order Baconface to haſten ſupper—and d'ye hear, bid the Swiſs admit no ſtranger without acquainting me. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Fortune, I defy thee, this night's my own at leaſt.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, here's the conſtable below with the black eye, and he wants to ſpeak with your Lordſhip in all haſte.

Y. W. Ha! the conſtable! Should fortune jilt me now?—Bid him come up—I fear ſome curſed chance to thwart me.

Enter Trueman *in the Conſtable's cloaths.*

True. Ah! my Lord, here is ſad news——your brother is——

Y. W. Got away, made his eſcape, I warrant you.

True. Worſe, worſe, my Lord.

Y. W. Worſe, worſe! What can be worſe?

True. I dare not ſpeak it.

Y. W. Death and hell, fellow, don't diſtract me.

True. He's dead.

Y. W. Dead!

True. Poſitively.

Y. W. Coup de grace, ciel gramercy.

True. Villain, I underſtand you. [*Aſide.*

Y. W. But how, how, Mr. Conſtable? Speak it aloud, kill me with the relation.

True.

True. I don't know how, the poor gentleman was very melancholy upon his confinement, and so he desired me to send for a gentlewoman that lives hard by here, may-hap your worship may know her.

Y. W. At the gilt balcony in the square?

True. The very same, a smart woman truly. I went for her myself, but she was otherways engaged; not she truly, she would not come. Would you believe it, my Lord, at the hearing of this the poor man was like to drop down dead.

Y. W. Then he was but likely to drop down dead?

True. Would it were no more. Then I left him, and coming about two hours after, I found him hanged in his sword-belt.

Y. W. Hanged!

True. Dangling.

Y. W. Le coup d' eclat! Done like the noblest Roman of them all. But are you sure he's past all recovery? Did you send for no surgeon to bleed him?

True. No, my Lord, I forgot that—but I'll send immediately.

Y. W. No, no, Mr. Constable, 'tis too late now, too late.—And the lady would not come you say?

True. Not a step would she stir.

Y. W. Inhuman! barbarous!——dear, delicious woman, thou now art mine. Where is the body, Mr. Constable? I must see it.

True. By all means, my Lord, it lies in my parlour; there's a power of company come in, and among the rest one—one—one Trueman, I think they call him, a devilish hot fellow, he had liked to have pulled the house down about our ears, and swears——I told him he should pay for swearing—he gave me a slap in the face, said he was in the army, and had a commission for't.

Y. W. Captain Trueman! A blustering kind of rakehelly officer.

True. Ay, my Lord, one of those scoundrels that we pay wages to for being knocked o'th' head for us.

Y. W. Ay, ay, one of those fools that have only brains to be knocked out.

True. Son of a whore! [*Aside.*] He's a plaguy impu-

dent fellow, my Lord; he ſwore that you were the greateſt villain upon the earth.

Y. W. Ay, ay, but he durſt not ſay that to my face, Mr. Conſtable.

True. No, no, hang him, he ſaid it behind your back to be ſure——and he ſwore moreover——Have a care, my Lord—he ſwore that he would cut your throat whenever he met you.

Y. W. Will you ſwear that you heard him ſay ſo?

True. Heard him! ay, as plainly as you hear me: He ſpoke the very words that I ſpeak to your Lordſhip.

Y. W. Well, well, I'll manage him. But now I think on't, I wont go to ſee the body; it will but encreaſe my grief. Mr. Conſtable, do you ſend for the coroner; they muſt find him *non compos*. He was mad before, you know. Here——ſomething for your trouble.

[*Gives money.*

True. Thank your honour. But pray, my Lord, have a care of that Trueman; he ſwears that he will cut your throat, and he will do't, my Lord, he'll do't.

Y. W. Never fear, never fear.

True. But he ſwore it, my Lord, and he will certainly do't. Pray have a care. [*Exit.*

Y. W. Well, well——ſo——the devil's in't if I ben't the eldeſt now. What a pack of civil relations have I had here! My father takes a fit of the apoplexy, makes a face and goes off one way; my brother takes a fit of the ſpleen, makes a face and goes off t'other way. Well, I muſt own he has found the way to molify me, and I do love him now with all my heart; ſince he was ſo very civil to juſtle into the world before me, I think he did very civilly to juſtle out of it before me. But now my joys! Without there—hollo—take off the inquiſition of the gate; the heir may now enter unſuſpected.

The wolf is dead, the ſhepherds may go play;
Eaſe follows care, ſo rolls the world away.

'Tis a queſtion whether adverſity or proſperity makes the moſt poets.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, a footman brought this letter, and waits for an anſwer.

Y. W.

T. W. Nothing from the Elyſian fields, I hope, [*Opening the letter.*] What do I ſee, Conſtance! Spells and magic in every letter of the name—Now for the ſweet contents.

" My Lord,
I am pleaſed to hear of your happy change of fortune, and ſhall be glad to ſee your Lordſhip this evening to wiſh you joy.

CONSTANCE."

Now the devil's in this Midnight; ſhe told me this afternoon that the wind was chopping about, and has it got into the warm corner already? Here, my coach and ſix to the door: I'll viſit my ſultana in ſtate. As for the ſeraglio below ſtairs, you, my baſhaws, may poſſeſs them. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Teague *with a lanthorn*, Trueman *in the Conſtable's habit following.*

True. Blockhead, thou haſt led us out of the way; we have certainly paſt the Conſtable's houſe.

Tea. By my ſhoul, dear joy, I am never out of my ways; for poor Teague has been a vanderer ever ſince he was born.

True. Hold up the lanthorn: what ſign is that? The St. Alban's tavern! Why, you blundering fool, you have led me directly to St. James's-ſquare, when you ſhould have gone towards Soho. [*Shrieking within.*] Hark! what noiſe is that over the way? a woman's cry!

Tea. Fet it iſh——ſhome damſel in diſtreſs I believe, that has no mind to be relieved.

True. I'll uſe the priviledge of my office to know what the matter is.

Tea. Hold, hold, maiſhter Captain, by my fet, dat iſh not the way home.

Within. Help, help, murder! Help.

True. Ha! Here muſt be miſchief. Within there, open the door in the king's name, or I force it open.——Here, Teague, break open the door.

[Teague *takes the ſtaff and thumps at the door.*

Tea.

Tea. Deel take him, I have knocked ſo long as I am able. Arah, maiſhter, get a great long ladder to get in the window of the firſht room, and ſho open the door, and let in yourſhelf.

Within. Help, help, help!

True. Knock harder, let's raiſe the mob.

Tea. O, maiſhter, I have think juſt now of a brave invention to make dem come out; and by St. Patrick, dat very buſhneſs did make my nown ſhelf and my fader run like the devil out of my nown hooſe in my country—— by my ſhoule, ſet the hooſe afire.

Enter the Mob.

Mob. What's the matter, maſter Conſtable?

True. Gentlemen, I command your aſſiſtance in the king's name, to break into the houſe: there is murder cried within.

Mob. Ay, ay, break open the door.

[Midnight *at the Balcony.*

Mid. What noiſe is that below?

Tea. Arah, vat noiſe iſh dat above?

Mid. Only a poor gentlewoman in labour; 'twill be over preſently. Here, Mr. Conſtable, there's ſomething for you to drink.

[*Throws down a purſe*, Teague *takes it up.*

Tea. Come, maiſhter, we have no more to ſhay, by my ſhoule. [*Going.*] Arah, if you will play the conſtable right now, ſet you will come away.

True. No, no; there muſt be villainy by this bribe. Who lives in this houſe?

Mob. A midwife, a midwife: 'tis none of our buſineſs; let us be gone.

[Aurelia *at the window.*

Aur. Gentlemen, dear gentlemen, help! a rape, a rape, villainy.

True. Ha! that voice I know. Give me the ſtaff; I'll make a breach, I warrant you.

[*Breaks open the door, and all go in.*

SCENE *changes to the inſide of the Houſe.*

Re-enter Trueman *and Mob.*

True. Gentlemen, ſearch all about the houſe; let not a foul eſcape.

Enter

Enter Aurelia *running, with her hair about her ears, and out of breath.*

Aur. Dear Mr. Conſtable,——had you—ſtaid but a moment longer, I had been ruined.

True. Aurelia!—Are you ſafe, Madam?

Aur. Yes, yes; I am ſafe——'I think'——but with enough to do: 'he's a deviliſh ſtrong fellow.'

True. Where is the villain that attempted it?

Aur. Pſhaw,—never mind the villain; look out the woman of the houſe, the devil, the monſter, that decoyed me hither.

Enter Teague, *haling in* Midnight *by the hair.*

Tea. By my ſhoule, I have taken my ſhare of the plunder. Let me ſhee fat I have gotten—[*Takes her to the light.*] Ububboo, a witch, a witch! the very ſaam witch dat would ſwaar my maiſhter was the youngeſt.

True. How! Midnight! This was the luckieſt diſguiſe—Come, my dear Proſerpine, I'll take care of you.

Mid. Pray, Sir, let me ſpeak to you.

True. No, no; I'll talk with you before a magiſtrate. A cart, Bridewell; you underſtand me. Teague, let her be your priſoner, I'll wait on this lady.

Aur. Mr. Conſtable, I'll reward you.

Tea. It iſh convenient noo, by the law of armſh, that I ſearch my priſhoner, for fear ſhe may have ſome pocket-piſhtols: dere is a joke for you. [*Searches her pocket.*

Mid. Ah, don't uſe an old woman ſo barbarouſly.

Tea. Dear joy, den ſy vere you an old woman? Dat is your falt, not mine, joy! Uboo, here iſh nothing but ſcribble ſcrabble papers, I think.

[*Pulls out a handful of letters.*

True. Let me ſee them; they may be of uſe. [*Looks over the letters.*] "For Mr. Richmore"——Ah! does he traffic hereabouts?

Aur. That is the villain that would have abuſed me.

True. Ha! then he has abuſed you; villain indeed? Was his name Richmore, Miſtreſs? a luſty handſome man?

Aur. Ay, ay, the very ſame; a 'luſty,' ugly fellow.

True. Let me ſee—whoſe ſcrawl is this? [*Opens the letter.*] Death and confuſion 'to my ſight;' Clelia! My bride!

bride!—His whore.——I've paſt a precipice unſeen, which to look back upon ſhivers me with terror. This night, this very moment, had not my friend been in confinement, had not I worn this dreſs, had not Aurelia been in danger, had not Teague found this letter, had the leaſt minuteſt circumſtance been omitted, what a monſter had I been! Miſtreſs, is this ſame Richmore in the houſe ſtill, think'e?

Aur. 'Tis very probable he may.

True. Very well.—Teague, take theſe ladies over to the tavern, and ſtay there till I come to you. Madam, [*To* Aurelia.] fear no injury, your friends are near you.

Aur. What does he mean?

Tea. Come, dear joy, I vil give you a pot of wine, out of your own briberies here. [*Hales out* Midnight.

[*Exeunt* Aurelia *and Mob.*

Enter Richmore.

Rich. Since my money won't prevail on this croſs fellow, I'll try what my authority can do——What's the meaning of this riot, Conſtable? I have the commiſſion of the peace, and can command you. Go about your buſineſs, and leave your priſoners with me.

True. No, Sir; the priſoners ſhall go about their buſineſs, and I'll be left with you. Look'e, maſter, we don't uſe to make up theſe matters before company: ſo you and I muſt be in private a little. You ſay, Sir, that you are a juſtice of peace.

Rich. Yes, Sir; 'I have my commiſſion in my pocket.'

True. I believe it. Now, Sir, one good turn deſerves another: and if you will promiſe to do me a kindneſs, why, you ſhall have as good as you bring.

Rich. What is it?

True. You muſt know, Sir, there is a neighbour's daughter that I had a woundy kindneſs for: ſhe had a very good repute all over the pariſh, and might have married very handſomely, that I muſt ſay; but I don't know how, we came together after a very kindly natural manner, and I ſwore, that I muſt ſay, I did ſwear confoundedly, that I would marry her: but, I don't know how, I never cared for marrying of her ſince.

Rich. How ſo?

True.

True. Why, becauſe I did my buſineſs without it: that was the beſt way, I thought. The truth is, ſhe has ſome fooliſh reaſons to ſay ſhe's with child, and threatens mainly to have me taken up with a warrant, and brought before a juſtice of peace. Now, Sir, I intend to come before you, and I hope your worſhip will bring me off.

Rich. Look'e, Sir, if the woman prove with child, and you ſwore to marry her, you muſt do't.

True. Ay, maſter; but I'm for liberty and property. I vote for parliament-men: I pay taxes, and truly I don't think matrimony conſiſtent with the liberty of the ſubject.

Rich. But in this caſe, Sir, both law and juſtice will oblige you.

True. Why, if it be the law of the land——I found a letter here——I think it is for your worſhip.

Rich. Ay, Sir, how came you by it?

True. By a very ſtrange accident truly——Clelia——ſhe ſays here you ſwore to marry her. Eh!——Now, Sir, I ſuppoſe, that what is law for a petty conſtable, may be law for a juſtice of peace.

Rich. This is the oddeſt fellow——

True. Here was the other lady that cried out ſo——I warrant now, if I were brought before you for raviſhing a woman—the gallows would raviſh me for't.

Rich. But I did not raviſh her.

True. That I'm glad to hear: I wanted to be ſure of that. [*Aſide.*

Rich. I don't like this fellow. Come, Sir, give me my letter, and go about your buſineſs; I have no more to ſay to you.

True. But I have ſomething to ſay to you. [*Coming up to him.*

Rich. What?

True. Dog. [*Strikes him.*

Rich. Ha! ſtruck by a peaſant! [*Draws.*] Slave, thy death is certain. [*Runs at* Trueman.

True. O brave Don John! rape and murder in one night. [*Diſarms him.*

Rich. Raſcal, return my ſword, and acquit your priſoners, elſe will I proſecute thee to beggarry. I'll give

ſome petty-fogger a thouſand pounds to ſtarve thee and thy family according to law.

True. I'll lay you a thouſand pound you won't. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*

Rich. Ghoſts and apparitions! Trueman!

True. Words are needleſs to upbraid you; my very looks are ſufficient; and if you have the leaſt ſenſe of ſhame, this ſword would be leſs painful in your heart, than my appearance is in your eye.

Rich. Truth, by heavens.

True. Think on the contents of this; [*Shewing a letter.*] think next on me; reflect upon your villainy to Aurelia, then view thyſelf.

Rich. Trueman, canſt thou forgive me?

True. Forgive thee! [*A long pauſe.*] Do one thing, and I will.

Rich. Any thing—I'll beg thy pardon.

True. The blow excuſes that.

Rich. I'll give thee half my eſtate.

True. Mercenary.

Rich. I'll make thee my ſole heir.

True. I deſpiſe it.

Rich. What ſhall I do?

True. You ſhall——marry Clelia.

Rich. How! that's too hard.

True. Too hard! Why was it then impoſed on me? If you marry her yourſelf, I ſhall believe you intended me no injury: ſo your behaviour will be juſtified, my reſentment appeaſed, and the lady's honour repaired.

Rich. 'Tis infamous.

True. No, by heavens, 'tis juſtice, and what is juſt is honourable: if promiſes from man to man have force, why not from man to woman? Their very weakneſs is the charter of their power, and they ſhould not be injured, becauſe they can't return it.

Rich. Return my ſword.

True. In my hand 'tis the ſword of juſtice, and I ſhould not part with it.

Rich. Then ſheath it here, I'll die before I conſent ſo baſely.

True. Conſider, Sir, the ſword is worn for a diſtinguiſhing mark of honour——Promiſe me one, and receive the other.

Rich. I'll promiſe nothing, till I have that in my power.

True. Take it. [*Throws him his ſword.*

Rich. I ſcorn to be compelled even to juſtice: and now that I may reſiſt, I yield. Trueman, I have injured thee, and Clelia I have ſeverely wronged.

Rich. Wronged indeed, Sir——and to aggravate the crime, the fair afflicted loves you. Marked you with what confuſion ſhe received me? She wept, the injured innocence wept, and with a ſtrange reluctance gave conſent; her moving ſoftneſs pierced my heart, tho' I miſtook the cauſe.

Rich. Your youthful virtue warms my breaſt, and melts it into tenderneſs.

True. Indulge it, Sir; juſtice is noble in any form; think of the joys and raptures will poſſeſs her, when ſhe finds you inſtead of me: you, the dear diſſembler, the man ſhe loves, the man ſhe gave for loſt, to find him true, returned, and in her arms.

Rich. No new poſſeſſion can give equal joy.—It ſhall be done, the prieſt that waits for you ſhall tie the knot this moment; in the morning I'll expect you'll give me joy. [*Exit.*

True. So, is not this better now than cutting of throats? I have got my revenge, and the lady will have hers without bloodſhed. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment.*

Enter Conſtance *and Servant.*

Serv. He's juſt a coming up, Madam.'

Con. My civility to this man will be as great a conſtraint upon me, as rudeneſs would be to his brother; but I muſt bear it a little, becauſe our deſigns require it.

Enter Young Wou'dbe.

His appearance ſhocks me. My Lord, I wiſh you joy.

Y. W. Madam, 'tis only in your power to give it; and would you honour me with a title to be really proud of, it ſhould be that of your humbleſt ſervant.

Con. I never admitted any body to the title of an humble ſervant, that I did not intend ſhould command me; if your Lordſhip will bear with the ſlavery, you

ſhall begin when you pleaſe, provided you take upon you the authority when I have a mind.

'*Y. W.* Our ſex, Madam, make much better lovers 'than huſbands; and I think it highly unreaſonable, 'that you ſhould put yourſelf in my power, when you 'can ſo abſolutely keep me in yours.

'*Con.* No, my Lord, we never truly command till we 'have given our promiſe to obey; and we are never in 'more danger of being made ſlaves, than when we have 'them at our feet.

'*Y. W.* True, Madam, the greateſt empires are in 'moſt danger of falling; but it is better to be abſolute 'there, than to act by a prerogative that is confined.

'*Con.* Well, well, my Lord, I like the conſtitution we 'live under; I'm for a limited power, or none at all.'

Y. W. 'You have ſo much the heart of the ſubject, 'Madam, that you may rule as you pleaſe; but you have 'weak pretences to a limited ſway, where your eyes have 'already played the tyrant.' I think one privilege of the people is to kiſs their ſovereign's hand.

[*Taking her hand.*

Con. Not till they have taken the oaths, my Lord; 'and he that refuſes them in the form the law preſcribes, 'is, I think, no better than a rebel.'

Y. W. By ſhrines and altars, [*Kneeling.*] by all that you think juſt, and I hold good, by this, [*Taking her hand.*] the faireſt, and the deareſt vow——

[*Kiſſing her hand.*

Con. Fie, my Lord. [*Seemingly yielding.*

Y. W. Your eyes are mine, they bring me tidings from your heart, that this night I ſhall be happy.

Con. Would not you deſpiſe a conqueſt ſo eaſily gained?

Y. W. Yours will be the conqueſt, and I ſhall deſpiſe all the world but you.

Con. But will you promiſe to make no attempts upon my honour?

Y. W. That's fooliſh. [*Aſide.*] Not angels ſent on meſſages to earth, ſhall viſit with more innocence.

Con. Ay, ay, to be ſure. [*Aſide.*] My, Lord, I'll ſend one to conduct you. [*Exit.*

Y. W.

Y. W. Ha, ha, ha!—no attempts upon her honour! When I can find the place where it lies, I'll tell her more of my mind. Now do I feel ten thousand Cupids tickling me all over with the points of their arrows. Where's my deformity now? I have read somewhere these lines:

Tho' nature cast me in a rugged mould,
Since fate has chang'd the bullion into gold;
Cupid returns, breaks all his shafts of lead,
And tips each arrow with a golden head.
Feather'd with title, the gay lordly dart
Flies proudly on, whilst every virgin's heart
Swells with ambition to receive the smart.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe *behind him.*

E. W. Thus to adorn dramatic story,
Stage hero struts in borrow'd glory,
Proud and august as ever man saw,
And ends his empire in a stanza.
[*Slaps him on the shoulder.*

Y. W. Ha! my brother!

E. W. No, perfidious man; all kindred and relation I disown: the poor attemps upon my fortune I could pardon, but the base designs upon my love, I can never forgive—my honour, birthright, riches, all I could more freely spare, than the least thought of thy prevailing here.

Y. W. How! my hopes deceived? Curst be the fair delusions of her sex!—Whilst only man opposed my cunning, I stood secure; but soon as woman interposed, luck changed hands, and the devil was immediately on her side. Well, Sir, much good may do you with your mistress, and may you love and live, and starve together. [*Going.*

E. W. Hold, Sir, I was lately your prisoner, now you are mine; when the ejectment is executed, you shall be at liberty.

Y. W. Ejectment!

E. W. Yes, Sir; by this time, I hope, my friends have purged my father's house of that debauched and riotous swarm that you had hived together.

Y. W. Confusion! Sir, let me pass; I am the elder, and will be obeyed. [*Draws.*

E. W. Dareſt thou diſpute the elderſhip ſo nobly?

Y. W. I dare, and will, to the laſt drop of my inveterate blood. [*They fight.*

Enter Trueman *and* Teague. Trueman *ſtrikes down their ſwords.*

True. Hold, hold! my Lord, I have brought thoſe ſhall ſoon decide the controverſy.

Y. W. If I miſtake not, this is the villain that decoyed me abroad.

[*Runs at* Trueman, Teague *catches his arm behind, and takes away his ſword.*

Tea. Ay, by my ſhoule, thiſh iſh the beſh guard upon the rules of fighting, to catch a man behind his back.

True. My Lord, a word. [*Whiſpers* E. W.] Now, gentlemen, pleaſe to hear this venerable lady.

[*Goes to the door and brings in* Midnight.

E. W. Midnight in cuſtody!

Tea. In my cuſhtody, ſet,

True. Now, Madam, you know what puniſhment is deſtined for the injury offered to Aurelia, if you don't immediately confeſs the truth.

Mid. Then I muſt own (Heaven forgive me) [*Weeps.*] I muſt own, that Hermes, as he was ſtill eſteemed, ſo he is the firſt-born.

Tea. A very honeſt woman, by my ſhoule.

Y. W. That confeſſion is extorted by fear, and therefore of no force.

True. Ay, Sir, but here is your letter to her, with the ink ſcarce dry, where you repeat your offer of five hundred pounds a year to ſwear in your behalf.

Tea. Dat was Teague's finding out, and I believe St. Patrick put it in my thoughts to pick her pockets.

Enter Conſtance *and* Aurelia.

Con. I hope, Mr. Wou'dbe, you will make no attempts upon my perſon.

Y. W. Damn your perſon.

E. W. But pray, Madam, where have you been all this evening? [*To* Aurelia.

Aur. Very buſy, I can aſſure you, Sir. Here's an honeſt conſtable that I could find in my heart to marry, had

had the greasy rogue but one drop of genteel blood in his veins; 'what's become of him?' [*Looking about.*

Con. Bless me, cousin, marry a constable!

Aur. Why, truly, Madam, if that constable had not come in a very critical minute, by this time I had been glad to marry any body.

True. I take you at your word, Madam, you shall marry him this moment; and if you don't say that I have genteel blood in my veins by to-morrow morning—

Aur. And was it you, Sir?

True. Look'e, Madam, don't be ashamed; I found you a little in the *dishabille*, that's the truth on't, but you made a brave defence.

Aur. I am obliged to you; and though you were a little whimsical to-day, this late adventure has taught me how dangerous it is to provoke a gentleman by ill usage; therefore, if my Lord and this lady will shew us a good example, I think we must follow our leaders, Captain.

Con. My Lord, there was taken among your brother's jovial crew, his friend Subtleman, whom we have taken care to secure.

E. W. For him the pillory; for you, Madam—— [*To* Midnight.

Tea. By my shoule, she shall be married to maishter Fuller.

E. W. For you, brother——

Y. W. Poverty and contempt——

To which I yield as to a milder fate,
Than obligations from the man I hate. [*Exit.*

E. W. Then take thy wish——And now, I hope, all parties have received their due rewards and punishments.

Tea. But what will you do for poor Teague, maishter?

E. W. What shall I do for thee?

Tea. Arah, make me a justice of peash, dear joy.

E. W. Justice of peace! thou art not qualified, man.

Tea. Yes, fet am I—I can take the oats, and write my mark—I can be an honesht man myshelf, and keep a great rogue for my clerk.

E. W.

E. W. Well, well, you ſhall be taken care of. And now, Captain, we ſet out for happineſs———.

Let none deſpair whate'er their fortunes be,
Fortune muſt yield, would men but act like me.
Chuſe a brave friend as partner of your breaſt,
Be active when your right is in conteſt;
Be true to love, and fate will do the reſt.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIFTH ACT.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

OUR poet open'd with a loud warlike blaſt,
But now weak woman is his ſafeſt caſt,
To bring him off with quarter at the laſt:
Not that he's vain to think, that I can ſay,
Or he can write fine things to help the play.
The various ſcenes have drain'd his ſtrength and art;
And I, you know, had a hard ſtruggling part:
But then he brought me off with life and limb;
Ah! would that I could do as much for him——
Stay, let me think—your favours to excite,
I ſtill muſt act the part I play'd to-night.
For whatſoe'er may be your ſly pretence,
You like thoſe beſt that make the beſt defence:
But this is needleſs——'Tis in vain to crave it,
If you have damn'd the play, no power can ſave it;
Not all the wits of Athens, and of Rome;
Not Shakeſpeare, Johnſon, could revoke its doom:
Nay, what is more——if once your anger rouſes,
Not all the courted beauties of both houſes.
He would have ended here,---but I thought meet,
To tell him there was left one ſafe retreat,
Protection ſacred at the ladies feet.
To that he anſwer'd, in ſubmiſſive ſtrain,
He paid all homage to this female reign,
And therefore turn'd his ſatyr 'gainſt the men.
From your great queen, this ſovereign right ye draw,
To keep the wits, as ſhe the world, in awe.
To her bright ſceptre, your bright eyes they bow;
Such awful ſplendor ſits on every brow,
All ſcandal on the ſex were treaſon now.
The play can tell with what poetic care,
He labour'd to redreſs the injur'd fair,
And if you won't protect, the man will damn him there.
Then ſave the muſe that flies to you for aid;
Perhaps my poor requeſt may ſome perſuade,
Becauſe it is the firſt I ever made.

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Roberts del. Published for Bells British Theatre Nov.r 11. 1777. Thornthwaite Sc.

Mrs. ABINGTON in the Character of Mrs. PINCHWIFE.

Nay, I will go abroad, that's once.

BELL'S EDITION.

THE

COUNTRY WIFE.

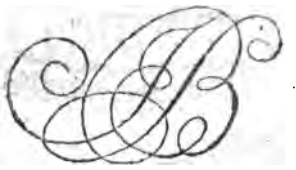
A COMEDY,

As written by WYCHERLEY.

AND PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse,
Compositum illepidéve putetur, sed quia nuper:
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.——HORAT.



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter-Exchange*, in the *Strand*.

MDCCLXXVII.

PROLOGUE.

POETS, like cudgell'd bullies, never do
At first or second blow submit to you;
But will provoke you still, and ne'er have done,
Till you are weary first with laying on.
The late so baffled scribbler of this day,
Though he stands trembling, bids me boldly say,
What we before most plays are us'd to do,
For poets, out of fear, first draw on you;
In a fierce prologue, the still pit defy,
And e'er you speak, like Kastril, give the lie;
But though our Bayes's battles oft I've fought,
And with bruis'd knuckles their dear conquests bought;
Nay, never yet fear'd odds upon the stage,
In prologue dare not hector with the age;
But would take quarter from your saving hands,
Though Bayes within, all yielding, countermands,
Says, you confed'rate wits no quarter give,
Therefore his play shan't ask your leave to live:
Well, let the vain rash fop, by huffing so,
Think to obtain the better terms of you:
But we, the actors, humbly will submit,
Now, and at any time, to a full pit;
Nay, often we anticipate your rage,
And murder poets for you on our stage:
We set no guards upon our tiring-room,
But when with flying colours there you come,
We patiently, you see, give up to you,
Our poets, virgins, nay, our matrons too.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

			Drury-Lane.
Horner.			
Harcourt,	——	——	Mr. Palmer.
Dorilant.			
Pinchwife,	——	——	Mr. King.
Sparkish,	——	——	Mr. Dodd.
Sir *Jasper Fidget.*			

WOMEN.

Margery Pinchwife,		——	Mrs. Abington.
Alithea,	——	——	Mrs. Greville.
Lady *Fidget.*			
Mrs. *Dainty Fidget.*			
Mrs. *Squeamish.*			
Lady *Squeamish.*			
A Boy.			
A Quack.			
Lucy, Alithea's maid,		——	Miss Pope.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

THE

THE COUNTRY WIFE.

ACT I.

Enter Horner, *and* Quack *following him at a diſtance.*

HORNER.

A Quack is as fit for a pimp, as a midwife for a bawd; they are ſtill but in their way, both helpers of nature. [*Aſide.*] Well, my dear Doctor, haſt thou done what I deſired?

Quack. I have undone you for ever with the women, and reported you throughout the whole town as bad as an eunuch, with as much trouble as if I had made you one in earneſt.

Horn. But have you told all the midwives you know, the orange wenches at the play-houſes, the city huſbands, and old fumbling keepers of this end of the town; for they'll be the readieſt to report it.

Quack. I have told all the chamber-maids, waiting-women, tire-women, and old women of my acquaintance; nay, and whiſpered it as a ſecret to them, and to the whiſperers of Whitehall; ſo that you need not doubt 'twill ſpread, and you will be as odious to the handſome young women, as——

Horn. As the ſmall pox——Well——

Quack. And to the married women of this end of the town, as——

Horn. As the great ones; nay, as their own huſbands.

Quack. And to the city dames, as Anniſeed Robin, of filthy and contemptible memory; and they will frighten their children with your name, eſpecially their females.

Horn. And cry, Horner's coming to carry you away. I am only afraid, 'twill not be believed: you told them

it was by an Engliſh-French diſaſter, and an Engliſh-French chirurgeon, who has given me at once, not only a cure, but an antidote for the future againſt that damned malady, and that worſe diſtemper, love, and all other women's evils.

Quack. Your late journey into France has made it the more credible, and your being here a fortnight before you appeared in public, looks as if you apprehended the ſhame, which I wonder you do not. Well, I have been hired by young gallants to belie them t'other way; but you are the firſt would be thought a man unfit for women.

Horn. Dear Mr. Doctor, let vain rogues be contented only to be thought abler men than they are, generally 'tis all the pleaſure they have; but mine lies another way.

Quack. You take, methinks, a very prepoſterous way to it, and as ridiculous as if we operators in phyſic ſhould put forth bills to diſparage our medicaments, with hopes to gain cuſtomers.

Horn. Doctor, there are quacks in love as well as phyſic, who get but the fewer and worſe patients, for their boaſting; a good name is ſeldom got by giving it one's ſelf, and women no more than honour are compaſſed by bragging. Come, come, Doctor, the wiſeſt lawyer never diſcovers the merits of his cauſe till the trial; the wealthieſt man conceals his riches, and the cunning gameſter his play. Shy huſbands and keepers, like old rooks, are not to be cheated, but by a new unpractiſed trick: falſe friendſhip will now no more than falſe dice upon them; no, not in the city.

Enter Boy.

Boy. There are two ladies and a gentleman coming up.

Horn. A pox, ſome unbelieving ſiſters of my former acquaintance, who, I am afraid, expect their ſenſe ſhould be ſatisfied of the falſity of the report. No—this formal fool and women!

Enter Sir Jaſper Fidget, *Lady* Fidget, *and Mrs.* Dainty Fidget.

Quack. His wife and ſiſter.

Sir Jaſp. My coach breaking juſt now before your door, Sir, I look upon as an occaſional reprimand to me, Sir, for not kiſſing your hands, Sir, ſince your coming out of France,

France, Sir; and so my disaster, Sir, has been my good fortune, Sir; and this is my wife and sister, Sir.

Horn. What then, Sir?

Sir Jasp. My Lady, and sister, Sir.—Wife, this is Master Horner.

Lady Fidg. Master Horner, husband!

Sir Jasp. My Lady, my Lady Fidget, Sir.

Horn. So, Sir.

Sir Jasp. Won't you be acquainted with her, Sir? So, the report is true, I find, by his coldness or aversion to the sex; but I'll play the wag with him. [*Aside.*] Pray, salute my wife, my Lady, Sir.

Horn. I will kiss no man's wife, Sir, for him, Sir; I have taken my eternal leave, Sir, of the sex already, Sir.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha, ha; I'll plague him yet. [*Aside.*] Not know my wife, Sir!

Horn. I do know your wife, Sir, she's a woman, Sir, and consequently a monster, Sir, a greater monster than a husband, Sir.

Sir Jasp. A husband! how, Sir?

Horn. So, Sir; but I make no more cuckolds, Sir.

[*Makes horns.*

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha, ha, Mercury, Mercury.

Lady Fidg. Pray, Sir Jasper, let us begone from this rude fellow.

Dain. Who, by his breeding, would think he had ever been in France?

Lady Fidg. Foh, he's but too much a French fellow, such as hate women of quality and virtue, for their love to their husbands. Sir Jasper, a woman is hated by them as much for loving her husband, as for loving their money. But pray let's begone.

Horn. You do well, Madam; for I have nothing that you came for: I have brought over not so much as a bawdy picture, new postures, nor the second part of the *école des filles*; nor——

Quack. Hold, for shame, Sir! what d'ye mean? you'll ruin yourself for ever with the sex. [*Apart to* Horner.

Sir Jasp. Hah, ha, hah, he hates women perfectly, I find.

Dain. What pity 'tis he should.

Lady Fidg. Ay, he's a base rude fellow for't: but affectation

fectation makes not a woman more odious to them than virtue.

Horn. Becauſe your virtue is your greateſt affectation, Madam.

Lady Fidg. How! you ſaucy fellow, would you wrong my honour?

Horn. If I could.

Lady Fidg. How d'ye mean, Sir?

Sir Jaſp. Hah, hah, hah; no, he can't wrong your Ladyſhip's honour, upon my honour. He! poor man—hark you in your hear—a mere eunuch.

Lady Fidg. Oh, filthy French beaſt, foh, foh; why do we ſtay? Let's begone; I can't endure the ſight of him.

Sir Jaſp. Stay but till the chairs come; they'll be here preſently.

Lady Fidg. No, no.

Sir Jaſp. Nor can I ſtay longer: 'tis—let me ſee, a quarter and half quarter of a minute paſt eleven. The council will be ſet; I muſt away: buſineſs muſt be preferred always before love and ceremony with the wife, Mr. Horner.

Horn. And the impotent, Sir Jaſper.

Sir Jaſp. Ay, ay, the impotent, Maſter Horner, hah, hah, hah.

Lady Fidg. What, leave us with a filthy man alone in his lodgings?

Sir Jaſp. He's an innocent man now, you know. Pray, ſtay; I'll haſten the chairs to you—Mr. Horner, your ſervant; I ſhould be glad to ſee you at my honſe. Pray come and dine with me, and play at cards with my wife after dinner: you are fit for women at that game yet, hah, hah.——'Tis as much a huſband's prudence to provide innocent diverſions for a wife, as to hinder her unlawful pleaſures; and he had better employ her, than let her employ herſelf. [*Aſide.*] Farewel. [*Exit Sir* Jaſper.

Horn. Your ſervant, Sir Jaſper.

Lady Fidg. I will not ſtay with him, foh——

Horn. Nay, Madam, I beſeech you ſtay, if it be but to ſee I can be as civil to ladies yet as they would deſire.

Lady Fidg. No, no, foh, you cannot be civil to ladies.

Dain. You as civil ladies would deſire?

Lady

Lady Fidg. No, no, no, foh, foh, foh!

[*Exeunt* Lady Fidget *and* Dainty.

Quack. Now, I think, I, or yourself rather, have done your business with the women.

Horn. Thou art an ass. Don't you see already, upon the report and my carriage, this grave man of business leaves his wife in my lodgings, invites me to his house and wife, who before would not be acquainted with me out of jealousy.

Quack. Nay, by this means you may be the more acquainted with the husbands, but the less with the wives.

Horn. Let me alone; if I can but abuse the husbands, I'll soon disabuse the wives. Stay—I'll reckon you up the advantages I am like to have by my stratagem: first, I shall be rid of all my old acquaintances, the most insatiable sort of duns, that invade our lodgings in a morning; and next to the pleasure of making a new mistress, is that of being rid of an old one; and of all old debts, love, when it comes to be so, is paid the most unwillingly.

Quack. Well, you may be so rid of your old acquaintances; but how will you get any new ones?

Horn. Doctor, thou wilt never make a good chymist, thou art so incredulous and impatient. Ask but all the young fellows of the town, if they do not lose more time, like huntsmen, in starting the game, than in running it down: one knows not where to find them; who will or who will not. Women of quality are so civil, you can hardly distinguish love from good breeding, and a man is often mistaken. But now I can be sure, she that shews an aversion to me, loves the sport, as those women that are gone, whom I warrant to be right. And then the next thing is, your women of honour, as you call them, are only chary of their reputations, not their persons; and 'tis scandal they would avoid, not men. Now may I have by the reputation of an eunuch the privileges of one, and be seen in a lady's chamber in a morning as early as her husband, kiss virgins before their parents or lovers; and may be, in short, the *passe-par-tout* of the town. Now, Doctor——

Quack. Nay, now you shall be the Doctor; and your process is so new, that we do not know but it may succeed.

Horn. Not so new neither? *Probatum est*, Doctor.

Quack.

Quack. Well, I wish you luck, and many patients, whilst I go to mine. [*Exit* Quack.

Enter Harcourt *and* Dorilant.

Harc. Come, your appearance at the play yesterday, has, I hope, hardened you for the future against the women's contempt, and the men's raillery; and now you'll abroad as you were wont.

Horn. Did I not bear it bravely?

Dor. With a most theatrical impudence; nay, more than the orange-wenches shew there, or a drunken vizard-masque, or a great-bellied actress; nay, or the most impudent of creatures, an ill poet; or, what is yet more impudent, a second-hand critic.

Horn. But what say the ladies? Have they no pity?

Harc. What ladies? The vizard-masques, you know, never pity a man when all's gone, tho' in their service.

Dor. And for the women in the boxes, you'd never pity them when 'twas in your power.

Harc. They say, 'tis pity but all that deal with common women should be served so.

Dor. Nay, I dare swear, they won't admit you to play at cards with them, go to plays with them, or do the little duties which the other shadows of men are wont to do for them.

Horn. Who do you call shadows of men?

Dor. Half-men.

Horn. What, boys?

Dor. Ay, your old boys, old *beaux garçons*, who, like superannuated stallions, are suffered to run, feed, and whinny with the mares as long as they live, tho' they can do nothing else.

Horn. Well, a pox on love and wenching. Women serve but to keep a man from better company. Tho' I can't enjoy them, I shall you the more. Good fellowship and friendship are lasting, rational, and manly pleasures.

Harc. For all that, give me some of those pleasures you call effeminate too; they help to relish one another.

Horn. They disturb one another.

Harc. No, mistresses are like books; if you pore upon them too much, they doze you, and make you unfit for company; but if used discreetly, you are the fitter for conversation by them.

Dor.

Dor. A miſtreſs ſhould be like a little country retreat near the town; not to dwell in conſtantly, but only for a night and away, to taſte the town the better when a man returns.

Horn. I tell you, 'tis as hard to be a good fellow, a good friend, and a lover of women, as 'tis to be a good fellow, a good friend, and a lover of money. You cannot follow both; then chuſe your ſide. Wine gives you liberty, love takes it away.

Dor. Gad, he's in the right on't.

Horn. Wine gives you joy; Love, grief and tortures; beſides ſurgeons; wine makes us witty, love only fots; wine makes us ſleep, love breaks it.

Dor. By the world, he has reaſon, Harcourt.

Horn. Wine makes——

Dor. Ay, wine makes us——makes us princes, love makes us beggars, poor rogues, 'egad——and wine——

Horn. So, there's one converted. No, no, love and wine, oil and vinegar.

Harc. I grant it; love will ſtill be uppermoſt.

Horn. Come, for my part, I will have only thoſe glorious, manly pleaſures, of being very drunk, and very ſlovenly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mr. Sparkiſh is below, Sir.

Harc. What, my dear friend! a rogue that is fond of me, only, I think, for abuſing him.

Dor. No, he can no more think the men laugh at him, than that women jilt him, his opinion of himſelf is ſo good.

Horn. Well, there's another pleaſure by drinking I thought not of; I ſhall loſe his acquaintance, becauſe he cannot drink. And you know 'tis a very hard thing to be rid of him; for he's one of thoſe nauſeous offerers at wit, who, like the worſt of fiddlers, run themſelves into all companies.

Harc. One that by being in the company of men of ſenſe would paſs for one.

Horn. And may ſo to the ſhort-ſighted world; as a falſe jewel amongſt true ones is not diſcerned at a diſtance. His company is as troubleſome to us as a cuckold's when you have a mind to his wife's.

Harc. No, the rogue will not let us enjoy one another,

but raviſhes our converſation; tho' he ſignifies no more to't, than Sir Martin Marall's gaping and awkward thrumming upon the lute does to his man's voice and muſic.

Dor. And to paſs for a wit in town, ſhews himſelf a fool every night to us, that are guilty of the plot.

Horn. Such wits as he are, to a company of reaſonable men, like rooks to the gameſters, who only fill a room at the table, but are ſo far from contributing to the play, that they only ſerve to ſpoil the fancy of thoſe that do.

Dor. Nay, they are uſed like rooks too, ſnubbed, checked, and abuſed; yet the rogues will hang on.

Horn. A pox on them, and all that force Nature, and would be ſtill what ſhe forbids them! Affectation is her greateſt monſter.

Harc. Moſt men are the contraries to that they would ſeem: your bully, you ſee, is a coward with a long ſword; the little, humbly fawning phyſician, with his ebony cane, is he that deſtroys men.

Dor. The uſurer, a poor rogue, poſſeſſed of mouldy bonds and mortgages; and we, they call ſpendthrifts, are only wealthy, who lays out our money upon daily new purchaſes of pleaſure.

Horn. Ay, your erranteſt cheat is your truſtee or executor, your jealous man, the greateſt cuckold; your churchman, the greateſt atheiſt; and your noiſy, pert rogue of a wit, the greateſt fop, dulleſt aſs, and worſt company, as you ſhall ſee; for here he comes.

Enter Sparkiſh.

Spark. How is't, ſparks? How is't? Well, faith, Harry, I muſt rally thee a little, ha, ha, ha! upon the report in town of thee; ha, ha, ha! I can't hold, i'faith; Shall I ſpeak?

Horn. Yes; but you'll be ſo bitter then.

Spark. Honeſt Dick and Frank here ſhall anſwer for me; I will not be extreme bitter, by the univerſe.

Harc. We will be bound in a ten-thouſand-pound bond, he ſhall not be bitter at all.

Dor. Nor ſharp, nor ſweet.

Horn. What, not downright inſipid?

Spark. Nay, then, ſince you are ſo briſk, and provoke me, take what follows. You muſt know, I was diſcourſing and

and raillying with ſome ladies yeſterday, and they happened to talk of the fine new ſigns in town.

Horn. Very fine ladies, I believe.

Spark. Said I, I know where the beſt new ſign is—— Where? ſays one of the ladies. In Covent-Garden, I replied. Said another, in what ſtreet? In Ruſſel-ſtreet, anſwered I. Lord, ſays another, I'm ſure there was never a fine new ſign there yeſterday. Yes, but there was, ſaid I again, and it came out of France, and has been there a fortnight.

Dor. A pox! I can hear no more—Pr'ythee——

Horn. No, hear him out; let him tune his crowd a while.

Harc. The worſt muſic, the greateſt preparation.

Spark. Nay, faith, I'll make you laugh. It cannot be, ſays a third lady. Yes, yes, quoth I again. Says a fourth lady——

Horn. Look to't, we'll have no more ladies.

Spark. No!—Then mark, mark, now. Said I to the fourth, did you never ſee Mr. Horner? He lodges in Ruſſel-ſtreet, and he's the ſign of a man, you know, ſince he came out of France; ha, ha, ha!

Horn. But the devil take me if thine be the ſign of a jeſt.

Spark. With that they all fell a laughing, till they bepiſs'd themſelves. What, but it does not move you, methinks. Well, I ſee one had as good go to law without a witneſs, as break a jeſt without a laughter on one's ſide. Come, come, ſparks; but where do we dine? I have left at Whitehall an earl, to dine with you.

Dor. Why, I thought thou hadſt loved a man with a title better than a ſuit with a French trimming to't.

Harc. Go to him again.

Spark. No, Sir, a wit is to me the greateſt title in the world.

Horn. But go dine with your earl, Sir; he may be exceptious. We are your friends, and will not take it ill to be left, I do aſſure you.

Harc. Nay, faith, he ſhall go to him.

Spark. Nay, pray, gentlemen——

Dor. We'll thruſt you out, if you won't. What, diſappoint any body for us!

Spark. Nay, nay, dear gentlemen, hear me.

Horn. No, no, Sir, by no means. Pray, go, Sir.

Spark. Why, dear rogues——

[*They all thruſt him out of the room.*

Dor. No, no.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Re-enter Sparkiſh.

Spark. But, ſparks, pray, hear me. What, d'ye think I'll eat there with gay ſhallow fops, and ſilent coxcombs? I think wit as neceſſary at dinner, as a glaſs of good wine; and that's the reaſon I never have any ſtomach when I eat alone. Come, but where do we dine?

Horn. Even where you will.

Spark. At Chateline's?

Dor. Yes, if you will.

Spark. Or at the Cock?

Dor. Yes, if you pleaſe.

Spark. Or at the Dog and Partridge?

Horn. Ay, if you have a mind to't; for we ſhall dine at neither.

Spark. Pſhaw! with your fooling we ſhall loſe the new play; and I would no more miſs ſeeing a new play the firſt day, than I would miſs ſitting in the Wits-row—— Therefore I'll go fetch my miſtreſs, and away. [*Exit.*

Enter Pinchwife.

Horn. Who have we here? Pinchwife?

Pinch. Gentlemen, your humble ſervant.

Horn. Well, Jack, by thy long abſence from the town, the grumneſs of thy countenance, and the ſlovenlineſs of thy habit, I ſhould give thee joy, ſhould I not, of marriage?

Pinch. Death! does he know I'm married too? I thought to have concealed it from him at leaſt. [*Aſide.*] My long ſtay in the country will excuſe my dreſs; and I have a ſuit of law that brings me up to town, that puts me out of humour. Beſides, I muſt give Sparkiſh to-morrow five thouſand pounds to lie with my ſiſter.

Horn. Nay, you country gentlemen, rather than not purchaſe, will buy any thing; and he is a crack'd title, if we may quibble. Well, but am I to give thee joy? I heard thou wert married.

Pinch. What then?

Horn.

Horn. Why, the next thing that is to be heard is, thou'rt a cuckold.

Pinch. Inſupportable name! [*Aſide.*

Horn. But I did not expect marriage from ſuch a whoremaſter as you; one that knew the town ſo much, and women ſo well.

Pinch. Why, I have married no London wife.

Horn. Pſhaw, that's all one. That grave circumſpection in marrying a country wife, is like refuſing a deceitful pampered Smithfield jade, to go and be cheated by a friend in the country.

Pinch. A pox on him and his ſimile! [*Aſide.*] At leaſt we are a little ſurer of the breed there, know what her keeping has been, whether ſoiled or unſound.

Horn. Come, come, I have known a clap gotten in Wales; and there are, couſin, juſtices clerks, and chaplains in the country, I won't ſay coachmen. But ſhe's handſome and young?

Pinch. I'll anſwer as I ſhould do. [*Aſide.*] No, no; ſhe has no beauty but her youth, no attraction but her modeſty, wholeſome, homely, and houſwifely; that's all.

Dor. He talks as like a grafier as he looks.

Pinch. She's too awkward, ill-favoured, and ſilly to bring to town.

Harc. Then methinks you ſhould bring her, to be taught breeding.

Pinch. To be taught! No, Sir, I thank you; good wives and private ſoldiers ſhould be ignorant——I'll keep her from your inſtructions, I warrant you.

Harc. The rogue is as jealous as if his wife were not ignorant. [*Aſide.*

Horn. Why, if ſhe be ill-favoured, there will be leſs danger here for you, than by leaving her in the country. We have ſuch variety of dainties, that we are ſeldom hungry.

Dor. But they have always coarſe, conſtant, ſwingeing ſtomachs in the country.

Harc. Foul feeders indeed!

Dor. And your hoſpitality is great there.

Harc. Open houſe; every man's welcome.

Pinch. So, ſo, gentlemen.

Horn. But, pr'ythee, why ſhouldſt thou marry her? If ſhe be ugly, ill-bred, and ſilly, ſhe muſt be rich then?

Pinch. As rich as if she brought me twenty thousand pounds out of this town; for she'll be as sure not to spend her moderate portion, as a London baggage would be to spend hers, let it be what it would: so 'tis all one. Then, because she's ugly, she's the likelier to be my own; and being ill-bred, she'll hate conversation; and since silly and innocent, will not know the difference betwixt a man of one-and-twenty, and one of forty——

Horn. Nine, to my knowledge. But if she be silly, she'll expect as much from a man of forty-nine, as from him of one-and-twenty. But, methinks, wit is more necessary than beauty; and I think no young woman ugly that has it, and no handsome woman agreeable without it.

Pinch. 'Tis my maxim, he's a fool that marries; but he's a greater that does not marry a fool. What is wit in a wife good for, but to make a man a cuckold?

Horn. Yes, to keep it from his knowledge.

Pinch. A fool cannot contrive to make her husband a cuckold.

Horn. No; but she'll club with a man that can. And what is worse, if she cannot make her husband a cuckold, she'll make him jealous, and pass for one; and then 'tis all one.

Pinch. Well, well, I'll take care for one. My wife shall make me no cuckold, tho' she had your help, Mr. Horner. I understand the town, Sir.

Dor. His help! [*Aside.*

Harc. He's newly come to town, it seems, and has not heard how things are with him. [*Aside.*

Horn. But tell me, has marriage cured thee of whoring, which it seldom does?

Harc. 'Tis more than age can do.

Horn. No; the word is, I'll marry and live honest. But a marriage vow is like a penitent gamester's oath, and entering into bonds and penalties to stint himself to such a particular small sum at play for the future, which makes him but the more eager; and not being able to hold out, loses his money again, and his forfeit to boot.

Dor. Ay, ay, a gamester will be a gamester whilst his money lasts, and a whore-master whilst his vigour.

Harc. Nay, I have known them, when they are broke, and

and can loſe no more, keep a fumbling with the box in their hands to fool with only, and hinder other gameſters.

Dor. That had wherewithal to make luſty ſtakes.

Pinch. Well, gentlemen, you may laugh at me; but you ſhall never lie with my wife. I know the town.

Horn. But, pr'ythee, was not the way you were in better? Is not keeping better than marriage?

Pinch. A pox on't! the jades would jilt me; I could never keep a whore to myſelf.

Horn. So then you only married to keep a whore to yourſelf. Well, but let me tell you, women, as you ſay, are like ſoldiers, made conſtant and loyal by good pay, rather than by oaths and covenants. Therefore I'd adviſe my friends to keep rather than marry, ſince too I find, by your example, it does not ſerve one's turn; for I ſaw you yeſterday in the eighteen-penny place with a pretty country wench.

Pinch. How the devil! did he ſee my wife then? I ſat there that ſhe might not be ſeen. But ſhe ſhall never go to a play again. [*Aſide.*

Horn. What, doſt thou bluſh at nine-and-forty for having been ſeen with a wench?

Dor. No, faith, I warrant 'twas his wife, which he ſeated there out of ſight; for he's a cunning rogue, and underſtands the town.

Harc. He bluſhes! Then 'twas his wife; for men are now more aſhamed to be ſeen with them in public, than with a wench.

Pinch. Hell and damnation! I'm undone, ſince Horner has ſeen her, and they know 'twas ſhe. [*Aſide.*

Horn. But, pr'ythee, was it thy wife? She was exceeding pretty. I was in love with her at that diſtance.

Pinch. You are like never to be nearer to her. Your ſervant, gentlemen. [*Offers to go.*

Horn. Nay, pr'ythee, ſtay.

Pinch. I cannot; I will not.

Horn. Come, you ſhall dine with us.

Pinch. I have dined already.

Horn. Come, I know thou haſt not. I'll treat thee, dear rogue; thou ſhalt ſpend none of thy Hamp'ſhire money to-day.

Pinch. Treat me! So, he uſes me already like his cuckold. [*Aſide.*

Horn. Nay, you ſhall not go.

Pinch. I muſt; I have buſineſs at home. [*Exit.*

Harc. To beat his wife. He's as jealous of her as a Cheapſide huſband of a Covent-Garden wife.

Horn. Why, 'tis as hard to find an old whore-maſter without jealouſy and the gout, as a young one without fear or the pox.

As gout in age from pox in youth proceeds;
So wenching paſt, the jealouſy ſucceeds;
The worſt diſeaſe that love and wenching breeds.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Mrs. Margery Pinchwife *and* Alithea; Mr. Pinchwife *peeping behind the door.*

MRS. PINCHWIFE.

PRAY, ſiſter, where are the beſt fields and woods to walk in in London?

Alith. A pretty queſtion! Why, ſiſter, Mulberry-Garden and St. James's Park; and for cloſe walks, the New Exchange.

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, ſiſter, tell me why my huſband looks ſo grum here in town, and keeps me up ſo cloſe, and will not let me go a walking, nor let me wear my beſt gown yeſterday?

Alith. Oh, he's jealous, ſiſter.

Mrs. Pinch. Jealous! What's that?

Alith. He's afraid you ſhould love another man.

Mrs. Pinch. How ſhould he be afraid of my loving another man, when he will not let me ſee any but himſelf?

Alith. Did he not carry you yeſterday to a play?

Mrs. Pinch. Ay; but we ſat amongſt ugly people. He would not let me come near the gentry, who ſat under us, ſo that I could not ſee them. He told me none but naughty women ſat there, whom they tous'd and mous'd; but I would have ventured for all that.

Alith. But how did you like the play?

Mrs. Pinch. Indeed I was weary of the play; but I liked hugeously the actors. They are the goodlieſt, propereſt men, ſiſter.

Alith. Oh, but you muſt not like the actors, ſiſter.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, how ſhould I help it, ſiſter? Pray, ſiſter, when my huſband comes in, will you aſk leave for me to go a walking?

Alith. A walking! ha, ha! Lord, a country gentlewoman's pleaſure is the drudgery of a foot-poſt; and ſhe requires as much airing as her huſband's horſes. [*Aſide.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

But here comes your huſband; I'll aſk, tho' I'm ſure he'll not grant it.

Mrs. Pinch. He ſays he won't let me go abroad, for fear of catching the pox.

Alith. Fie! the ſmall-pox, you ſhould ſay.

Mrs. Pinch. Oh, my dear, dear Bud, welcome home! Why doſt thou look ſo ſropiſh? Who has nanger'd thee?

Pinch. You're a fool. [Mrs. Pinch. *goes aſide and cries.*

Alith. Faith, ſo ſhe is, for crying for no fault, poor tender creature!

Pinch. What, you would have her as impudent as yourſelf, as errant a jillflirt, a gadder, a magpie, and, to ſay all, a notorious town-woman?

Alith. Brother, you are my only cenſurer; and the honour of your family will ſooner ſuffer in your wife there, than in me, tho' I take the innocent liberty of the town.

Pinch. Hark you, miſtreſs, do not talk ſo before my wife. The innocent liberty of the town!

Alith. Why, pray, who boaſts of any intrigues with me? What lampoon has made my name notorious? What ill women frequent my lodgings? I keep no company with any women of ſcandalous reputations.

Pinch. No, you keep the men of ſcandalous reputations company.

Alith. Where? Would you not have me civil? Anſwer them in a box at the plays, in the drawing-room at Whitehall, in St. James's Park, Mulberry-Garden, or—

Pinch. Hold, hold; do not teach my wife where the men are to be found. I believe ſhe's the worſe for your town-

town-documents already. I bid you keep her in ignorance as I do.

Mrs. Pinch. Indeed, be not angry with her, Bud; she will tell me nothing of the town, tho' I ask her a thousand times a day.

Pinch. Then you are very inquisitive to know, I find?

Mrs. Pinch. Not I, indeed, dear; I hate London; our place-house in the country is worth a thousand of it: would I were there again.

Pinch. So you shall, I warrant. But were you not talking of plays and players when I came in? You are her encourager in such discourses.

Mrs. Pinch. No, indeed, dear; she chid me just now, for liking the player-men.

Pinch. Nay, if she be so innocent to own to me her liking them, there's no hurt in't. [*Aside.*] Come, my poor rogue; but thou likest none better than me?

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, indeed, but I do; the player-men are finer folks.

Pinch. But you love none better than me?

Mrs. Pinch. You are my own dear Bud, and I know you: I hate a stranger.

Pinch. Ay, my dear, you must love me only; and not be like the naughty town-women, who only hate their husbands, and love every man else; love plays, visits, fine coaches, fine cloaths, fiddles, balls, treats, and so lead a wicked town-life.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, if to enjoy all these things be a town-life, London is not so bad a place, dear.

Pinch. How! If you love me, you must hate London.

Alith. The fool has forbid me discovering to her the pleasures of the town, and he is now setting her agog upon them himself. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Pinch. But, husband, do the town-women love the player-men too?

Pinch. Yes, I warrant you.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay! I warrant you.

Pinch. Why, you do not, I hope?

Mrs. Pinch. No, no, Bud. But why have we no player-men in the country?

Pinch. Ha!—Mrs. Minx, ask me no more to go to a play.

Mrs.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, why, love? I did not care for going. But when you forbid me, you make me, as 'twere, desire it.

Alith. So 'twill be in other things, I warrant. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, let me go to a play, dear.

Pinch. Hold your peace; I wo' not.

Mrs. Pinch. Why, love?

Pinch. Why, I'll tell you.

Alith. Nay, if he tell her, she'll give him more cause to forbid her that place. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, why, dear?

Pinch. First, you like the actors; and the gallants may like you.

Mrs. Pinch. What, a homely country girl! No, Bud, nobody will like me.

Pinch. I tell you, yes, they may.

Mrs. Pinch. No no, you jest—I won't believe you; I will go.

Pinch. I tell you, then, that one of the lewdest fellows in town, who saw you there, told me he was in love with you.

Mrs. Pinch. Indeed! Who, who, pray, who was't?

Pinch. I've gone too far, and slipt before I was aware. How overjoyed she is! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Pinch. Was it any Hampshire gallant, any of our neighbours? I promise you I am beholden to him.

Pinch. I promise you, you lie; for he would but ruin you, as he has done hundreds. He has no other love for women, but that such as he look upon women, like basilisks, but to destroy them.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, but if he loves me, why should he ruin me? Answer me to that. Methinks he should not; I would do him no harm.

Alith. Ha, ha, ha!

Pinch. 'Tis very well. But I'll keep him from doing you any harm, or me either.

Enter Sparkish *and* Harcourt.

But here comes company; get you in, get you in.

Mrs. Pinch. But, pray, husband, is he a pretty gentleman that loves me?

Mr. Pinch. In, baggage, in. [*Thrusts her in, shuts the door.*] What, all the leud libertines of the town brought

to

to my lodging, by this eaſy coxcomb! 'Sdeath, I'll not ſuffer it.

Spark. Here, Harcourt, do you approve my choice? Dear little rogue, I told you I'd bring you acquainted with all my friends, the wits and——

[Harcourt *ſalutes her.*

Mr. Pinch. Ay, they ſhall know her, as well as you yourſelf will, I warrant you.

Spark. This is one of thoſe, my pretty rogue, that are to dance at your wedding to-morrow: and him you muſt bid welcome ever, to what you and I have.

Mr. Pinch. Monſtrous! [*Aſide.*

Spark. Harcourt, how doſt thou like her, faith? Nay, dear, do not look down: I ſhould hate to have a wife of mine out of countenance at any thing.

Mr. Pinch. Wonderful!

Spark. Tell me, I ſay, Harcourt, how doſt thou like her? Thou haſt ſtared upon her enough, to reſolve me.

Harc. So infinitely well, that I could wiſh I had a miſtreſs too, that might differ from her in nothing, but her love and engagement to you.

Alith. Sir, Maſter Sparkiſh has often told me that his acquaintance were all wits and raillieurs, and now I find it.

Spark. No, by the univerſe, Madam, he does not rally now; you may believe him: I do aſſure you, he is the honeſteſt, worthieſt, true-hearted gentleman—A man of ſuch perfect honour, he would ſay nothing to a lady he does not mean.

Mr. Pinch. Praiſing another man to his miſtreſs!

Harc. Sir, you are ſo beyond expectation obliging, that——

Spark. Nay, 'egad, I am ſure you do admire her extremely, I ſee't in your eyes——He does admire you, Madam.—By the world, don't you?

Harc. Yes, above the world, or, the moſt glorious part of it, her whole ſex: and till now I never thought I ſhould have envied you, or any man about to marry; but you have the beſt excuſe for marriage I ever knew.

Alith. Nay, now, Sir, I'm ſatisfied you are of the ſociety of the wits, and railleurs, ſince you cannot ſpare your friend, even when he is but too civil to you; but the

the ſureſt ſign is, ſince you are an enemy to marriage, for that I hear you hate as much as buſineſs or bad wine.

Harc. Truly, Madam, I was never an enemy to marriage till now, becauſe marriage was never an enemy to me before.

Alith. But why, Sir, is marriage an enemy to you now? becauſe it robs you of your friend here? for you look upon a friend married, as one gone into a monaſtery, that is, dead to the world.

Harc. 'Tis indeed, becauſe you marry him; I ſee, Madam, you can gueſs my meaning: I do confeſs heartily and openly, I wiſh it were in my power to break the match; by Heavens I would.

Spark. Poor Frank!

Alith. Would you be ſo unkind to me?

Harc. No, no, 'tis not becauſe I would be unkind to you.

Spark. Poor Frank; no gad, 'tis only his kindneſs to me.

Mr. Pinch. Great kindneſs to you indeed; inſenſible fop, let a man make love to his wife to his face! [*Aſide.*

Spark. Come, dear Frank, for all my wife there, that ſhall be, thou ſhalt enjoy me ſometimes, dear rogue. By my honour, we men of wit condole for our deceaſed brother in marriage, as much as for one dead in earneſt. I think that was prettily ſaid of me, ha, Harcourt?—But come, Frank, be not melancholy for me.

Harc. No, I aſſure you, I am not melancholy for you.

Spark. Pr'ythee, Frank, doſt think my wife, that ſhall be there, a fine perſon?

Harc. I could gaze upon her, till I became as blind as you are.

Spark. How as I am? how?

Harc. Becauſe you are a lover, and true lovers are blind, ſtock blind.

Spark. True, true; but by the world ſhe has wit too, as well as beauty: go, go with her into a corner, and try if ſhe has wit, talk to her any thing, ſhe's baſhful before me.

Harc. Indeed if a woman wants wit in a corner, ſhe has it no where.

Alith.

Alith. Sir, you diſpoſe of me a little before your time—
[*Aſide to* Sparkiſh.

Spark. Nay, nay, Madam, let me have an earneſt of your obedience, or——go, go, Madam——
[Harcourt *courts* Alithea *aſide.*

Mr. Pinch. How, Sir, if you are not concerned for the honour of a wife, I am for that of a ſiſter; he ſhall not debauch her: be a pander to your own wife, bring men to her, let them make love before your face, thruſt them into a corner together, then leave them in private! Is this your town wit and conduct?

Spark. Ha, ha, ha, a ſilly wife rogue would make one laugh more than a ſtark fool, ha, ha; I ſhall burſt. Nay, you ſhall not diſturb them; I'll vex thee, by the world.
[*Struggles with* Pinch. *to keep him from* Harcourt *and* Alithea.

Alith. The writings are drawn, Sir, ſettlements made; 'tis too late, Sir, and paſt all revocation.

Harc. Then ſo is my death.

Alith. I would not be unjuſt to him.

Harc. Then why to me ſo?

Alith. I have no obligation to you.

Harc. My love.

Alith. I had his before.

Harc. You never had it; he wants, you ſee, jealouſy, the only infallible ſign of it.

Alith. Love proceeds from eſteem; he cannot diſtruſt my virtue; beſides, he loves me, or he would not marry me.

Harc. Marrying you is no more ſign of his love, than bribing your woman, that he may marry you, is a ſign of his generoſity: marriage is rather a ſign of intereſt, than love; and he that marries a fortune, covets a miſtreſs, not loves her: but if you take marriage for a ſign of love, take it from me immediately.

Alith. No, now you have put a ſcruple in my head; but in ſhort, Sir, to end our diſpute, I muſt marry him, my reputation would ſuffer in the world elſe.

Harc. No; if you do marry him, with your pardon, Madam, your reputation ſuffers in the world, and you would be thought in neceſſity for a cloak.

Alith. Nay, now you are rude, Sir.—Mr. Sparkiſh, pray

pray come hither, your friend here is very troubleſome, and very loving.

Harc. Hold, hold—— [*Aſide to* Alithea.

Mr. Pinch. D'ye hear that?

Spark. Why, d'ye think, I'll ſeem to be jealous, like a country bumpkin?

Mr. Pinch. No, rather be a cuckold, like a credulous cit.

Harc. Madam, you would not have been ſo little generous as to have told him.

Alith. Yes, ſince you could be ſo little generous as to wrong him.

Harc. Wrong him! no man can do't; he's beneath an injury; a bubble, a coward, a ſenſeleſs idiot, a wretch ſo contemptible to all the world but you, that——

Alith. Hold, do not rail at him; for, ſince he is like to be my huſband, I am reſolved to like him; nay, I think am obliged to tell him, you are not his friend.—Maſter Sparkiſh, Maſter Sparkiſh.

Spark. What, what? now, dear rogue, has not ſhe wit?

Harc. Not ſo much as I thought, and hoped ſhe had. [*Speaks ſurlily.*

Alith. Mr. Sparkiſh, do you bring people to rail at you?

Harc. Madam——

Spark. How! no; but if he does rail at me, 'tis but in jeſt, I warrant. What we wits do for one another, and never take any notice of it.

Alith. He ſpoke ſo ſcurrilouſly of you, I had no patience to hear him; beſides he has been making love to me.

Harc. True, damned tell-tale woman. [*Aſide.*

Spark. Pſhaw, to ſhew his parts—we wits rail and make love often, but to ſhew our parts; as we have no affections ſo we have no malice, we——

Alith. He ſaid you were a wretch below an injury.

Spark. Pſhaw!

Harc. Damned, ſenſeleſs, impudent, virtuous jade; well, ſince ſhe won't let me have her, ſhe'll do as good, ſhe'll make me hate her.

Alith. A common bubble.

Spark. Pſhaw!

Alith. A coward.

Spark. Pſhaw, pſhaw!

Alith. A ſenſeleſs drivelling idiot.

Spark. How! did he diſparage my parts? Nay, then, my honour's concerned. I can't put up that, Sir; by the world, brother, help me to kill him——I may draw now, ſince we have the odds of him; 'tis a good occaſion too before my miſtreſs. [*Aſide.*] [*Offers to draw.*

Alith Hold, hold.

Spark. What, what?

Alith. I muſt not let them kill the gentleman neither, for his kindneſs to me; I am ſo far from hating him, that I wiſh my gallant had his perſon and underſtanding: ——Nay, if my honour— [*Aſide.*

Spark. I'll be thy death.

Alith. Hold, hold; indeed, to tell the truth, the gentleman ſaid after all, that what he ſpoke, was but out of friendſhip to you.

Spark. How! ſay, I am a fool, that is, no wit, out of friendſhip to me!

Alith. Yes, to try whether I was concerned enough for you; and made love to me only to be ſatisfied of my virtue, for your ſake.

Harc. Kind however—— [*Aſide.*

Spark. Nay, if it were ſo, my dear rogue, I aſk thee pardon; but why would not you tell me ſo, faith?

Harc. Becauſe I did not think on't, faith.

Spark. Come; Horner does not come; Harcourt, let's begone to the new play.—Come, Madam.

Alith. I will not go, if you intend to leave me alone in the box, and run into the pit, as you uſe to do.

Spark. Pſhaw! I'll leave Harcourt with you in the box, to entertain you, and that's as good; if I ſat in the box, I ſhould be thought no judge but of trimmings.—Come away, Harcourt, lead her down.

[*Exeunt* Sparkiſh, Harcourt, *and* Alithea.

Pinch. Well, go thy ways, for the flower of the true town fops, ſuch as ſpend their eſtates before they come to them, and are cuckolds before they're married. But let me go look to my own free-hold——How——

Enter

Enter my Lady Fidget, *Mrs.* Dainty Fidget, *and Mrs.* Squeamiſh.

Lady Fidg. Your ſervant, Sir; where is your Lady? We are come to wait upon her to the new play.

Pinch. New play!

Lady Fidg. And my huſband will wait upon you preſently.

Pinch. Damn your civility—[*Aſide.*]—Madam, by no means, I will not ſee Sir Jaſper here, till I have waited upon him at home; nor ſhall my wife ſee you, till ſhe has waited upon your Ladyſhip at your lodgings.

Lady Fidg. Now we are here, Sir.

Pinch. No, Madam.

Dain. Pray, let us ſee her.

Squeam. We will not ſtir, till we ſee her.

Pinch. A pox on you all—[*Aſide.*] [*Goes to the door, and returns.*] She has locked the door, and is gone abroad.

Lady Fidg. No, you have locked the door, and ſhe's within.

Dain. They told us below, ſhe was here.

Pinch. Will nothing do? [*Aſide.*]—Well it muſt out then: to tell you the truth, ladies, which I was afraid to let you know before, leſt it might endanger your lives, my wife has juſt now got the ſmall-pox come out upon her: do not be frightened; but pray begone, ladies, you ſhall not ſtay here in danger of your lives; pray get you gone, ladies.

Lady Fidg. No, no, we have all had them.

Squeam. Alack, alack!

Dain. Come, come, we muſt ſee how it goes with her, I underſtand the diſeaſe.

Lady Fidg. Come.

Pinch. Well, there is no being too hard for women at their own weapon, lying, therefore I'll quit the field. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit* Pinchwife.

Squeam. Here's an example of jealouſy!

Lady Fidg. Indeed, as the world goes, I wonder there are no more jealous, ſince wives are ſo neglected.

Dain. Pſhaw! as the world goes, to what end ſhould they be jealous?

Lady Fidg. Foh, 'tis a naſty world.

Squeam. That men of parts, great acquaintance, and

quality, ſhould take up with, and ſpend themſelves and fortunes, in keeping little play-houſe creatures, foh!

Lady Fidg. Nay, that women of underſtanding, great acquaintance, and good quality, ſhould fall a keeping too of little creatures, foh!

Squeam. Why, 'tis the men of quality's fault, they never viſit women of honour, and reputation, as they uſed to do; and have not ſo much as common civility for ladies of our rank; but uſe us with the ſame indifferency, and ill-breeding, as if we were all married to them.

Lady Fidg. She ſays true, 'tis an errant ſhame women of quality ſhould be ſo ſlighted; methinks, birth, birth, ſhould go for ſomething: I have known men admired, courted, and followed for their titles only.

Squeam. Ay, one would think men of honour ſhould not love, no more than marry, out of their own rank.

Dain. Fye, fye upon them, they are come to think groſs breeding for themſelves beſt, as well as for their dogs and horſes.

Lady Fidg. They are dogs and horſes for't.

Squeam. One would think, if not for love, for vanity a little.

Dain. Nay, they do ſatisfy their vanity upon us ſometimes; and are kind to us in their report, tell all the world they lie with us.

Lady Fidg. Damned raſcals, that we ſhould be only wronged by them; to report a man has had a perſon, when he has not had a perſon, is the greateſt wrong in the whole world, that can be done to a perſon.

Squeam. Well, 'tis an errant ſhame, noble perſons ſhould be ſo wronged and neglected.

Lady Fidg. But ſtill 'tis an erranter ſhame for a noble perſon to neglect her own honour, and defame her own noble perſon, with little inconſiderable fellows, foh!

Dain. I ſuppoſe the crime againſt our honour is the ſame with a man of quality as with another.

Lady Fidg. How! no ſure, the man of quality is likeſt one's huſband, and therefore the fault ſhould be the leſs.

Dain. But then the pleaſure ſhould be the leſs.

Lady Fidg. Fye, fye, fye, for ſhame, ſiſter, whither ſhall we ramble? Be continent in your diſcourſe, or I ſhall hate you.

Dain.

Dain. Beſides an intrigue is ſo much the more notorious for the man's quality.

Squeam. 'Tis true, nobody takes notice of a private man, and therefore with him 'tis more ſecret; and the crime's the leſs when 'tis not known.

Lady Fidg. You ſay true; 'ifaith, I think you are in the right on't: 'tis not an injury to a huſband, till it be an injury to our honours; ſo that a woman of honour loſes no honour with a private perſon; and to ſay truth—

Dain. So the little fellow is grown a private perſon—with her—— [*Apart to* Squeam.

Lady Fidg. But ſtill, my dear, dear honour——

Enter Sir Jaſper, Horner, *and* Dorilant.

Sir Jaſp. Ay, my dear, dear of honour, thou haſt ſtill ſo much honour in thy mouth——

Horn. That ſhe has none elſewhere—— [*Aſide.*

Lady Fidg. Oh, what d'ye mean to bring in theſe upon us?

Dain. Foh! theſe are as bad as wits.

Squeam. Foh!

Lady Fidg. Let us leave the room.

Sir Jaſp. Stay, ſtay; faith, to tell you the naked truth—

Lady Fidg. Fye, Sir Jaſper, do not uſe that word naked.

Sir Jaſp. Well, well; in ſhort, I have buſineſs at Whitehall, and cannot go to the play with you, therefore would have you go——

Lady Fidg. With thoſe two to a play?

Sir Jaſp. No, not with t'other, but with Mr. Horner; there can be no more ſcandal to go with him, than with Mr. Tattle, or maſter Limberham.

Lady Fidg. With that naſty fellow! no——no.

Sir Jaſp. Nay, pr'ythee, dear, hear me.

[*Whiſpers to Lady* Fidg.

Horn. Ladies. [Horner *and* Dorilant *drawing near* Squeamiſh *and* Dainty.

Dain. Stand off.

Squeam. Do not approach us.

Dain. You herd with the wits, you are obſcenity all over.

Squeam. And I would as ſoon look upon a picture of

Adam and Eve, without fig-leaves, as any of you, if I could help it, therefore keep off, and do not make us sick.

Dor. What a devil are these?

Horn. Why, these are pretenders to honour, as criticks to wit, only by censuring others; and as every raw peevish, out-of-humoured, affected, dull tea-drinking, arithmetical fop sets up for a wit, by railing at men of sense, so these for humour, by railing at the court, and ladies of as great honour as quality.

Sir Jasp. Come, Mr. Horner, I must desire you to go with these ladies to the play, Sir,

Horn. I, Sir!

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay, come, Sir.

Horn. I must beg your pardon, Sir, and theirs; I will not be seen in women's company in public again for the world.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha, strange aversion.

Squeam. No, he's for women's company in private.

Sir. Jasp. He—poor man—he—ha, ha, ha.

Dain. 'Tis a greater shame amongst lewd fellows to be seen in virtuous women's company, than for the women to be seen with them.

Horn. Indeed, Madam, the time was I only hated virtuous women, but now I hate the other too? I beg your pardon, ladies.

Lady Fidg. You are very obliging, Sir, because we would not be troubled with you.

Sir Jasp. In sober sadness, he shall go.

Dor. Nay, if he wo' not, I am ready to wait upon the ladies, and think I am the fitter man.

Sir Jasp. You, Sir! no, I thank you for that—master Horner is a privileg'd man amongst the virtuous ladies, 'twill be a great while before you are so; he, he, he, he's my wife's gallant, he, he, he; no, pray withdraw, Sir, for, as I take it, the virtuous ladies have no business with you.

Dor. And I am sure he can have none with them; 'tis strange a man can't come amongst virtuous women now, but upon the same terms as men are admitted into the great Turk's seraglio: but, Heavens keep me from being an ombre player with 'em. But where is Pinchwife?

Sir.

Sir Jaſp. Come, come, man, what avoid the ſweet ſociety of woman-kind! that ſweet, ſoft, gentle, tame, noble creature woman, made for man's companion—

Horn. So is that ſoft, gentle, tame, and more noble creature a ſpaniel, and has all their tricks; can fawn, lie down, ſuffer beating, and fawn the more; barks at your friends when they come to ſee you, makes your bed hard, gives you fleas, and the mange ſometimes: and all the difference is, the ſpaniel's the more faithful animal, and fawns but upon one maſter.

Sir Jaſp. He, he, he.

Squeam. O, the rude beaſt!

Dain. Inſolent brute!

Lady Fidg. Brute! ſtinking, mortified, rotten French wether, to dare———

Sir Jaſp. Hold, an't pleaſe your ladyſhip: for ſhame, maſter Horner, your mother was a woman—Now ſhall I never reconcile 'em. [*Aſide.*] Hark you, Madam, take my advice in your anger: you know you often want one to make up your droling pack of ombre players, and you may cheat him eaſily; for he's an ill gameſter, and conſequently loves play. Beſides, you know you have but two old civil gentlemen (with ſtinking breaths too) to wait upon you abroad; take in the third into your ſervice: the other are but crazy; and a lady ſhould have a ſupernumerary gentleman-uſher as a ſupernumerary coach-horſe, leſt ſometimes you ſhould be forced to ſtay at home.

Lady Fidg. But are you ſure he loves play, and has money?

Sir Jaſp. He loves play as much as you, and has money, as much as I.

Lady Fidg. Then I am contented to make him pay for his ſcurrility; money makes up in a meaſure all other wants in men—thoſe whom we cannot make hold for gallants, we make fine. [*Aſide.*

Sir Jaſp. So, ſo; now to mollify, to wheedle him,—[*Aſide.*]—Maſter Horner, will you never keep civil company? Methinks 'tis time now, ſince you are only fit for them. Come, come, man, you muſt e'en fall to viſiting our wives, eating at our tables, drinking tea with our virtuous relations after dinner, dealing cards to 'em, reading plays and gazettes to 'em, picking fleas out of their ſmocks

ſmocks for 'em, collecting receipts, new ſongs, women, pages, and footmen for 'em.

Horn. I hope they'll afford me better employment, Sir.

Sir Jaſp. Heh, he, he; 'tis fit you know your work before you come into your place: and ſince you are unprovided of a lady to flatter, and a good houſe to eat at, pray frequent mine, and call my wife miſtreſs, and ſhe ſhall call you gallant, according to the cuſtom.

Horn. Who, I?——

Sir Jaſp. Faith, thou ſha't for my ſake; come, for my ſake only.

Horn. For your ſake——

Sir Jaſper. Come, come, here's a gameſter for you; let him be a little familiar ſometimes, nay, what if a little rude? gameſters may be rude with ladies, you know.

Lady Fidg. Yes; loſing gameſters have a privilege with women.

Horn. I always thought the contrrary, that the winning gameſter had moſt privilege with women; for when you have loſt your money to a man, you'll loſe any thing you have, all you have, they ſay, and he may uſe you as he pleaſes.

Sir Jaſp. Heh, he, he; well, win or loſe you ſhall have your liberty with her.

Lady Fidg. As he behaves himſelf; and for your ſake I'll give him admittance and freedom.

Horn. All ſorts of freedom, Madam?

Sir Jaſp. Ay, ay, ay, all ſorts of freedom thou canſt take: And ſo go to her, begin thy new employment; wheedle her, jeſt with her; and be better acquainted one with another.

Horn. I think I know her already; therefore may venture with her my ſecret for her's. [*Aſide.*

[Horner *and Lady* Fidget *whiſper.*

Sir Jaſp. Siſter cuz, I have provided an innocent play-fellow for you there

Dain. Who, he!

Squeam. There's a play-fellow, indeed!

Sir Jaſp. Yes ſure: what, he is good enough to play at cards, blindman's-buff, or the fool with ſometimes.

Squeam. Foh! we'll have no ſuch play-fellows.

Dain.

Dain. No, Sir; you sha'nt chuse play-fellows for us, we thank you.

Sir Jasp. Nay, pray hear me. [*Whispering to them:*

Lady Fidg. But, poor gentleman, could you be so generous, so truly a man of honour, as, for the sakes of us women of honour, to cause yourself to be reported no man? No man! and to suffer yourself the greatest shame that could fall upon a man, that none might fall upon us women by your conversation? But indeed, Sir, as perfectly, perfectly the same man as before your going into France, Sir? as perfectly, perfectly, Sir?

Horn. As perfectly, perfectly, Madam: nay, I scorn you should take my word; I desire to be tried only, Madam.

Lady Fidg. Well, that's spoken again like a man of honour: all men of honour desire to come to the test. But indeed, generally you men report such things of yourselves, one does not know how or whom to believe; and it is come to that pass, we dare not take your words no more than your taylors, without some staid servant of yours be bound with you. But I have so strong a faith in your honour, dear, dear noble Sir, that I'd forfeit mine for yours at any time, dear Sir.

Horn. No, Madam, you should not need to forfeit it for me; I have given you security already to save you harmless, my late reputation being so well known in the world, Madam.

Lady Fidg. But if upon any future falling-out, or on a suspicion of my taking the trust out of your hands, to employ some other, you yourself should betray your trust, dear Sir? I mean, if you'll give me leave to speak obscenely, you might tell, dear Sir.

Horn. If I did, nobody would believe me: the reputation of impotency is as hardly recover'd again in the world, as that of cowardice, dear Madam.

Lady Fidg. Nay then, as one may say, you may do your worst, dear, dear Sir.

Sir Jasp. Come, is your Ladyship reconcil'd to him yet? Have you agreed on matters? for I must be gone to White-hall.

Lady Fidg. Why, indeed, Sir Jasper, Master Horner is a thousand, thousand times a better man than I thought him.

him. Couſin Squeamiſh, ſiſter Dainty, I can name him now: truly, not long ago, you know, I thought his very name obſcenity; and I would as ſoon have lain with him as have nam'd him.

Sir Jaſp. Very likely, poor Madam.

Dain. I believe it.

Squeam. No doubt on't.

Sir Jaſp. Well, well—that your Ladyſhip is as virtuous as any ſhe, I know; and him all the town knows—heh, he, he: therefore, now you like him get you gone to your buſineſs together; go, go to your buſineſs, I ſay, pleaſure, whilſt I go to my pleaſure, buſineſs.

Lady Fidg. Come then, dear gallant.

Horn. Come away, my deareſt miſtreſs.

Sir. Jaſp. So, ſo, why 'tis as I'd have it. [*Exit.*

Horn. And as I'd have it.

Lady Fidg. Who, for his buſineſs, from his wife will
Takes the beſt care to have her bus'neſs done. [run,
[*Exeunt.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

Enter Alithea *and Mrs.* Pinchwife.

ALITHEA.

SISTER, what ails you? You are grown melancholy.

Mrs. Pinch. Wou'd it not make any one melancholy, to ſee you go every day fluttering about abroad, whilſt I muſt ſtay at home like a poor, lonely, ſullen bird in a cage.

Alith. Ay, ſiſter; but you came young, and juſt from the neſt to your cage; ſo that I thought you lik'd it, and could be as chearful in't as others that took their flight themſelves early, and are hopping abroad in the open air.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, I confeſs I was quiet enough, till my huſband told me what pure lives the London ladies live abroad, with their dancing, meetings, and junquetings, and dreſs'd every day in their beſt gowns; and I warrant you, play at nine-pins every day of the week, ſo they do.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pinch. Come, what's here to do? you are putting the

the town-pleaſures in her head, and ſetting her a longing.

Alith. Yes, after nine-pins: you ſuffer none to give her thoſe longings you mean, but yourſelf.

Pinch. I tell her of the vanities of the town like a confeſſor.

Alith. A confeſſor! Juſt ſuch a confeſſor, as he that, by forbiddding a ſilly hoſtler to greaſe the horſe's teeth, taught him to do't.

Pinch. Come, miſtreſs flippant, good precepts are loſt when bad examples are ſtill before us. The liberty you take abroad makes her hanker after it, and out of humour at home: poor wretch! She deſir'd not to come to London; I wou'd bring her.

Alith. Very well.

Pinch. She has been this week in town, and never deſired till this afternoon to go abroad.

Alith. Was ſhe not at a play yeſterday?

Pinch. Yes, but ſhe ne'er aſk'd me; I was myſelf the cauſe of her going.

Alith. Then if ſhe aſk you again, you are the cauſe of her aſking, and not my example.

Pinch. Well, to-morrow night I ſhall be rid of you; and the next day before 'tis light, ſhe and I'll be rid of the town, and my dreadful apprehenſions. Come, be not melancholy; for thou ſhalt go into the country after to-morrow, deareſt.

Alith. Great comfort!

Mrs. Pinch. Piſh, what d'ye tell me of the country for?

Pinch. How's this! What, piſh at the country?

Mrs. Pinch. Let me alone, I am not well.

Pinch. Oh, if that be all—what ails my deareſt?

Mrs. Pinch. Truly, I don't know: but I have not been well ſince you told me there was a gallant at the play in love with me.

Pinch. Ha!——

Alith. That's by my example too?

Pinch. Nay, if you are not well, but are ſo concern'd, becauſe a lewd fellow chanced to lie, and ſay he lik'd you, you'll make me ſick too.

Mrs. Pinch. Of what ſickneſs?

Pinch.

Pinch. Oh, of that which is worſe than the plague, jealouſy.

Mrs. Pinch. Piſh, you jeer; I'm ſure there's no ſuch diſeaſe in our receipt-book at home.

Pinch. No, thou never met'ſt with it, poor innocent ——well, if thou cuckold me, 'twill be my own fault ——for cuckolds and baſtards are generally makers of their own fortune. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Pinch. Well, but pray, Bud, let's go to a play to-night.

Pinch. 'Tis juſt done, ſhe comes from it; but why are you ſo eager to ſee a play?

Mrs. Pinch. Faith, dear, not that I care one pin for their talk there; but I like to look upon the player-men, and wou'd ſee, if I cou'd, the gallant you ſay loves me: that's all, dear Bud?

Pinch. Is that all, dear Bud?

Alith. This proceeds from my example?

Mrs. Pinch. But if the play be done, let's go abroad however, dear Bud?

Pinch. Come have a little patience, and thou ſhalt go into the country on Friday.

Mrs. Pinch. Therefore I wou'd ſee firſt ſome ſights, to tell my neighbours of: nay, I will go abroad, that's once.

Alith. I'm the cauſe of this deſire too?

Pinch. But now I think on't, who, who was the cauſe of Horner's coming to my lodging to day? That was you.

Alith. No, you; becauſe you wou'd not let him ſee your handſome wife out of your lodging.

Mrs. Pinch. Why, O Lord! Did the gentleman come hither to ſee me indeed?

Pinch. No, no,——You are not the cauſe of that damn'd queſtion too, miſtreſs Alithea?——Well, ſhe's in the right of it: he is in love with my wife——and comes after her——'tis ſo——but I'll nip his love in the bud; leſt he ſhou'd follow us into the country, and break his chariot-wheel near our houſe, on purpoſe for an excuſe to come to't. But I think I know the town.

[*Aſide.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Pinch. Come, pray Bud, let's go abroad before 'tis late; for I will go, that's flat and plain.

Pinch. So! The obſtinacy already of the town-wife; and I muſt, whilſt ſhe's here, humour her like one. [*Aſide.* Siſter, how ſhall we do, that ſhe may not be ſeen, or known?

Alith. Let her put on her maſk.

Pinch. Pſhaw! a maſk makes people but the more inquiſitive, and is as ridiculous a diſguiſe as a ſtage-beard: her ſhape, ſtature, habit, will be known. And if we ſhou'd meet with Horner, he wou'd be ſure to take acquaintance with us, muſt wiſh her joy, kiſs her, talk to her, leer upon her, and the devil and all. No, I'll not uſe her to a maſk, 'tis dangerous; for maſks have made more cuckolds than the beſt faces that ever were known.

Alith. How will you do then?

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, ſhall we go? The Exchange will be ſhut; and I have a mind to ſee that.

Pinch. So——I have it——I'll dreſs her up in the ſuit we are to carry down to her brother, little Sir James: nay, I underſtand the town-tricks. Come, let's go dreſs her. A maſk? No—A woman maſk'd, like a cover'd diſh, gives a man curioſity and appetite; when, it may be, uncover'd, 'twould turn his ſtomach—No, no.

Alith. Indeed your compariſon is ſomething a greaſy one: but I had a gentle gallant, us'd to ſay, a beauty maſk'd, like the ſun in eclipſe, gathers together more gazers than if it ſhone it. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to the New-Exchange.*

Enter Horner, Harcourt, *and* Dorilant.

Dor. Engag'd to women, and not ſup with us!

Horn. Ay, a pox on 'em all!

Har. You were much a more reaſonable man in the morning, and had as noble reſolutions againſt 'em, as a widower of a week's liberty.

Dor. Did I ever think to ſee you keep company with women in vain.

Horn. In vain? No——'tis ſince I can't love 'em, to be reveng'd on 'em.

Harc. Now your ſting is gone, you look'd in the box amongſt all thoſe women, like a drone in the hive; all

upon you, ſhov'd and ill us'd by 'em all, and thruſt from one ſide to t'other.

Dor. Yet he muſt be buzzing amongſt 'em ſtill, like other beetle-headed liquoriſh drones. Avoid 'em, and hate 'em, as they hate you.

Horn. Becauſe I do hate 'em, and wou'd hate 'em yet more, I'll frequent 'em. You may ſee by marriage, nothing makes a man hate a woman more, than her conſtant converſation. In ſhort, I converſe with 'em, as you do with rich fools, to laugh at them, and uſe 'em ill.

Dor. But I wou'd no more ſup with women, unleſs I cou'd lie with 'em, than ſup with a rich coxcomb, unleſs I could cheat him.

Horn. Yes, I have known thee ſup with a fool for his drinking; if he cou'd ſet out your hand that way only, you were ſatisfy'd, and if he were a wine-ſwallowing mouth, 'twas enough.

Harc. Yes, a man drinks often with a fool, as he toſſes with a marker, only to keep his hand in uſe. But do the ladies drink?

Horn. Yes, Sir; and I ſhall have the pleaſure at leaſt of laying 'em flat with a bottle, and bring as much ſcandal that way upon 'em, as formerly t'other.

Harc. Perhaps you may prove as weak a brother among 'em that way, as t'other.

Dor. Foh! drinking with women is as unnatural as ſcolding with 'em: but 'tis a pleaſure of decay'd fornicators, and the baſeſt way of quenching love.

Harc. Nay, 'tis drowning love, inſtead of quenching it: but leave us for civil women too.

Dor. Ay, when he can't be the better for 'em; we hardly pardon a man that leaves his friend for a wench, and that's a pretty lawful call.

Horn. Faith, I wou'd not leave you for 'em, if they wou'd not drink.

Dor. Who wou'd diſappoint his company at Lewis's for a goſſipping?

Harc. Foh! wine and women, good apart, together are as naufeous as ſack and ſugar. But hark you, Sir; before you go, a little of your advice; an old maim'd general, when unfit for action, is fitteſt for counſel: I have other deſigns upon women than eating and drinking

ing with them; I am in love with Sparkish's miſtreſs, whom he is to marry to-morrow: now how ſhall I get her?

Enter Sparkiſh, *looking about.*

Horn. Why, here comes one will help you to her.

Harc. He! he, I tell you, is my rival, and will hinder my love.

Horn. No; a fooliſh rival and a jealous huſband aſſiſt their rival's deſigns; for they are ſure to make their women hate them, which is the firſt ſtep to their love for another man.

Harc. But I cannot come near his miſtreſs, but in his company.

Horn. Still the better for you; for fools are moſt eaſily cheated when they themſelves are acceſſaries: and he is to be bubbled of his miſtreſs as of his money, the common miſtreſs, by keeping him company.

Spark. Who is that, that is to be bubbled? Faith, let me ſnack; I han't met with a bubble ſince Chriſtmas. 'Gad, I think bubbles are like their brother woodcocks, go out with the cold weather.

Harc. A pox, he did not hear all, I hope!

[*Apart to* Horner.

Spark. Come, you bubbling rogues you, where do we ſup?—Oh, Harcourt, my miſtreſs tells me you have been making fierce love to her all the play long. Hah, ha---- But I-----

Harc. I make love to her!

Spark. Nay, I forgive thee; for I think I know thee, and I know her, but I am ſure I know myſelf.

Harc. Did ſhe tell you ſo? I ſee all women are like theſe of the Exchange; who, to enhance the price of their commodities, report to their fond cuſtomers offers which were never made 'em.

Horn. Ay, women are apt to tell before the intrigue, as men after it, and ſo ſhew themſelves the vainer ſex. But haſt thou a miſtreſs, Sparkiſh? 'Tis as hard for me to believe it, as that thou ever hadſt a bubble, as you bragg'd juſt now.

Spark. Oh, your ſervant, Sir: are you at your raillery, Sir? But we are ſome of us before-hand with you to-day at the play: the wits were ſomething bold with you, Sir; did you not hear us laugh?

Horn. Yes; but I thought you had gone to plays, to laugh at the poet's wit, not at your own.

Spark. Your ſervant, Sir; no, I thank you. 'Gad, I go to a play, as to a country treat: I carry my own wine to one, and my own wit to t'other, or elſe I'm ſure I ſhou'd not be merry at either; and the reaſon why we are ſo often louder than the players, is, becauſe we think we ſpeak more wit, and ſo become the poet's rivals in his audience; for to tell you the truth, we hate the ſilly rogues; nay, ſo much, that we find fault even with their bawdy upon the ſtage, whilſt we talk nothing elſe in the pit as loud.

Horn. But why ſhouldſt thou hate the ſilly poets? thou haſt too much wit to be one; and they, like whores, are only hated by each other: and thou doſt ſcorn writing, I'm ſure.

Spark. Yes, I'd have you know I ſcorn writing: but women! women, that make men do all fooliſh things, make 'em write ſongs too. Every body does it; 'tis e'en as common with lovers as playing with fans: and you can no more help rhyming to your Phillis, than drinking to your Phillis.

Harc. Nay, poetry in love is no more to be avoided than jealouſy.

Dor. But the poets damn'd your ſongs, did they?

Spark. Damn the poets; they have turn'd them into burleſque, as they call it. That burleſque is a hocus-pocus trick they have got, which, by the virtue of hiccius doctius, topſey turvey, they make a wiſe and witty man in the world, a fool upon the ſtage, you know not how; and 'tis therefore I hate 'em too, for I know not but it may be my own caſe; for they'll put a man into a play for looking a-ſquint. Their predeceſſors were contented to make ſerving-men only their ſtage-fools, but theſe rogues muſt have gentlemen, with a pox to 'em, nay, knights; and indeed, you ſhall hardly ſee a fool upon the ſtage, but he's a knight. And to tell you the truth, they have kept me theſe ſix years from being a knight in earneſt, for fear of being knighted in a play, and dubb'd a fool.

Dor. Blame 'em not, they muſt follow their copy, the age.

Harc.

Harc. But why ſhouldſt thou be afraid of being in a play, who expoſe yourſelf every day in the play-houſes, and at public places?

Horn. 'Tis but being on the ſtage, inſtead of ſtanding on a bench in the pit.

Dor. Don't you give money to painters to draw your like? And are you afraid of your pictures at length in a play-houſe, where all your miſtreſſes may ſee you?

Spark. A pox, painters don't draw the ſmall pox or pimples in one's face. Come, damn all your ſilly authors whatever, all books and bookſellers, by the world; and all readers, courteous and uncourteous.

Harc. But who comes here, Sparkiſh?

Enter Mr. Pinchwife, *and his Wife in Man's cloaths,* Alithea, *and* Lucy *her maid.*

Spark. Oh, hide me, there's my miſtreſs too.

[Sparkiſh *hedes himſelf behind* Harcourt.

Harc. She ſees you.

Spark. But I will not ſee her: 'tis time to go to Whitehall, and I muſt not fail the drawing-room.

Harc. Pray firſt carry me and reconcile me to her.

Spark. Another time; faith, the king will have ſupp'd.

Harc. Not with the worſe ſtomach for thy abſence: thou art one of thoſe fools that think their attendance at the king's meals as neceſſary as his phyſician's, when you are more troubleſome to him than his doctors, or his dogs.

Spark. Pſhaw! I know my intereſt, Sir. Pr'ythee, hide me.

Horn. Your ſervant, Pinchwife. What, he knows us not.

Pinch. Come along. [*To his wife aſide.*

Mrs. Pinch. I'pray, have you any ballads? Give me ſixpenny worth.

Claſp. We have no ballads.

Mrs. Pinch. Then give me Covent-Garden drollery, and a play or two——Oh, here's Tarugo's Wiles, and the Slighted Maiden; I'll have them.

Pinch. No, plays are not for your reading. Come along; will you diſcover yourſelf? [*Apart to her.*

Horn. Who is that pretty youth with him, Sparkiſh?

Spark. I believe his wife's brother, becauſe he's ſomething like her; but I never ſaw her but once.

Horn. Extremely handſome; I have ſeen a face like it too. Let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt Mr.* Pinchwife, *Mrs.* Pinchwife, Alithea, Lucy; Horner *and* Dorilant *following them.*

Hare. Come, Sparkiſh, your miſtreſs ſaw you, and will be angry you go not to her; beſides, I would fain be reconciled to her, which none but you can do, dear friend.

Spark. Well, that is a better reaſon, dear friend: I would not go near her now for hers or my own ſake; but I can deny you nothing: for tho' I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee as well as a new acquaintance.

Hare. I am obliged to you indeed, dear friend: I would be well with her only to be well with thee ſtill; for theſe ties to wives uſually diſſolve all ties to friends. I would be contented ſhe ſhould enjoy you a-nights, but I would have you to myſelf a-days as I have had, dear friend.

Spark. And thou ſhalt enjoy me a-days, dear, dear friend, never ſtir; and I'll be divorced from her, ſooner than from thee. Come along——

Hare. So, we are hard put to't, when we make our rival our procurer; but neither ſhe, nor her brother, would let me come near her now. When all's done, a rival is the beſt cloak to ſteal to a miſtreſs under, without ſuſpicion; and when we have once got to her as we deſire, we throw him off, like other cloaks. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Sparkiſh, *and* Harcourt *following him.*

Re-enter Mr. Pinch. *and Mrs.* Pinch. *in Man's clothes.*

Mr. Pinch. Siſter, if you will not go, we muſt leave you— [*To* Alithea.] The fool, her gallant, and ſhe will muſter up all the young ſaunterers of this place, and they will leave their dear ſempſtreſſes to follow us. What a ſwarm of cuckolds and cuckold-makers are here? [*Aſide.* Come, let's begone, Miſtreſs Margery.

Mrs. Pinch. Don't you believe that I han't half my belly full of ſights yet?

Mr. Pinch. Then walk this way.

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, what a power of brave ſigns are here? Stay—the bull's-head, the ram's-head, and the ſtag's-head, dear——

Mr. Pinch. Nay, if every huſband's proper ſign here were viſible, they would be all alike.

Mrs.

Mrs. Pinch. What do ye mean by that, Bud?

Mr. Pinch. 'Tis no matter——no matter, Bud.

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, tell me. Nay, I will know.

Mr. Pinch. They would be all bulls, flags, and rams heads. [*Exeunt Mr.* Pinchwife *and Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Re-enter Spark. Harc. Alith. Lucy, *at the other door.*

Spark. Come, dear Madam, for my ſake you ſhall be reconciled to him.

Alith. For your ſake, I hate him.

Harc. That is ſomething too cruel, Madam, to hate me for his ſake.

Spark. Ay indeed, Madam, too, too cruel to me, to hate my friend for my ſake.

Alith. I hate him becauſe he is your enemy; and you ought to hate him too, for making love to me, if you love me.

Spark. That is a good one! I hate a man for loving you! If he did love you, it is but what he cannot help; and it is your fault, not his, if he admires you. I hate a man for being of my opinion! I will never do it, by the world.

Alith. Is it for your honour, or mine. to ſuffer a man to make love to me, who am to marry you to-morrow?

Spark. Is it for your honour, or mine, to have me jealous? That he makes love to you, is a ſign you are handſome; and that I am not jealous, is a ſign you are virtuous: that I think is for your honour.

Alith. But it is your honour too, I am concerned for.

Harc. But why, deareſt Madam, will you be more concerned for his honour than he is himſelf?—Let his honour alone, for my ſake and his. He! he has no honour—

Spark. How is that?

Harc. But what my dear friend can guard himſelf.

Spark. O ho—that is right again.

Harc. Your care of his honour argues his neglect of it, which is no honour to my dear friend here: therefore once more, let his honour go which way it will, dear Madam.

Spark. Ay, ay; were it for my honour to marry a woman whoſe virtue I ſuſpected, and could not truſt her in a friend's hands?

Alith. Are you not afraid to loſe me?

Harc. He afraid to loſe you, Madam! No, no—you may

may see how the most estimable and most glorious creature in the world is valued by him: will you not see it?

Spark. Right, honest Frank, I have that noble value for her, that I cannot be jealous of her.

Alith. You mistake him: he means you care not for me, nor who has me.

Spark. Lord, Madam! I see you are jealous: will you wrest a poor man's meaning from his words?

Alith. You astonish me, Sir, with your want of jealousy.

Spark. And you make me giddy, Madam, with your jealousy and fears, and virtue and honour: 'gad, I see virtue makes a woman as troublesome as a little reading or learning.

Alith. Monstrous!

Lucy. Well, to see what easy husbands these women of quality can meet with! a poor chamber-maid can never have such lady-like luck. Besides, he is thrown away upon her; she will make no use of her fortune, her blessing. None to a gentleman, for a pure cuckold; for it requires good breeding to be a cuckold. [*Behind.*

Alith. I tell you then plainly, he pursues me to marry me.

Spark. Pshaw——

Harc. Come, Madam, you see you strive in vain to make him jealous of me; my dear friend is the kindest creature in the world to me.

Spark. Poor fellow!

Harc. But his kindness only is not enough for me, without your favour, your good opinion, dear Madam: 'tis that must perfect my happiness. Good gentleman, he believes all I say: would you would do so. Jealous of me! I would not wrong him nor you for the world.

Spark. Look you there: hear him, hear him, and do not walk away so. [Alithea *walks carelessly to and fro.*

Harc. I love you, Madam, so—

Spark. How is that! Nay, now you begin to go too far indeed.

Harc. So much, I confess, I say, I love you, that I would not have you miserable, and cast yourself away upon so unworthy and inconsiderable a thing, as what you see here. [*Clapping his hand on his breast, points at* Spark.

Spark.

Spark. No, faith, I believe thou wouldſt not. Now his meaning is plain; but I knew before thou wouldſt not wrong me, nor her,

Harc. No, no, heavens forbid the glory of her ſex ſhould fall ſo low, as into the embraces of ſuch a contemptible wretch, the leaſt of mankind—my dear friend here—I injure him. [*Embracing* Sparkiſh.

Alith. Very well,

Spark. No, no, dear friend, I knew it. Madam, you ſee he will rather wrong himſelf than me, in giving himſelf ſuch names.

Alith. Do not you underſtand him yet?

Spark. Yes, how modeſtly he ſpeaks of himſelf, poor fellow!

Alith. Methinks he ſpeaks impudently of yourſelf, ſince—before yourſelf too; inſomuch that I can no longer ſuffer his ſcurrilous abuſiveneſs to you, no more than his love to me. [*Offers to go.*

Spark. Nay, nay, Madam, pray ſtay, his love to you! Lord, Madam, has he not ſpoke yet plain enough?

Alith. Yes, indeed, I ſhould think ſo.

Spark. Well then, by the world, a man cannot ſpeak civilly to a woman now, but preſently ſhe ſays, he makes love to her. Nay, Madam, you ſhall ſtay, with your pardon, ſince you have not yet underſtood him, till he has made an eclairciſſement of his love to you, that is, what kind of love it is. Anſwer to thy catechiſm, friend; do you love my miſtreſs here?

Harc. Yes, I wiſh ſhe would not doubt it.

Spark. But how do you love her?

Harc. With all my ſoul.

Alith. I thank him, methinks he ſpeaks plain enough now.

Spark. You are out ſtill. [*To* Alithea.
But what kind of love, Harcourt?

Harc. With the beſt, and the trueſt love in the world.

Spark. Look you there then, that is with no matrimonial love, I am ſure.

Alith. How is that? Do you ſay matrimonal love is not beſt?

Spark. 'Gad, I went too far ere I was aware: but ſpeak for

for thyſelf, Harcourt, you ſaid you would not wrong me, nor her.

Harc. No, no, Madam, even take him for heaven's ſake——

Spark. Look you there, Madam,

Harc. Who ſhould in all juſtice be yours, he that loves you moſt. [*Claps his hand on his breaſt.*

Alith. Look you there, Mr. Sparkiſh, who is that?

Spark. Who ſhould it be? Go on, Harcourt.

Harc. Who loves you more than women titles, or fortune fools. [*Points at* Spark.

Spark. Look you there, he means me ſtill, for he points at me.

Alith. Ridiculous! [love.

Harc. Who can only match your faith and conſtancy in

Spark. Ay.

Harc. Who knows, if it be poſſible, how to value ſo much beauty and virtue.

Spark. Ay.

Harc. Whoſe love can no more be equalled in the world, than that heavenly form of yours.

Spark. No——

Harc. Who could no more ſuffer a rival, than your abſence, and yet could no more ſuſpect your virtue, than his own conſtancy in his love to you.

Spark. No——

Harc. Who, in fine, loves you better than his eyes, that firſt made him love you.

Spark. Ay—Nay, Madam, faith you ſhan't go, till—

Alith. Have a care, leſt you make me ſtay too long——

Spark. But till he has ſaluted you; that I may be aſſured you are friends, after his honeſt advice and declaration. Come, pray, Madam, be friends with him.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife *and Miſtreſs* Pinchwife.

Alith. You muſt pardon me, Sir, that I am not yet ſo obedient to you.

Mr. Pinch. What, invite your wife to kiſs men! Monſtrous! Are you not aſhamed? I will never forgive you.

Spark. Are you not aſhamed, that I ſhould have more confidence in the chaſtity of your family, than you have? You muſt not teach me, I am a man of honour, Sir, tho' I am frank and free; I am frank, Sir——

Mr.

Mr. Pinch. Very frank, Sir, to ſhare your wife with your friends.

Spark. He is an humble, menial friend, ſuch as reconciles the differences of the marriage bed; you know man and wife do not always agree, I deſign him for that uſe, therefore would have him well with my wife.

Mr. Pinch. A menial friend——you will get a great many menial friends, by ſhewing your wife as you do.

Spark. What then? It may be I have a pleaſure in it, as I have to ſhew fine cloaths at a play-houſe, the firſt day, and count money before poor rogues.

Mr. Pinch. He that ſhews his wife, or money, will be in danger of having them borrowed ſometimes.

Spark. I love to be envied, and would not marry a wife that I alone could love; loving alone is as dull as eating alone: Is it not a frank age? and I am a frank perſon; and to tell you the truth, it may be, I love to have rivals in a wife, they make her ſeem to a man ſtill but as a kept miſtreſs; and ſo good night, for I muſt to Whitehall. Madam, I hope you are now reconciled to my friend; and ſo I wiſh you a good night, Madam, and ſleep if you can; for to-morrow, you know, I muſt viſit you early with a canonical gentleman. Good night, dear Harcourt. [*Exit* Sparkiſh.

Harc. Madam, I hope you will not refuſe my viſit to-morrow, if it ſhould be earlier, with a canonical gentleman, than Mr. Sparkiſh's.

Mr. Pinch. This gentlewoman is yet under my care, therefore you muſt yet forbear your freedom with her, Sir. [*Coming between* Alithea *and* Harcourt.

Harc. Muſt, Sir!

Mr. Pinch. Yes, Sir, ſhe is my ſiſter.

Harc. 'Tis well ſhe is, Sir——for I muſt be her ſervant, Sir. Madam——

Mr. Pinch. Come away, ſiſter, we had been gone if it had not been for you, and ſo avoided theſe lewd rakehells, who ſeem to haunt us.

Enter Horner, Dorilant *to them.*

Horn. How now! Pinchwife!

Mr. Pinch. Your ſervant.

Horn. What I ſee a little time in the country makes a man

man turn wild and unſociable, and only fit to converſe with his horſes, dogs, and his herds.

Mr. Pinch. I have buſineſs, Sir, and muſt mind it: your buſineſs is pleaſure, therefore you and I muſt go different ways.

Horn. Well, you may go on, but this pretty young gentleman——— [*Takes hold of Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Harc. The lady——

Dor. And the maid——

Hor. Shall ſtay with us, for I ſuppoſe their buſineſs is the ſame with ours, pleaſure.

Mr. Pinch. 'Sdeath, he knows her, ſhe carries it ſo fillily; yet if he does not, I ſhould be more filly to diſcover it firſt. [*Aſide.*

Alith. Pray, let us go, Sir,

Mr. Pinch. Come, come——

Horn. Had you rather not ſtay with us? [*To Mrs.* Pinch.] Pr'ythee, Pinchwife, who is this pretty young gentleman?

Mr. Pinch. One to whom I am a guardian. I wiſh I could keep her out of your hands—— [*Aſide.*

Horn. Who is he? I never ſaw any thing ſo pretty in all my life.

Mr. Pinch. Pſhaw, do not look upon him ſo much; he is a poor baſhful youth, you'll put him out of countenance. Come away, brother. [*Offers to take her away.*

Horn. O, your brother

Mr. Pinch. Yes, my wife's brother. Come, come, ſhe will ſtay ſupper for us.

Horn. I thought ſo, for he is very like her I ſaw you at the play with, whom I told you I was in love with.

Mrs. Pinch. O Gemmini! is that he that was in love with me? I am glad on it, I vow, for he is a curious fine gentleman, and I love him already too. [*Aſide.*] Is this he, Bud? [*To Mr.* Pinchwife.

Pinch. Come away, come away. [*To his wife.*

Horn. Why, what haſte are you in? why won't you let me talk with him?

Pinch. Becauſe you will debauch him, he is yet young and innocent, and I would not have him debauch'd for any thing in the world. How ſhe gazes on him!——The devil! [*Aſide.*

Horn. Harcourt, Dorilant, look you here; this is the likeneſs of that dowdy he told us of, his wife. Did you ever ſee a lovelier creature? The rogue has reaſon to be jealous of his wife, ſince ſhe is like him, for ſhe would make all that ſee her in love with her.

Harc. And, as I remember now, ſhe is as like him here as can be.

Dor. She is indeed very pretty, if ſhe be like him.

Horn. Very pretty! a very pretty commendation—ſhe is a glorious creature, beautiful beyond all things I ever held.

Pinch. So, ſo.

Harc. More beautiful than a poet's firſt miſtreſs of imagination.

Horn. Or another man's laſt miſtreſs of fleſh and blood.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, now you jeer, Sir; pray don't jeer me.—

Pinch. Come, come.—By heavens, ſhe will diſcover herſelf. [*Aſide.*

Horn. I ſpeak of your ſiſter, Sir.

Pinch. Ay, but ſaying ſhe was handſome, if like him, made him bluſh.—I am upon a rack—— [*Aſide.*

Horn. Methinks he is ſo handſome, he ſhould not be a man.

Pinch. O there 'tis out: he has diſcover'd her. I am not able to ſuffer any longer. Come, come away, I ſay— [*To his wife.*

Horn. Nay, by your leave, Sir, he ſhall not go yet—

Harc. Dorilant, let us torment this jealous rogue a little. [*To them.*

Harc. and Dor. How?

Horn. I'll ſhew you.

Pinch. Come, pray let him go, I cannot ſtay fooling any longer; I tell you, his ſiſter ſtays ſupper for us.

Horn. Does ſhe? Come then, we will all go ſup with her and thee.

Pinch. No, now I think on it, having ſtaid ſo long for us, I warrant ſhe is gone to bed—I wiſh ſhe and I were well out of their hands—— [*Aſide.*]——Come, I muſt riſe early to-morrow, come.

Horn. Well then, if ſhe be gone to bed, I wiſh her and

you a good night. But pray, young gentleman, present my humble service to her.

Mrs. Pinch. Thank you heartily, Sir.

Pinch. 'Sdeath, she will discover herself yet in spite of me. [*Aside.*] He is something more civil to you, for your kindness to his sister, than I am, it seems.

Horn. Tell her, dear, sweet, little gentleman, for all your brother there, that you have reviv'd the love I had for her at first sight in the play-house.

Mrs. Pinch. But do you love her indeed, and indeed?

Pinch. So, so. [*Aside.*] Away, I say.

Horn. Nay stay; yes indeed, and indeed. Pray do you tell her so, and give her this kiss from me. [*Kisses her.*

Pinch. O heavens! what do I suffer! Now 'tis too plain he knows her, and yet—— [*Aside.*

Horn. And this, and this—— [*Kisses her again.*

Mrs. Pinch. What do you kiss me for, I am no woman.

Pinch. So——there it is out. [*Aside.*] Come, I cannot, nor will stay any longer.

Horn. Nay, they shall send your lady a kiss too. Here, Harcourt, Dorilant, will you not? [*They kiss her.*

Pinch. How! do I suffer this? Was I not accusing another just now, for this rascally patience in permitting his wife to be kissed before his face? Ten thousand ulcers gnaw away their lips. [*Aside.*] Come, come.

Horn. Good night, dear little gentleman. Madam, good night. Farewel, Pinchwife.——Did not I tell you I would raise his jealous gall?

[*Apart to* Harcourt *and* Dorilant.

[*Exeunt* Horner, Harcourt, *and* Dorilant.

Pinch. So, they are gone at last. Stay, let me see first if the coach be at this door. [*Exit.*

[Horner, Harcourt *and* Dorilant *return.*

Horn. What, not gone yet? Will you be sure to do as I desired you, sweet Sir?

Mrs. Pinch. Sweet Sir, but what will you give me then?

Horn. Any thing. Come away into the next walk.

[*Exit* Horner, *haling away Mrs.* Pinch.

Alith. Hold, hold——what do you do?

Lucy. Stay, stay, hold——

Harc.

Harc. Hold, Madam, hold, let him preſent him, he will come preſently. Nay, I will never let you go, 'till you anſwer my queſtion.

Lucy. For God's ſake, Sir! I muſt follow them.

[*Alith.* Lucy, *ſtruggling with* Harcourt *and* Dorilant.

Dor. No, I have ſomething to preſent you with too, you ſhan't follow them.

Pinchwife *returns.*

Pinch. Where?——how——what is become of——gone——whither?

Lucy. He is only gone with the gentleman, who will give him ſomething, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Pinch. Something——give him ſomething with a pox——where are they?

Alith. In the next walk only, brother.

Pinch. Only, only! Where, where?

[*Exit* Pinchwife, *and returns preſently, then goes out again.*

Harc. What is the matter with him? Why ſo much concern; but deareſt Madam——

Alith. Pray let me go, Sir; I have ſaid, and ſuffered enough already.

Harc. Then you will not look upon nor pity my ſufferings?

Alith. To look upon them, when I cannot help them, were cruelty, not pity; therefore, I will never ſee you more.

Harc. Let me then, Madam, have my privilege of a baniſhed lover, complaining or railing, and giving you but a farewel reaſon, why, if you cannot condeſcend to marry me, you ſhould not take that wretch, my rival.

Alith. He only, not you, ſince my honour is engaged ſo far to him, can give me a reaſon, why I ſhould not marry him; but if he be true, and what I think him to me, I muſt be ſo to him; your ſervant, Sir.

Harc. Have women only conſtancy when it is a vice, and are, like fortune, only true to fools?

Dor. Thou ſhalt not ſtir, thou robuſt creature. You ſee I can deal with you, therefore you ſhould ſtay the rather, and be kind. [*To* Lucy, *who ſtruggles to get from him.*

[*Enter* Pinchwife.

Pinch. Gone, gone! not to be found, quite gone!

Ten thouſand plagues go with them! Which way went they?

Alith. But into the other walk, brother.

Lucy. Their buſineſs will be done preſently ſure, an't pleaſe your worſhip, it cannot be long in doing, I am ſure on it.

Alith. Are they not there?

Pinch. No, you know where they are, your infamous wretch. Eternal ſhame of your family, which you do not diſhonour enough yourſelf, you think, but you muſt help her to do it too: thou legion of bauds.

Alith. Good brother.

Pinch. Damned, damned ſiſters.

Alith. Look you here; ſhe is coming.

Enter Miſtreſs Pinchwife *in man's clothes, running with her hat under her arm, full of oranges and dried fruit,* Horner *following.*

Mrs. Pinch. O dear Bud, look you here what I have got, ſee.

Pinch. And what I have got here too, which you cannot ſee. [*Aſide, rubbing his forehead.*

Mrs. Pinch. The fine gentleman has given me better things yet.

Pinch. Has he ſo?—Out of breath and coloured—— I muſt hold yet. [*Aſide.*

Horn. I have only given your little brother an orange, Sir.

Pinch. Thank you, Sir. [*To* Horner.] You have only ſqueezed my orange, I ſuppoſe, and given it me again; yet I muſt have a city patience. [*Aſide.*] Come, come away—— [*To his wife.*

Mrs. Pinch. Stay, till I have put up my fine things, Bud.

Enter Sir Jaſper Fidget.

Sir Jaſp. O maſter Horner, come, come, the ladies ſtay for you; your miſtreſs, my wife, wonders you make no more haſte to her.

Horn. I have ſtaid this half hour for you here, and it is your fault I am not now with your wife.

Sir Jaſp. But pray, do not let her know ſo much; the

the truth on it is, I was advancing a certain project to his majesty, about——I will tell you.

Horn. No, let us go, and hear it at your house. Good night, sweet little gentleman; one kiss more, you will remember me now, I hope. [*Kisses her.*

Dor. What, Sir Jasper, will you separate friends? He promis'd to sup with us, and if you take him to your house, you will be in danger of our company too.

Sir Jasp. Alas, gentlemen, my house is not fit for you, there are none but civil women there, which are not for your turn: he, you know, can bear with the society of civil women now, ha, ha, ha; besides, he is one of my family——he is——he, he, he.

Dor. What is he?

Sir Jasp. Faith, my eunuch, since you will have it; he, he, he. [*Ex. Sir* Jasper Fidget *and* Horner.

Dor. I rather wish thou wert his or my cuckold. Harcourt, what a good cuckold is lost there, for want of a man to make him one! Thee and I cannot have Horner's privilege, who can make use of it.

Harc. Ay, to poor Horner, 'tis like coming to an estate at threescore, when a man cannot be the better for it.

Pinch. Come,

Mrs. Pinch. Presently, Bud.

Dor. Come, let us go too. Madam, your servant. [*To* Alith.] Good night, Strapper—— [*To* Lucy.

Harc. Madam, though you will not let me have a good day, or night, I wish you one; but dare not name the other half of my wish.

Alith. Good night, Sir, for ever.

Mrs. Pinch. I do not know where to put this here, dear Bud; you shall eat it; nay, you shall have part of the fine gentleman's good things, or treat, as you call it, when we come home.

Pinch. Indeed, I deserve it, since I furnished the best part of it. [*Strikes away the orange.*

The gallant treats presents, and gives the ball;
But 'tis the absent cuckold pays for all.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Pinchwife's *Houſe*.

Enter Lucy, *and* Alithea *dreſſed in new Cloaths*.

Lucy.

WELL, Madam, now I have dreſſed you, and ſet you out with ſo many ornaments, and ſpent upon you ounces of eſſence and pulvillio; and all this for no other purpoſe, but as people adorn and perfume a corpſe for a ſtinking, ſecond-hand grave; ſuch, or as bad, I think Maſter Sparkiſh's bed.

Alith. Hold your peace.

Lucy. Nay, Madam, I will aſk you the reaſon why you would baniſh poor Maſter Harcourt for ever from your ſight? How could you be ſo hard-hearted?

Alith. 'Twas becauſe I was not hard-hearted.

Lucy. No, no; 'twas ſtark love and kindneſs, I warrant.

Alith. It was ſo; I would ſee him no more, becauſe I love him.

Lucy. Hey-day! a very pretty reaſon!

Alith. You do not underſtand me.

Lucy. I wiſh you may yourſelf.

Alith. I was engaged to marry, you ſee, another man, whom my juſtice will not ſuffer me to deceive or injure.

Lucy. Can there be a greater cheat or wrong done to a man, than to give him your perſon without your heart? I ſhould make a conſcience of it.

Alith. I'll retrieve it for him, after I am married a while.

Lucy. The woman that marries to love better, will be as much miſtaken as the wencher that marries to live better. No, Madam, marrying to increaſe love, is like gaming to become rich; alas! you only loſe what little ſtock you had before.

Alith. I find, by your rhetoric, you have been bribed to betray me.

Lucy. Only by his merit, that has bribed your heart, you ſee, againſt your word and rigid honour. But what a devil is this honour? 'Tis ſure a diſeaſe in the head, like the megrim, or falling-ſickneſs, that always hurries people away to do themſelves miſchief. Men loſe their lives

lives by it; women, what's dearer to them, their love, the life of life.

Alith. Come, pray, talk no more of honour, nor Master Harcourt. I wish the other would come to secure my fidelity to him, and his right in me.

Lucy. You will marry him, then?

Alith. Certainly; I have given him already my word, and will my hand too, to make it good, when he comes.

Lucy. Well, I wish I may never stick pin more, if he be not an errant natural, to t'other fine gentleman.

Alith. I own he wants the wit of Harcourt, which I will dispense withal, for another want he has, which is want of jealousy, which men of wit seldom want.

Lucy. Lord, Madam, what should you do with a fool to your husband? You intend to be honest, don't you? Then that husbandly virtue, credulity, is thrown away upon you.

Alith. He only that could suspect my virtue, should have cause to do it: 'tis Sparkish's confidence in my truth, that obliges me to be so faithful to him.

Lucy. You are not sure his opinion may last.

Alith. I am satisfied 'tis impossible for him to be jealous, after the proofs I have had of him. Jealousy in a husband! Heaven defend me from it! it begets a thousand plagues to a poor woman, the loss of her honour, her quiet, and her——

Lucy. And her pleasure.

Alith. What d'ye mean, impertinent?

Lucy. Liberty is a great pleasure, Madam.

Alith. I say, loss of her honour, her quiet, nay, her life sometimes; and what's as bad almost, the loss of this town: that is, she is sent into the country, which is the last ill usage of a husband to a wife, I think.

Lucy. Oh, does the wind lie there? [*Aside.*] Then, of necessity, Madam, you think a man must carry his wife into the country, if he be wise. The country is as terrible, I find, to our young English ladies, as a monastery to those abroad; and, on my virginity, I think they would rather marry a London gaoler than a high sheriff of a county, since neither can stir from his employment. Formerly women of wit married fools for a great estate, a fine seat,

seat, or the like; but now 'tis for a pretty seat only in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, St. James's-Fields, or the Pall-Mall.

Enter Sparkish, *and* Harcourt *dressed like a Parson.*

Spark. Madam, your humble servant; a happy day to you, and to us all.

Harc. Amen.

Alith. Who have we here?

Spark. My Chaplain, faith—Oh, Madam, poor Harcourt remembers his humble service to you; and in obedience to your last commands, refrains coming into your sight.

Alith. Is not that he?

Spark. No, fie, no; but to shew that he ne'er intended to hinder our match, has sent his brother here to join our hands. When I get me a wife I must get her a chaplain, according to the custom; this is his brother, and my chaplain.

Alith. His brother!

Lucy. And your chaplain, to preach in your pulpit then. [*Aside.*

Alith. His brother!

Spark. Nay, I knew you would not believe it. I told you, Sir, she would take you for your brother Frank.

Alith. Believe it!

Lucy. His brother! ha, ha, he! He has a trick left still, it seems. [*Aside.*

Spark. Come, my dearest, pray, let us go to church before the canonical hour is past.

Alith. For shame! you are abused still.

Spark. By the world, 'tis strange now you are so incredulous.

Alith. 'Tis strange you are so credulous.

Spark. Dearest of my life, hear me. I tell you this is Ned Harcourt of Cambridge, by the world; you see he has a sneaking college look. 'Tis true, he's something like his brother Frank; and they differ from each other no more than in their age, for they were twins.

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha!

Alith. Your servant, Sir; I cannot be so deceived, tho' you are. But, come, let's hear, how do you know what you affirm so confidently?

Spark. Why, I'll tell you all. Frank Harcourt coming to me this morning, to wish me joy, and present his service

vice to you, I asked him if he could help me to a parson? Whereupon he told me he had a brother in town who was in orders; and he went straight away, and sent him, you see there, to me!

Alith. Yes, Frank goes and puts on a black coat, then tells you he is Ned; that's all you have for it.

Spark. Pshaw, pshaw! I tell you, by the same token, the midwife put her garter about Frank's neck, to know them asunder, they were so like.

Alith. Frank tells you this too?

Spark. Ay, and Ned there too. Nay, they are both in a story.

Alith. So, so; very foolish——

Spark. Lord, if you won't believe one, you had best try him by your chamber-maid there; for chamber-maids must needs know chaplains from other men, they are so used to them.

Lucy. Let's see. Nay, I'll be sworn, he has the canonical smirk, and the filthy clammy palm of a chaplain.

Alith. Well, most reverend Doctor, pray, let us make an end of this fooling.

Harc. With all my soul, divine, heavenly creature, when you please.

Alith. He speaks like a chaplain indeed.

Spark. Why, was there not soul, divine, heavenly, in what he said?

Alith. Once more, most impertinent Black-coat, cease your persecution, and let us have a conclusion of this ridiculous love.

Harc. I had forgot; I must suit my style to my coat, or I wear it in vain. [*Aside.*

Alith. I have no more patience left; let us make at once an end of this troublesome love, I say.

Harc. So be it, seraphic lady, when your honour shall think it meet and convenient so to do.

Spark. Gad, I'm sure none but a chaplain could speak so, I think.

Alith. Let me tell you, Sir, this dull trick will not serve your turn; tho' you delay our marriage, you shall not hinder it.

Harc. Far be it from me, munificent patroness, to delay your marriage; I desire nothing more than to marry

you

you preſently, which I might do, if you yourſelf would; for my noble, good-natured, and thrice generous patron here would not hinder it.

Spark. No, poor man, not I, faith.

Harc. And now, Madam, let me tell you plainly, nobody elſe ſhall marry you; by heavens, I'll die firſt; for I'm ſure I ſhould die after it.

Lucy. How his love has made him forget his function, as I have ſeen it in real parſons!

Alith. That was ſpoken like a chaplain too; now you underſtand him, I hope.

Spark. Poor man! he takes it heinouſly to be refuſed; I can't blame him; 'tis putting an indignity upon him, not to be ſuffered: but you'll pardon me, Madam, it ſhan't be; he ſhall marry us. Come away, pray, Madam.

Lucy. Ha, ha, he! more ado? 'tis late.

Alith. Invincible ſtupidity! I tell you he would marry me as your rival, not as your chaplain.

Spark. Come, come, Madam. [*Pulling her away.*

Lucy. I pray, Madam, do not refuſe this reverend divine the honour and ſatisfaction of marrying you; for, I dare ſay, he has ſet his heart upon it, good Doctor.

Alith. What can you hope or deſign by this?

Harc. I could anſwer her, a reprieve, for a day only, often revokes a haſty doom. At worſt, if ſhe will not take mercy on me, and let me marry her, I have at leaſt the lover's ſecond pleaſure, hindering my rival's enjoyment, tho' but for a time. [*Aſide.*

Spark. Come, Madam, 'tis e'en twelve o'clock; and my mother charged me never to be married out of the canonical hours. Come, come; Lord, here's ſuch a deal of modeſty, I warrant, the firſt day.

Lucy. Yes, an't pleaſe your worſhip, married women ſhew all their modeſty the firſt day, becauſe married men ſhew all their love the firſt day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Bed-chamber, where appear* Pinchwife *and* Mrs. Pinchwife.

Pinch. Come, tell me, I ſay.

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, han't I told it an hundred times over?

Pinch. I would try if, in the repetition of the ungrateful

ful tale, I could find her altering it in the leaſt circumſtance; for if her ſtory be falſe, ſhe is ſo too. [*Aſide.*] Come, how was it, baggage?

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, what a pleaſure you take to hear it, ſure!

Pinch. No, you take more in telling it, I find; but ſpeak, how was it?

Mrs. Pinch. He carried me up into the houſe next to the Exchange.

Pinch. So, and you two were only in the room.

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, for he ſent away a youth that was there, for ſome dried fruit and China oranges.

Pinch. Did he ſo? Damn him for it—and for——

Mrs. Pinch. But preſently came up the gentlewoman of the houſe.

Pinch. Oh, 'twas well ſhe did. But what did he do whilſt the fruit came?

Mrs. Pinch. He kiſſed me a hundred times, and told me he fancied he kiſſed my fine ſiſter, meaning me, you know, whom he ſaid he loved with all his ſoul; and bid me be ſure to tell her ſo, and to deſire her to be at her window by eleven of the clock this morning, and he would walk under it at that time.

Pinch. And he was as good as his word; very punctual; a pox reward him for't! [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Pinch. Well, and he ſaid, if you were not within, he would come up to her, meaning me, you know, Bud, ſtill.

Pinch. So—he knew her certainly. But for this confeſſion I am obliged to her ſimplicity. [*Aſide.*] But what, you ſtood very ſtill when he kiſſed you?

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, I warrant you; would you have had me diſcover myſelf?

Pinch. But you told me he did ſome beaſtlineſs to you, as you call it; what was't?

Mrs. Pinch. Why, he put——

Pinch. What?

Mrs. Pinch. Why, he put the tip of his tongue between my lips, and ſo muzzled me——and I ſaid I'd bite it.

Pinch. An eternal canker ſeize it, for a dog!

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, you need not be ſo angry with him

neither; for, to say truth, he has the sweetest breath I ever knew.

Pinch. The devil!—you were satisfied with it then, and would do it again.

Mrs. Pinch. Not unless he should force me.

Pinch. Force you, changeling! I tell you, no woman can be forced.

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, but she may, sure, by such a one as he; for he's a proper, goodly, strong man; 'tis hard, let me tell you, to resist him.

Pinch. So, 'tis plain she loves him, but she has not love enough to make her conceal it from me: but the sight of him will encrease her aversion for me, and love for him; and that love instruct her how to deceive me, and satisfy him, all ideot as she is. Love! 'twas he gave women first their craft, their art of deluding; out of Nature's hands they came plain, open, silly, and fit for slaves, as she and Heaven intended them: but damn'd love!—Well, I must strangle that little monster, whilst I can deal with him. [*Aside.*] Go, fetch pen, ink, and paper out of the next room.

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, Bud. [*Exit.*

Pinch. Why should women have more invention in love than men? It can only be, because they have more desires, more soliciting passions, more lust, and more of the devil.

Re-enter Mrs. Pinchwife.

Come, Minks, sit down and write.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, dear, dear Bud: but I can't do't very well.

Pinch. I wish you could not at all.

Mrs. Pinch. But what should I write for?

Pinch. I'll have you write a letter to your lover.

Mrs. Pinch. Oh, Lord! to the fine gentleman a letter!

Pinch. Yes, to the fine gentleman.

Mrs. Pinch. Lord! you do but jeer; sure you jest.

Pinch. I am not so merry. Come, write as I bid you.

Mrs. Pinch. What, do you think I am a fool?

Pinch. She's afraid I would not dictate any love to him, therefore she's unwilling: but you had best begin.

Mrs. Pinch. Indeed, and indeed, but I won't, so I won't.

Pinch. Why? *Mrs.*

Mrs. Pinch. Becauſe he's in town; you may ſend for him, if you will.

Pinch. Very well; you would have him brought to you. Is it come to this? I ſay, take the pen and write, or you'll provoke me.

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, what d'ye make a fool of me for? Don't I know that letters are never writ, but from the country to London, and from London into the country; now he's in town, and I am in town too; therefore I can't write to him, you know.

Pinch. So, I am glad it is no worſe: ſhe is innocent enough yet. [*Aſide.*] Yes, you may, when your huſband bids, write letters to people that are in town.

Mrs. Pinch. Oh, may I ſo? Then I am ſatisfied.

Pinch. Come, begin—Sir— [*Dictates.*

Mrs. Pinch. Shan't I ſay, Dear Sir? You know one ſays always ſomething more than bare Sir.

Pinch. Write as I bid you, or I will write whore with this penknife in your face.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, good Bud——Sir— [*She writes.*

Pinch. Though I ſuffered laſt night your nauſeous, loathed kiſſes and embraces——Write.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, why ſhould I ſay ſo? You know I told you he had a ſweet breath.

Pinch. Write.

Mrs. Pinch. Let me but put out loathed.

Pinch. Write, I ſay.

Mrs. Pinch. Well, then. [*Writes.*

Pinch. Let's ſee what you have writ. [*Takes the paper and reads.*] "Tho' I ſuffered laſt night your kiſſes and embraces"——Thou impudent creature! where is nauſeous and loathed?

Mrs. Pinch. I can't abide to write ſuch filthy words.

Pinch. Once more, write as I'd have you, and queſtion it not, or I will ſpoil thy writing with this. [*Holds up the penknife.*] I will ſtab out thoſe eyes that cauſe my miſchief.

Mrs. Pinch. Oh, lord! I will.

Pinch. So, ſo—Let's ſee now. [*Reads.*] "Tho' I ſuffered laſt night your nauſeous, loathed kiſſes and embraces"—go on—Yet I would not have you preſume that you ſhall ever repeat them—So—— [*She writes.*

Mrs. Pinch. I have writ it.

Pinch. On then—I then concealed myself from your knowledge to avoid your insolencies——— [*She writes.*

Mrs. Pinch. So———

Pinch. The same reason, now I am out of your hands—

Mrs. Pinch. So—— [*She writes.*

Pinch. Makes me own to you my unfortunate, tho' innocent frolic, of being in man's cloaths—— [*She writes.*

Mrs. Pinch. So——

Pinch. That you may for evermore cease to pursue her, who hates and detests you—— [*She writes on.*

Mrs. Pinch. So—h— [*Sighs.*

Pinch. What, do you sigh?—Detests you, as much as she loves her husband and her honour———

Mrs. Pinch. I vow, husband, he'll ne'er believe I should write such a letter.

Pinch. What, he'd expect a kinder from you? Come, now, your name only.

Mrs. Pinch. What, shan't I say, your most faithful humble servant till death?

Pinch. No, tormenting fiend! Her stile, I find, would be very soft. [*Aside.*] Come, wrap it up now, whilst I go fetch wax and a candle: and write on the back-side, For Mr. Horner. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Pinch. For Mr. Horner—So, I am glad he has told me his name. Dear Mr. Horner, but why should I send thee such a letter, that will vex thee, and make thee angry with me?—Well, I will not send it—Ay, but then my husband will kill me; for I see plainly he will not let me love Mr. Horner. But what care I for my husband? I won't, so I won't, send poor Mr. Horner such a letter—But then my husband—But, Oh—what if I writ at bottom my husband made me write it?—Ay, but then my husband would see it. Can one have no shift? Ah, a London woman would have had a hundred presently!—Stay—What if I should write a letter, and wrap it up like this, and write upon't too? Ay; but then my husband would see it—I don't know what to do——But yet, i'vads I'll try, so I will; for I will not send this letter to poor Mr. Horner, come what will on't.—[*She writes, and repeats what she hath writ.*] "Dear, sweet Mr. Horner,"—So——"My husband would have me send you a base, rude, unmannerly letter; but I won't."—So——"And would

would have me forbid you loving me; but I won't."--So--"And would have me say to you, I hate you, poor Mr. Horner! but I won't tell a lie for him;"--There--"for I am sure if you and I were in the country at cards together,"—So—"I could not help treading on your toe under the table,"—So—"or rubbing knees with you, and staring in your face, till you saw me,"—Very well—"and then looking down, and blushing for an hour together;"—So—"but I must make haste before my husband comes; and now he has taught me to write letters, you shall have longer ones from me, who am,

Dear, dear, poor, dear Mr. Horner,
Your most humble friend and
Servant to command till death,
MARGERY PINCHWIFE,"

Stay, I must give him a hint at bottom,——So——now wrap it up just like t'other;---So---now write for Mr. Horner:——But, Oh, now what shall I do with it? for here comes my husband.

Enter Pinchwife.

Pinch. I have been detained by a sparkish coxcomb, who pretended a visit to me; I but fear 'twas to my wife. [*Aside.*] What have you done?

Mrs. Pinch. Here---[*He opens and reads the first letter.*] No, I must not give him that, so I had been served if I had given him this. [*Aside.*

Pinch. Come, where's the wax and seal?

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, what shall I do now? Nay, then I have it---[*Aside.*] Pray let me see't. Lord, you think me so errand a fool, I cannot seal a letter; I will do't, so I will. [*Snatches the letter from him, changes it for the other, seals it, and delivers to him.*

Pinch. Nay, I believe you will learn that and other things too, which I would not have you.

Mrs. Pinch. So, han't I done it curiously? I think I have; there's my letter going to Mr. Horner, since he'll needs have me send letters to folks. [*Aside.*

Pinch. 'Tis very well; but I warrant, you would not have it go now?

Mrs. Pinch. Yes indeed, but I would, Bud, now.

Pinch. Well, you are a good girl then; come let me lock you up in your chamber, till I come back; and be sure you come not within three strides of the window,

when I am gone; for I have a ſpy in the ſtreet. [*Exit Mrs.* Pinchwife. Pinchwife *locks the door.*] At leaſt 'tis fit ſhe thinks ſo: if we do not cheat women, they'll cheat us; and fraud may be juſtly uſed with ſecret enemies, of which a wife is the moſt dangerous; and he that has a handſome one to keep, and a frontier town, muſt provide againſt treachery, rather than open force---Now I have ſecured all within, I'll deal with the foe without, with falſe intelligence. [*Holds up the letter.* *Exit* Pinchwife.

The SCENE *changes to* Horner's *Lodgings.*

Quack *and* Horner.

Quack. Well, Sir, how ſadges the new deſign? Have you not the luck of all your brother projectors, to deceive only yourſelf at laſt?

Horn. No, good Domine Doctor, I deceive you it ſeems, and others too; for the grave matrons and old rigid huſbands think me as unfit for love, as they are; but their wives, ſiſters, and daughters, know, ſome of them, better things already.

Quack. Already!

Horn. Already, I ſay; laſt night I was drunk with half a dozen of your civil perſons, as you call them, and people of honour, and ſo was made free of their ſociety and dreſſing-rooms for ever hereafter; and am already come to the privileges of ſleeping upon their pallats, warming ſmocks, tying ſhoes and garters, and the like, Doctor, already, already, Doctor.

Quack. You have made uſe of your time, Sir.

Horn. I tell thee, I am now no more interruption to them, when they ſing, or talk bawdy, than a little ſquab French page, who ſpeaks no Engliſh.

Quack. But do civil perſons and women of honour drink, and ſing bawdy ſongs?

Horn. Oh, amongſt friends, amongſt friends; for your bigots in honour are juſt like thoſe in religion; they fear the eye of the world, more than the eye of Heaven; and think there is no virtue, but railing at vice, and no ſin, but giving ſcandal: they rail at a poor, little, kept player, and keep themſelves ſome young, modeſt pulpit comedian to be privy to their ſins in their cloſets, not to tell them of them in their chapels.

Quack.

Quack. Nay, the truth on't is, prieſts, amongſt the women now, have quite got the better of us lay confeſſors, phyſicians.

Horn. And they are rather their patients, but——

Enter Lady Fidget, *looking about her.*

Now we talk of women of honour, here comes one. Step behind the ſcreen there, and but obſerve, if I have not particular privileges with the women of reputation already, Doctor, already.

Lady Fidg. Well, Horner, am not I a woman of honour? You ſee I'm as good as my word.

Horn. And you ſhall ſee, Madam, I'll not be behindhand with you in honour; and I'll be as good as my word too, if you but pleaſe to withdraw into the next room.

Lady Fidg. But firſt, my dear Sir, you muſt promiſe to have a care of my dear honour.

Horn. If you talk a word more of your honour, you'll make me incapable to wrong it; to talk of honour, in the myſteries of love, is like talking of heaven, or the Deity, in an operation of witchcraft; juſt when you are employing the devil, it makes the charm impotent.

Lady Fidg. Nay, fye, let us not be ſmutty; but you talk of myſteries and bewitching to me, I don't underſtand you.

Horn. I tell you, Madam, the word money in a miſtreſs's mouth, at ſuch a nick of time, is not a more diſheartening ſound to a younger brother, than that of honour to an eager lover like myſelf.

Lady Fidg. But you can't blame a lady of my reputation to be chary.

Horn. Chary—I have been chary of it already, by the report I have cauſed of myſelf.

Lady Fidg. Ay, but if you ſhould ever let other women know that dear ſecret, it would come out; nay, you muſt have a great care of your conduct; for my acquaintance are ſo cenſorious (Oh, 'tis a wicked cenſorious world, Mr. Horner) I ſay, are ſo cenſorious, and detracting, that perhaps they'll talk to the prejudice of my honour, though you ſhould not let them know the dear ſecret.

Horn. Nay, Madam, rather than they ſhall prejudice your honour, I'll prejudice theirs; and to ſerve you, I'll

lie with them all, make the ſecret their own, and then they'll keep it: I am a Machiavel in love, Madam.

Lady Fidg. Oh, no, Sir, not that way.

Horn. Nay, the devil take me, if cenſorious women are to be ſilenced any other way.

Lady Fidg. A ſecret is better kept, I hope, by a ſingle perſon than a multitude, therefore pray do not truſt any body elſe with it, dear, dear Mr. Horner.

Enter Sir Jaſper Fidget.

Sir Jaſp. How now!

Lady Fidg. Oh, my huſband—prevented—and what's almoſt as bad, found with my arms about another man—that will appear too much—What ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.*] Sir Jaſper, come hither; I am trying if Mr. Horner were tickliſh, and he's as tickliſh as can be. I love to torment the confounded toad; let you and I tickle him.

Sir Jaſp. No, your Ladyſhip will tickle him better without me, I ſuppoſe; but is this your buying china? I thought you had been at the china-houſe.

Horn. China-houſe, that's my cue, I muſt take it. [*Aſide.*] A pox, can't you keep your impertinent wives at home? Some men are troubled with the huſbands, but I with the wives; but I'd have you to know, ſince I cannot be your journeyman by night, I will not be your drudge by day, to ſquire your wife about, and be your man of ſtraw, or ſcare-crow only to pyes and jays; that would be nibbling at your forbidden fruit; I ſhall be ſhortly the hackney gentleman-uſher of the town.

Sir Jaſp. Heh, heh, heh, poor fellow he's in the right on't, faith; to ſquire women about for other folks, is as ungrateful an employment, as to tell money for other folks. [*Aſide.*] He, he, he, be not angry, Horner——

Lady Fidg. No, 'tis I have more reaſon to be angry, who am left by you, to go abroad indecently alone; or, what is more indecent, to pin myſelf upon ſuch ill-bred people of your acquaintance, as this is.

Sir Jaſp. Nay, pr'ythee, what has he done?

Lady Fidg Nay, he has done nothing.

Sir Jaſp. But what d'ye take ill, if he has done nothing?

Lady Fidg. Hah, hah, hah, faith, I can't but laugh however; why, d'ye think the unmannerly toad would

not come down to me to the coach, I was fain to come up to fetch him, or go without him, which I was resolved not to do, for he knows china very well, and has himself very good, but will not let me see it, lest I should beg some; but I will find it out, and have what I came for yet. [*Exit Lady* Fidget, *and locks the door, followed by* Horner *to the door.*

Horn. Lock the door, Madam—[*Apart to Lady* Fidg.] So, she has got into my chamber, and locked me out; Oh, the impertinency of woman-kind! Well, Sir Jasper, plain-dealing is a jewel; if ever you suffer your wife to trouble me again here, she shall carry you home a pair of horns; by my lord mayor she shall; though I cannot furnish you myself, you are sure, yet I'll find a way.

Sir Jasp. Hah, ha, he, at my first coming in, and finding her arms about him, tickling him it seems, I was half jealous, but now I see my folly. [*Aside.*] He, he, he, poor Horner.

Horn. Nay, though you laugh now, 'twill be my turn ere long. Oh, women, more impertinent, more cunning, and more mischievous than their monkeys, and to me almost as ugly—Now is she throwing my things about, and rifling all I have, but I'll get in to her the back way, and so rifle her for it—

Sir Jasp. Hah, ha, ha, poor angry Horner.

Horn. Stay here a little, I'll ferret her out to you presently, I warrant. [*Exit* Horner *at the other door.*

[*Sir* Jasper *talks through the door to his wife, she answers from within.*

Sir Jasp. Wife, my Lady Fidget, wife, he is coming in to you the back way.

Lady Fidg. Let him come, and welcome, which way he will.

Sir Jasp. He'll catch you, and use you roughly, and be too strong for you.

Lady Fidg. Don't you trouble yourself, let him if he can.

Quack. [*Behind.*] This indeed I could not have believed from him, nor any but my own eyes.

Enter Mrs. Squeamish.

Squeam. Where's this woman-hater, this toad, this ugly, greasy, dirty sloven?

Sir

Sir Jasp. So, the women all will have him ugly; methinks he is a comely person; but his wants make his form contemptible to them; and 'tis e'en as my wife said yesterday, talking of him, that a proper handsome eunuch was as ridiculous a thing, as a gigantic coward.

Squeam. Sir Jasper, your servant: where is the odious beast?

Sir Jasp. He's within in his chamber, with my wife; she's playing the wag with him.

Squeam. Is she so? and he's a clownish beast, he'll give her no quarter, he'll play the wag with her again, let me tell you. Come, let's go help her—What, the door's locked?

Sir Jasp. Ay, my wife locked it—

Squeam. Did she so? let us break it open then.

Sir Jasp. No, no, he'll do her no hurt.

Squeam. No—But is there no other way to get in to them; whither goes this? I will disturb them. [*Aside.*

[*Exit* Squeamish *at another door.*

Enter Old Lady Squeamish.

Lady Squeam. Where is this harlotry, this impudent baggage, this rambling tomrigg? Oh, Sir Jasper, I'm glad to see you here: did you not see my wild grandchild come in hither just now?

Sir Jasp. Yes.

Lady Squeam. Ay, but where is she then; where is she? Lord, Sir Jasper, I have e'en rattled myself to pieces, in pursuit of her; but can you tell what makes she here? They say below, no woman lodges here.

Sir Jasp. No.

Lady Squeam. No—What does she here then? Say, if it be not a woman's lodging, what makes she here? But are you sure no woman lodges here?

Sir Jasp. No, nor no man neither, this is Mr. Horner's lodging.

Lady Squeam. Is it so, are you sure?

Sir Jasp. Yes, yes.

Lady Squeam. So; then there's no hurt in't, I hope: but where is he?

Sir Jasp. He's in the next room with my wife.

Lady Squeam. Nay, if you trust him with your wife, I may with my Biddy; they say he's a merry harmless man

man now, e'en as harmleſs a man as ever came out of Italy with a good voice, and is pretty, harmleſs company for a lady, as a ſnake without his teeth.

Sir Jaſp. Ay, ay, poor man.

Enter Mrs. Squeamiſh.

Squeam. I can't find them—Oh, are you here, grandmother; I followed, you muſt know, my Lady Fidget hither, 'tis the prettieſt lodging, and I have been ſtaring on the prettieſt pictures.

Enter Lady Fidget *with a piece of china in her hand, and* Horner *following.*

Lady Fidg. And I have been toiling and moiling, for the prettieſt piece of china, my dear.

Horn. Nay, ſhe has been too hard for me, do what I could.

Squeam. Oh, lord, I'll have ſome china too, good Mr. Horner; don't think to give other people china, and me none; come in with me too.

Horn. Upon my honour, I have none left now.

Squeam. Nay, nay, I have known you deny your china before now; but you ſhan't put me off ſo; come—

Horn. This Lady had the laſt there.

Lady Fidg. Yes indeed, Madam, to my certain knowledge he has no more left.

Squeam. Oh, but it may be he may have ſome you could not find.

Lady Fidg. What d'ye think if he had had any left, I would not have had it too? for we women of quality never think we have china enough.

Horn. Do not take it ill; I cannot make china for you all; but I will have a roll-waggon for you too, another time.

Squeam. Thank you, dear toad. [*To* Horner *aſide.*

Lady Fidg. What do you mean by that promiſe?

Horn. Alas, ſhe has an innocent, literal underſtanding. [*Apart to Lady* Fidget.

Lady Squeam. Poor Mr. Horner! he has enough to do to pleaſe you all, I ſee.

Horn. Ay, Madam, you ſee how they uſe me.

Lady Squeam. Poor gentleman, I pity you.

Horn. I thank you, Madam, I could never find pity, but

but from such reverend ladies as you are, the young ones will never spare a man.

Squeam. Come, come, beast, and go dine with us; for we shall want a man at ombre after dinner.

Horn. That's all their use of me, Madam, you see.

Squeam. Come, sloven, I'll lead you to be sure of you. [*Pulls him by the cravat.*

Lady Squeam. Alas, poor man, how she tugs him; kiss, kiss her, that's the way to make such nice women quiet.

Horn. No, Madam, that remedy is worse than the torment; they know I dare suffer any thing rather than do it.

Lady Squeam. Pr'ythee, kiss her, and I'll give you her picture in little, that you admired so last night; pr'ythee do.

Horn. Well, nothing but that could bribe me; I love a woman only in effigy, and good painting as much as I hate them—I'll do't, for I could adore the devil well painted. [*Kisses Mrs.* Squeam.

Squeam. Foh, you filthy toad; nay, now I've done jesting.

Lady Squeam. Ha, ha, ha, I told you so.

Squeam. Foh, a kiss of his——

Sir Jasp. Has no more hurt in't, than one of my spaniel's.

Squeam. Nor no more good neither.

Quack. I will now believe any thing he tells me. [*Behind.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

Lady Fidg. Oh, Lord, here's a man, Sir Jasper, my mask, my mask; I would not be seen here for the world.

Sir Jasp. What? not when I am with you.

Lady Fidg. No, no, my honour—let's begone.

Squeam. Oh, grandmother, let us begone, make haste, make haste; I know not how he may censure us.

Lady Fidg. Be found in the lodging of any thing like man; away. [*Exeunt Sir* Jasper, *Lady* Fidget, *Lady* Squeamish, *and Mrs.* Squeamish.

Quack. What's here, another cuckold—he looks like one, and none else sure have any business with him. [*Behind.*

Horn.

Horn. Well, what brings my dear friend hither?

Pinch. Your impertinency.

Horn. My impertinency—Why, you gentlemen that have got handſome wives, think you have a privilege of ſaying any thing to your friends, and are as brutiſh as if you were our creditors.

Pinch. No, Sir, I'll ne'er truſt you any way.

Horn. But why not, dear Jack; why diffide in me thou knoweſt ſo well?

Pinch. Becauſe I do know you ſo well.

Horn. Han't I been always thy friend, honeſt Jack, always ready to ſerve thee, in love, or battle, before thou wert married, and am ſo ſtill?

Pinch. I believe ſo; you would be my ſecond, now indeed.

Horn. Well then, dear Jack, why ſo unkind, ſo grum, ſo ſtrange to me: come, pr'ythee kiſs me, dear rogue; gad I was always, I ſay, and am ſtill as much thy ſervant as ——

Pinch. As I am yours, Sir. What you would ſend a kiſs to my wife, is that it?

Horn. So there 'tis—a man can't ſhew his friendſhip to a married man, but preſently he talks of his wife to you. Pr'ythee let thy wife alone, and let thee and I be all one, as we were wont. What, thou art as ſhy of my kindneſs as a Lombard-ſtreet alderman of a courtier's civility at Locket's.

Pinch. But you are over-kind to me, as kind as if I were your cuckold already; yet I muſt confeſs you ought to be kind and civil to me, ſince I am ſo kind, ſo civil to you, as to bring you this; look you there, Sir.

[*Delivers him a letter.*

Horn. What is't?

Pinch. Only a love-letter, Sir.

Horn. From whom?---How! this is from your wife---hum---and hum—— [*Reads.*

Pinch. Even from my wife, Sir. Am I not wonderous kind and civil to you, now too?—But you'll not think her ſo. [*Aſide.*

Horn. Ha, is this a trick of his, or her's? [*Aſide.*

Pinch. The gentleman's ſurpriſed I find; what, you expected a kinder letter?

Horn.

Horn. No, faith, not I, how could I?

Pinch. Yes, yes, I am ſure you did; a man ſo well made as you are, muſt needs be diſappointed, if the women declare not their paſſion at firſt ſight or opportunity.

Horn. But what ſhould this mean? Stay, the poſtſcript. "Be ſure you love me, whatſoever my huſband ſays to the contrary; and let him not ſee this, leſt he ſhould come home, and pinch me, or kill my ſquirrel." [*Reads aſide.*] It ſeems, he knows not what the letter contains. [*Aſide.*

Pinch. Come, ne'er wonder at it ſo much.

Horn. Faith, I can't help it.

Pinch. Now, I think, I have deſerved your infinite friendſhip, and kindneſs, and have ſhewed myſelf ſufficiently an obliging kind friend and huſband; am I not ſo, to bring a letter from my wife to her gallant?

Horn. Ay, the devil take me, art thou, the moſt obliging, kind friend and huſband in the world, ha, ha.

Pinch. Well, you may be merry, Sir; but in ſhort I muſt tell you, Sir, my honour will ſuffer no jeſting.

Horn. What doſt thou mean?

Pinch. Does the letter want a comment? Then, know, Sir, though I have been ſo civil a huſband, as to bring you a letter from my wife, to let you kiſs and court her to my face; I will not be a cuckold, Sir, I will not.

Horn. Thou art mad with jealouſy; I never ſaw thy wife in my life, but at the play yeſterday, and I know not if it were ſhe or no. I court her, kiſs her!

Pinch. I will not be a cuckold, I ſay; there will be danger in making me a cuckold.

Horn. Why, wert thou not well cured of thy laſt clap?

Pinch. I wear a ſword.

Horn. It ſhould be taken from thee, leſt thou ſhouldſt do thyſelf a miſchief with it; thou art mad, man.

Pinch. As mad as I am, and as merry as you are, I muſt have more reaſon from you ere we part. I ſay again, though you kiſſed, and courted laſt night my wife in man's clothes, as ſhe confeſſes in her letter.

Horn. Ha—— [*Aſide.*

Pinch. Both ſhe and I ſay, you muſt not deſign it again; for you have miſtaken your woman, as you have done your man.

Horn. Oh---I underſtand ſomething now --[*Aſide.*]

Was

Was that thy wife? Why wouldſt thou not tell me 'twas ſhe? Faith, my freedom with her was your fault, not mine.

Pinch. Faith, ſo 'twas—— [*Aſide.*

Horn. Fye, I never do't to a woman before her huſband's face, ſure.

Pinch. But I had rather you ſhould do't to my wife before my face, than behind my back, and that you ſhall never do.

Horn. No—you will hinder me.

Pinch. If I would not hinder you, you ſee by her letter ſhe would.

Horn. Well, I muſt e'en acquieſce then, and be contented with what ſhe writes.

Pinch. I'll aſſure you 'twas voluntarily writ, I had no hand in't, you may believe me.

Horn. I do believe thee, faith.

Pinch. And believe her too, for ſhe's an innocent creature, has no diſſembling in her, and ſo fare you well, Sir.

Horn. Pray, however, preſent my humble ſervice to her, and tell her, I will obey her letter to a tittle, and fulfil her deſires, be what they will, or with what difficulty ſoever I do't; and you ſhall be no more jealous of me, I warrant her and you—

Pinch. Well then, fare you well, and play with any man's honour but mine, kiſs any man's wife but mine, and welcome. [*Exit Mr.* Pinch.

Horn. Ha, ha, ha, Doctor.

Quack. It ſeems he has not heard the report of you, or does not believe it.

Horn. Ha, ha, now Doctor, what think you?

Quack. Pray let's ſee the letter—hum—for—dear—love you—— [*Reads the letter.*

Horn. I wonder how ſhe could contrive it! What ſayeſt thou to't? 'tis an original.

Quack. So are your cuckolds too originals: for they are like no other common cuckolds; and I will henceforth believe it not impoſſible for you to cuckold the Grand Seignior amidſt his guards of eunuchs, that I ſay——

Horn. And I ſay for the letter, 'tis the firſt love-letter

that ever was without flames, darts, fates, deſtinies, lying and diſſembling in it.

Enter Sparkiſh *pulling in Mr.* Pinchwife.

Spark. Come back; you are a pretty brother-in-law, neither go to church, nor to dinner with your ſiſter bride.

Pinch. My ſiſter denies her marriage, and you ſee is gone away from you diſſatisfied.

Spark. Pſhaw! upon a fooliſh ſcruple, that our parſon was not in lawful orders, and did not ſay all the Common-prayer; but 'tis her modeſty only, I believe; but let women be never ſo modeſt the firſt day, they'll be ſure to come to themſelves by night, and I ſhall have enough of her then; in the mean time, Harry Horner, you muſt dine with me; I keep my wedding at my aunt's in the Piazza.

Horn. Thy wedding! What ſtale maid has lived to deſpair of a huſband, or what young one of a gallant?

Spark. Oh, your ſervant, Sir---this gentleman's ſiſter then.---No ſtale maid.

Horn. I'm ſorry for't.

Pinch. How comes he ſo concerned for her? [*Aſide.*

Spark. You ſorry for't? Why do you know any ill by her?

Horn. No, I know none by thee; 'tis for her ſake, not yours, and another man's ſake, that might have hoped, I thought——

Spark. Another man; another man! what is his name?

Horn. Nay, ſince 'tis paſt, he ſhall be nameleſs. Poor Harcourt, I am ſorry thou haſt miſſed her. [*Aſide.*

Pinch. He ſeems to be much troubled at the match--- [*Aſide.*

Spark. Pr'ythee tell me---nay, you ſhan't go, brother.

Pinch. I muſt of neceſſity; but I'll come to you to dinner. [*Exit* Pinchwife.

Spark. But, Harry, what have I a rival in my wife already? But with all my heart, for he may be of uſe to me hereafter: for though my hunger is now my ſauce, and I can fall on heartily without, the time will come, when a rival will be as good ſauce for a married man to a wife, as an orange to veal.

Horn. Oh, thou damned rogue, thou haſt ſet my teeth on edge with thy orange.

Spark.

Spark. Then let's to dinner; there I was with you again. Come.

Horn. But who dines with thee?

Spark. My friends and relations, my brother Pinchwife, you see, of your acquaintance.

Horn. And his wife?

Spark. No, 'gad, he'll ne'er let her come amongst us good fellows; your stingy country coxcomb keeps his wife from his friends, as he does his little firkin of ale for his own drinking, and a gentleman can't get a smack on't; but his servants, when his back is turned, broach it at their pleasures, and dust it away; ha, ha, ha! 'gad, I am witty, I think, considering I was married to-day, by the world. But come.

Horn. No, I will not dine with you, unless you can fetch her too.

Spark. Pshaw! what pleasure can'st thou have with women, now, Harry?

Horn. My eyes are not gone; I love a good prospect yet, and will not dine with you, unless she does too; go fetch her, therefore; but do not tell her husband 'tis for my sake.

Spark. Well, I'll go try what I can do. In the mean time, come away to my aunt's lodgings; 'tis in the way to Pinchwife's.

Horn. The poor woman has called for aid, and stretched forth her hand, Doctor: I cannot help her over the pale out of the briars. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *changes to* Pinchwife's *House.*

Mrs. Pinchwife *alone, leaning on her elbow. A table, pen, ink, and paper.*

Mrs. Pinch. Well, 'tis e'en so; I have got the London disease, they call love. I am sick of my husband, and for my gallant. I have heard this distemper called a fever; but methinks 'tis liker an ague; for, when I think of my husband, I tremble, and am in a cold sweat, and have inclinations to vomit; but when I think of my gallant, dear Mr. Horner, my hot fit comes, and I am all in a fever indeed; and, as in other fevers, my own chamber is tedious to me, and I would fain be removed to his, and then, methinks, I should be well. Ah, poor Mr. Horner!

Well, I cannot, will not ſtay here: therefore I'll make an end of my letter to him, which ſhall be a finer letter than my laſt, becauſe I have ſtudied it like any thing——Oh, ſick, ſick! [*Takes the pen and writes.*

Enter Pinchwife, *who, ſeeing her writing, ſteals ſoftly behind her, and, looking over her ſhoulder, ſnatches the paper from her.*

Pinch. What, writing more letters!

Mrs. Pinch. Oh, lord, Bud! why d'ye fright me ſo? [*She offers to run out; he ſtops her, and reads.*

Pinch. How's this? Nay, you ſhall not ſtir, Madam—"Dear, dear, dear Mr. Horner,"—Very well! I have taught you to write letters to good purpoſe. But let's ſee't.—Firſt, I am to beg your pardon for my boldneſs in writing to you, which, I'd have you to know, I would not have done, had not you ſaid firſt you loved me ſo extremely, which, if you do, you will never ſuffer me to lie in the arms of another man, whom I loath, nauſeate, and deteſt."—Now you can't write theſe filthy words. But what follows?—"Therefore I hope you will ſpeedily find ſome way to free me from this unfortunate match, which was never, I aſſure you, of my choice; but I'm afraid 'tis already too far gone. However, if you love me, as I do you, you will try what you can do: but you muſt help me away before to-morrow, or elſe, alas! I ſhall be for ever out of your reach; for I can defer no longer our—our—"——What is to follow our? Speak what?—Our journey into———the country, I ſuppoſe. Oh, woman, damn'd woman! and Love, damn'd Love, their old tempter! for this is one of his miracles. In a moment he can make thoſe blind that could ſee, and thoſe ſee that were blind; thoſe dumb that could ſpeak, and thoſe prattle who were dumb before; nay, what is more than all, make thoſe dough-bak'd, ſenſeleſs, indocile animals, women, too hard for us, their politic lords and rulers, in a moment. But make an end of your letter: and then I'll make an end of you thus, and all my plagues together.

[*Draws his ſword.*

Mrs. Pinch. Oh, lord, Oh, lord! you are ſuch a paſſionate man, Bud.

Enter

Enter Sparkish.

Spark. How now! What's here to do?

Pinch. This fool here now!

Spark. What, drawn upon your wife! You should never do that but at night, in the dark, when you can't hurt her. This is my sister-in-law, is it not? Ay, faith, e'en our country Margery; [*Pulls aside her Hankerchief.*] one may know her. Come, she and you must go dine with me; dinner's ready; come. But where's my wife? Is she not come home yet? Where is she?

Pinch. Making you a cuckold; 'tis that they all do, as soon as they can.

Spark. What, the wedding-day! No; a wife that designs to make a cully of her husband, will be sure to let him win the first stake of love, by the world. But come, they stay dinner for us; come, I'll lead down our Margery.

Mrs. Pinch. No, Sir, go, we'll follow you.

Spark. I'll not wag without you.

Pinch. This coxcomb is a sensible torment to me, amidst the greatest in the world. [*Aside.*

Spark. Come, come, Madam Margery.

Pinch. No, I'll lead her my way. What, would you treat your friends with mine, for want of your own wife? [*Leads her to the other door, locks her in, and returns.*] I am contented my rage should take breath. [*Aside.*

Spark. I told Horner this. [*Aside.*

Pinch. Come now.

Spark. Lord, how shy you are of your wife! But let me tell you, brother, we men of wit have amongst us a saying, that cuckolding, like the small-pox, comes with a fear; and you may keep your wife as much as you will out of danger of infection, but if her constitution incline her to it, she'll have it sooner or later, by the world, say they.

Pinch. What a thing is a cuckold, that every fool can make him ridiculous? [*Aside.*] Well, Sir; but let me advise you, now you are come to be concerned, because you suspect the danger, not to neglect the means to prevent it, especially when the greatest share of the malady will light upon your own head; for

Howe'er the kind wife's belly comes to ſwell,
The huſband breeds for her, and firſt is ill.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, Pinchwife's *Houſe.*

Enter Pinchwife *and* Mrs. Pinchwife. *A table and candle.*

PINCHWIFE.

COME, take the pen, and make an end of the letter, juſt as you intended; if you are falſe in a tittle, I ſhall ſoon perceive it, and puniſh you with this as you deſerve. [*Lays his hand on his ſword.*] Write what was to follow. Let's ſee. [*Reads.*] "You muſt make haſte, and help me away before to-morrow, or elſe I ſhall be for ever out of your reach; for I can no longer defer our—" What follows our?

Mrs. Pinch. Muſt all out then, Bud? Look you there then. [*She takes the pen and writes.*

Pinch. Let's ſee ——"For I can no longer defer our wedding. Your ſlighted Alithea."—What's the meaning of this? My ſiſter's name to't! Speak, unriddle.

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, indeed, Bud.

Pinch. But why her name to't? Speak, ſpeak, I ſay.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, but you'll tell her then again. If you would not tell ner again——

Pinch. I will not; I am ſtunned; my head turns round. Speak.

Mrs. Pinch. Won't you tell her, indeed, and indeed?

Pinch. No. Speak, I ſay.

Mrs. Pinch. She'll be angry with me; but I had rather ſhe ſhould be angry with me than you, Bud. And, to tell you the truth, 'twas ſhe made me write the letter, and taught me what I ſhould write.

Pinch. Ha! I thought the ſtile was ſomewhat better than her own. [*Aſide.*] Could ſhe come to teach you, ſince I had locked you up alone?

Mrs. Pinch. Oh, thro' the key-hole, Bud.

Pinch.

Pinch. But why should she make you write a letter for her to him, since she can write herself?

Mrs. Pinch. Why, she said, because—for I was unwilling to do it.

Pinch. Because—what because?

Mrs. Pinch. Because, lest Mr. Horner should be cruel, and refuse her, or be vain afterwards, and shew the letter, she might disown it, the hand not being her's.

Pinch. How's this? Ha! then I think I shall come to myself again. This changeling could not invent this lie; but if she could, why should she? She might think I should soon discover it. Stay—now I think on't too, Horner said he was sorry she had married Sparkish; and her disowning her marriage to me, makes me think she has evaded it for Horner's sake. Yet why should she take this course? But men in love are fools; women may well be so. [*Aside.*] But, hark you, Madam, your sister went out in the morning, and I have not seen her within since.

Mrs. Pinch. Alack-a-day! she has been crying all day above, it seems, in a corner.

Pinch. Where is she? Let me speak with her.

Mrs. Pinch. Oh, Lord! then she'll discover all. [*Aside.*] Pray, hold, Bud. What, d'ye mean to discover me? She'll know I have told you then. Pray, Bud, let me talk with her first.

Pinch. I must speak with her, to know whether Horner ever made her any promise, and whether she be married to Sparkish or no.

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, dear Bud, don't, till I have spoken with her, and told her that I have told you all; for she'll kill me else.

Pinch. Go, then, and bid her come out to me.

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, yes, Bud.

Pinch. Let me see——

Mrs. Pinch. I'll go; but she is not within to come to him. I have just got time to know of Lucy, her maid, who first set me on work, what lie I shall tell next; for I am e'en at my wit's end. [*Aside. Exit.*

Pinch. Well, I resolve it; Horner shall have her. I'd rather give him my sister, than lend him my wife; and such an alliance will prevent his pretensions to my wife sure.

ſure. I'll make him of kin to her, and then he won't care for her.

Re-enter Mrs. Pinchwife.

Mrs. Pinch. Oh, Lord, Bud! I told you what anger you would make me with my ſiſter.

Pinch. Won't ſhe come hither?

Mrs. Pinch. No, no. Alack-a-day! ſhe's aſhamed to look you in the face; and ſhe ſays, if you go in to her, ſhe'll run away down ſtairs, and ſhamefully go herſelf to Mr. Horner, who has promiſed her marriage, ſhe ſays; and ſhe will have no other, ſo ſhe won't.

Pinch. Did he ſo? Promiſe her marriage? Then ſhe ſhall have no other. Go tell her ſo; and if ſhe will come and diſcourſe with me a little concerning the means, I will about it immediately. Go——[*Exit* Mrs. Pinch.] His eſtate is equal to Sparkiſh's, and his extraction as much better than his as his parts are; but my chief reaſon is, I'd rather be a-kin to him by the name of brother-in-law, than that of cuckold.

Re-enter Mrs. Pinchwife.

Well, what ſays ſhe now?

Mrs. Pinch. Why, ſhe ſays ſhe would only have you lead her to Horner's lodgings, with whom ſhe will firſt diſcourſe the matter, before ſhe talks with you, which yet ſhe cannot do; for, alack, poor creature! ſhe ſays ſhe can't ſo much as look you in the face; therefore ſhe'll come to you in a maſk. And you muſt excuſe her if ſhe make you no anſwer to any queſtion of yours, till you have brought her to Mr. Horner; and if you will not chide her, nor queſtion her, ſhe'll come out to you immediately.

Pinch. Let her come. I will not ſpeak a word to her, nor require a word from her.

Mrs. Pinch. Oh, I forgot! Beſides, ſhe ſays, ſhe cannot look you in the face, tho' thro' a maſk; therefore would deſire you to put out the candle.

Pinch. I agree to all. Let her make haſte. [*Exit* Mrs. Pinchwife.] There, 'tis out. [*Puts out the Candle.*] My caſe is ſomething better. I'd rather fight with Horner for not lying with my ſiſter too forward, than for lying with my wife; and of the two, I had rather find my ſiſter too forward, than my wife. I expected no other from her

her free education, as she calls it, and her passion for the town. Well, wife and sister are names which make us expect love and duty, pleasure and comfort; but we find them plagues and torments, and are equally, tho' differently, troublesome to their keeper: for we have as much ado to get people to lie with our sisters, as to keep them from lying with our wives.

Enter Mrs. Pinchwife *masked, and in hoods and scarfs, and a night-gown and petticoat of* Alithea's, *in the dark.*

What, are you come, sister? Let us go then. But first, let me lock up my wife. Mrs. Margery, where are you?

Mrs. Pinch. Here, Bud.

Pinch. Come hither, that I may lock you up. Get you in. [*Locks the door.*] Come, sister, where are you now?

[Mrs. Pinchwife *gives him her hand; but when he lets her go, she steals softly on t'other side of him, and is led away by him for his sister* Alithea.

SCENE *changes to* Horner's *Lodgings.*

Enter Quack *and* Horner.

Quack. What, all alone! not so much as one of your cuckolds here, nor one of their wives! They used to take their turns with you, as if they were to watch you.

Horn. Yes, it often happens that a cuckold is but his wife's spy, and is more upon family duty when he is with her gallant abroad, hindering his pleasure, than when he is at home with her, playing the gallant. But the hardest duty a married woman imposes upon a lover, is keeping her husband company always.

Quack. And his fondness wearies you almost as soon as her's.

Horn. A pox! keeping a cuckold company after you have had his wife, is as tiresome as the company of a country 'squire to a witty fellow of the town, when he has got all his money.

Quack. And as at first a man makes a friend of the husband to get the wife, so at last you are fain to fall out with the wife to be rid of the husband.

Horn. Ay, most cuckold-makers are true courtiers; when

when once a poor man has cracked his credit for them, they can't abide to come near him.

Quack. But at firſt, to draw him in, are ſo ſweet, ſo kind, ſo dear! juſt as you are to Pinchwife. But what becomes of that intrigue with his wife?

Horn. A pox! he's as ſurly as an alderman that has been bit; and ſince he's ſo coy, his wife's kindneſs is in vain, for ſhe's a filly innocent.

Quack. Did ſhe not ſend you a letter by him?

Horn. Yes; but that's a riddle I have not yet ſolved. Allow the poor creature to be willing, ſhe is filly too, and he keeps her up ſo cloſe——

Quack. Yes, ſo cloſe that he makes her but the more willing, and adds revenge to her love: which two, when met, ſeldom fail of ſatisfying each other one way or other.

Horn. What, here's the man we are talking of, I think.

Enter Pinchwife *leading in his wife maſked, muffled, and in her ſiſter's gown.*

Pſhaw!

Quack. Bringing his wife to you, is the next thing to bringing a love-letter from her.

Horn. What means this?

Pinch. The laſt time, you know, Sir, I brought you a love-letter, now you ſee a miſtreſs; I think you'll ſay I am a civil man to you.

Horn. Ay, the devil take me, will I ſay thou art the civileſt man I ever met with; and I have known ſome. I fancy I underſtand thee now better than I did the letter. But hark thee in thy ear——

Pinch. What?

Horn. Nothing but the uſual queſtion, man——Is ſhe ſound, on thy word?

Pinch. What, you take her for a wench, and me for a pimp?

Horn. Pſhaw! wench and pimp, paw words! I know thou art an honeſt fellow, and haſt a great acquaintance amongſt the ladies, and perhaps haſt made love for me, rather than let me make love to thy wife.

Pinch. Come, Sir; in ſhort, I am for no fooling.

Horn. Nor I neither; therefore, pr'ythee, let's ſee her face preſently. Make her ſhew, man. Art thou ſure I don't know her?

Pinch.

Pinch. I am ſure you do know her.

Horn. A pox, why doſt thou bring her to me then?

Pinch. Becauſe ſhe is a relation of mine—

Horn. Is ſhe, faith, man! then thou art more civil and obliging, dear rogue.

Pinch. Who deſires me to bring her to you.

Horn. Then ſhe is obliging, dear rogue.

Pinch. You will make her welcome for my ſake, I hope.

Horn. I hope ſhe is handſome enough to make herſelf welcome: pr'ythee let her unmaſk.

Pinch. Do you ſpeak to her: ſhe would never be ruled by me.

Horn. Madam——[*Mrs.* Pinchwife *whiſpers to* Horner.] She ſays ſhe muſt ſpeak with me in private: withdraw, pr'ythee.

Pinch. She is unwilling, it ſeems, I ſhould know all her undecent conduct in this buſineſs.——————[*Aſide.* Well then, I will leave you together, and hope when I am gone you will agree; if not, you and I ſhan't agree, Sir.

Horn. What means the fool?—If ſhe and I agree, it is no matter what you and I do.

[*Whiſpers to Mrs.* Pinchwife, *who makes ſigns with her hand for him to be gone.*

Pinch. In the mean time I will fetch a parſon, and find out Sparkiſh, and diſabuſe him. You would have me fetch a parſon, would you not? Well then—now I think I am rid of her, and ſhall have no more trouble with her—our ſiſters and daughters, like uſurers money, are ſafeſt when put out; but our wives, like their writings, never ſafe but in our cloſets under lock and key. [*Exit.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir Jaſper Fidget, Sir, is coming up.

Horn. Here is the trouble of a cuckold now we are talking of: a pox on him, has he not enough to do to hinder his wife's ſport, but he muſt other women's too? Step in here, Madam. [*Ex. Mrs.* Pinch.

Enter Sir Jaſper.

Sir *Jaſp.* My beſt and deareſt friend.

Horn. The old ſtyle, Doctor—Well, be ſhort, for I am buſy. What would your impertinent wife have now?

Sir *Jaſp.* Well gueſs'd, i'faith; for I do come from her.

Horn. To invite me to ſupper? Tell her I cannot come: go.

Sir *Jaſp.* Nay, now you are out, faith; for my Lady, and the whole knot of the virtuous gang as they call themſelves, are reſolved upon a frolick of coming to you to-night in maſquerade, and are all dreſt already.

Horn. I ſhan't be at home.

Sir *Jaſp.* Lord, how churliſh he is to women—nay, pr'ythee do not diſappoint them; they will think it is my fault: pr'ythee do not. I will ſend in the banquet and the fiddles: but make no noiſe on it; for the poor virtuous rogues would not have it known, for the world, that they go a maſquerading; and they would come to no man's ball but yours.

Horn. Well, well—get you gone; and tell them if they come, it will be at the peril of their honour and yours.

Sir *Jaſp.* Heh, he, he,—we will truſt you for that——farewel.—— [*Exit Sir* Jaſper.

Horn. Doctor, anon you too ſhall be my gueſt;
But now I am going to a private feaſt.

The Scene changes to the Piazza *of* Covent Garden.

Enter Sparkiſh, *with the letter in his hand, and* Pinchwife.

Spark. But who would have thought a woman could have been falſe to me? By the world, I could not have thought it.

Pinch. You were for giving and taking liberty: ſhe has taking it only, Sir, now you find in that letter. You are a frank perſon, and ſo is ſhe you ſee there.

Spark. Nay, if this be her hand—for I never ſaw it.

Pinch. 'Tis no matter whether that be her hand, or no; I am ſure this hand at her deſire led her to Mr. Horner, with whom I left her juſt now, to go fetch a parſon to them at their deſire too, to deprive you of her for ever; for it ſeems yours was but a mock-marriage.

Spark. Indeed, ſhe would needs have it that it was Harcourt, himſelf, in a parſon's habit, that married us; but I am ſure he told me it was his brother Ned.

Pinch. O, there it is out; and you were deceived, not ſhe: for you are ſuch a frank perſon—but I muſt be gone

gone——you will find her at Mr. Horner's: go, and believe your eyes. [*Exit Mr.* Pinchwife.

Spark. Nay I will to her, and call her as many crocodiles, syrens, harpies, and other heathenish names, as a poet would do a mistress who had refused to hear his suit, nay more, his verses on her. But stay, is not that she following a torch at the other end of the Piazza, and from Horner's? Certainly—it is so—

Enter Alithea, *following a torch, and* Lucy, *behind.* You are well met, Madam, tho' you do not think so. What, you have made a short visit to Mr. Horner: but I suppose you will return to him presently, by that time the parson can be with him.

Alith. Mr. Horner and the parson, Sir!

Spark. Come, Madam, no more dissembling, no more jilting; for I am no more a frank person.

Alith. How is this?

Lucy. So, it will work I see— [*Aside.*

Spark. Could you find out no easy country fool to abuse? None but me, a gentleman of wit and pleasure about the town? But it was your pride to be too hard for a man of parts, unworthy, false women! false as a friend that lends a man money to lose; false as dice, who undo those that trust all they have to them.

Lucy. He has been a great bubble by his similies, as they say— [*Aside.*

Alith. You have been too merry, Sir, at your wedding dinner, sure.

Spark. What, do you mock me too?

Alith. Or you have been deluded?

Spark. By you.

Alith. Let me understand you.

Spark. Have you the confidence, I should call it something else, since you know your guilt to stand my just reproaches? Did not you write an impudent letter to Mr. Horner? who I find now has clubb'd with you in deluding me with his aversion for women, that I might not forsooth, suspect him for my rival.

Lucy. Do you think the gentleman can be jealous now, Madam— [*Aside.*

Alith. I write a letter to Mr. Horner!

Spark. Nay, Madam, do not deny it: your brother

ſhewed it me juſt now; and told me likewiſe, he left you at Horner's lodging to fetch a parſon to marry you to him: and I wiſh you joy, Madam, joy, joy; and to him too, much joy; and to myſelf more joy for not marrying you.

Alith. So, I find my brother will break off the match, and I can conſent to it, ſince I ſee this gentleman can be made jealous. [*Aſide.*] O Lucy, by his rude uſage and jealouſy, he makes me almoſt afraid I am married to him: art thou ſure it was Harcourt himſelf, and no parſon, that married us?

Spark. No, Madam, I thank you, I ſuppoſe, that was a contrivance too of Mr. Horner's and yours, to make Harcourt play the parſon; but I would as little as you have him one now: no, not for the world: for, ſhall I tell you another truth? I never had any paſſion for you till now, for now I hate you. 'Tis true, I might have married your portion, as other men of parts of the town do ſometimes; and ſo, your ſervant. And, to ſhew my unconcernedneſs, I will come to your wedding, and reſign you with as much joy as I would a ſtale wench to a new cully; nay, with as much joy as I would after the firſt night, if I had been married to you—There's for you; and ſo your ſervant, ſervant. [*Exit* Spark.

Alith. How was I deceived in a man!

Lucy. You will believe then a fool may be made jealous now: for that eaſineſs in him that ſuffers him to be led by a wife, will likewiſe permit him to be perſuaded againſt her by others.

Alith. But marry Mr. Horner! My brother does not intend it, ſure! If I thought he did, I would take thy advice, and Mr. Harcourt for my huſband. And now I wiſh, that if there be any over-wiſe woman of the town, who, like me, would marry a fool for fortune, liberty, or title; firſt, that her huſband may love play, and be a cully to all the town but her, and ſuffer none but fortune to be miſtreſs of his purſe; then, if for liberty, that he may ſend her into the country, under the conduct of ſome houſewifely mother-in-law; and if for title, may the world give him none but that of cuckold.

Lucy And for her greater curſe, Madam, may he not deſerve it.

Alith.

Alith. Away, impertinent—Is not this my old Lady Lanterlu's?

Lucy. Yes, Madam.—And here I hope we shall find Mr. Harcourt.— [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* Alithea *and* Lucy.

The SCENE *changes again to* Horner's *Lodging.*

Horner, *Lady* Fidget, *Mrs.* Dainty Fidget, *and Mrs.* Squeamish. *A Table, Banquet, and Bottles.*

Horn. A pox, they are come too soon—before I have sent back my new—mistress; all I have now to do, is to lock her in, that they may not see her— [*Aside.*

Lady Fidg. That we may be sure of our welcome, we have brought our entertainment with us, and are resolv'd to treat thee, dear toad.

Dain. And, that we may be merry to purpose, have left Sir Jasper, and my old Lady Squeamish, quarrelling at home, at Backgammon.

Squeam. Therefore let us make use of our time, lest they should chance to interrupt us.

Lady Fidg. Let us sit then.

Horn. First, that you may be private, let me lock this door and that, and I'll wait upon you presently.

Lady Fidg. No, Sir; shut 'em only, and your lips for ever; for we must trust you as much as our women.

Horn. You know all vanity's kill'd in me; I have no occasion for talking.

Lady Fidg. Now, ladies, supposing we had drank each of us our two bottles, let us speak the truth of our hearts.

Dain. and *Squeam.* Agreed.

Lady Fidg. By this brimmer, for truth is no where else to be found—Not in thy heart, false man.

[*Aside to* Horner.

Horn. You have found me a true man, I'm sure.

[*Aside to Lady* Fidget.

Lady Fidg. Not every way—— [*Aside to* Horner.

But let us sit and be merry.

Lady Fidget *ſings.*

I.

Why ſhould our damn'd tyrants oblige us to live
On the pittance of pleaſure which they only give;
We muſt not rejoice
With wine and with noiſe;
In vain we muſt wake in a dull bed alone,
Whilſt to our warm rival, the bottle, they're gone.
Then lay aſide charms,
And take up theſe * arms. * *The Glaſſes.*

II.

'Tis wine only gives 'em their courage and wit;
Becauſe we live ſober, to men we ſubmit.
If for beauties you'd paſs,
Take a lick of the glaſs,
'Twill mend your complexions, and when they are gone,
The beſt red we have is the red of the grape.
Then fiſter's lay't on,
And damn a good ſhape.

Dain. Dear brimmer, well, in token of our openneſs and plain dealing, let us throw our maſks over our heads.

Horn. So, 'twill come to the glaſſes anon.

Squeam. Lovely brimmer, let me enjoy him firſt.

Lady Fidg. No, I never part with a gallant till I've try'd him. Dear brimmer, that makeſt our huſbands ſhort-ſighted.

Dain. And our baſhful gallants bold.

Squeam. And, for want of a gallant, the butler lovely in our eyes. Drink, eunuch.

Lady Fidg. Drink, thou repreſentative of a huſband: damn a huſband.

Dain. And, as it were a huſband, an old keeper.

Squeam. And an old grandmother.

Horn. And an Engliſh bawd, and a French ſurgeon.

Lady Fidg. Ay, we have all reaſon to curſe 'em.

Horn. For my ſake, ladies.

Lady Fidg. No, for our own: for the firſt ſpoils all young gallants' induſtry.

Dain.

Dain. And the other's art makes 'em bold only with common women.

Squeam. And rather run the hazard of the vile diſtemper amongſt them, than of a denial amongſt us.

Dain. The filthy toads chuſe miſtreſſes now, as they do ſtuffs, for having been fancied and worn by others.

Squeam. For being common and cheap.

Lady Fidg. Whilſt women of quality, like the richeſt ſtuffs, lie untumbled, and unaſk'd for.

Horn. Ay, neat, and cheap, and new, they often think the beſt.

Dain. No, Sir, the beaſts will be known by a miſtreſs longer than by a ſuit.

Squeam. And 'tis not for cheapneſs neither.

Lady Fidg. No, for the vain fops will take up druggets, and embroider 'em. But I wonder at the depraved appetites of witty men; they uſe to be out of the common road, and hate imitation. Pray tell me, beaſt, when you were a man, why you rather choſe to club with a multitude in a common houſe for an enertainment, than to be the only gueſt at a good table?

Horn. Why, faith, ceremony and expectation are unſufferable, to thoſe that are ſharp bent; people always eat with the beſt ſtomach at an ordinary, where every man is ſnatching for the beſt bit.

Lady Fidg. Tho' he get a cut over the fingers—But I have heard that people eat moſt heartily of another man's meat, that is, what they do not pay for.

Horn. When they are ſure of their welcome and freedom; for ceremony in love and eating is as ridiulous as in fighting; falling on briſkly is all ſhou'd be done on thoſe occaſions.

Lady Fidg. Well then, let me tell you, Sir; there is no where more freedom than in our houſes; and we take freedom from a young perſon as a ſign of good breeding; and a perſon may be as free as he pleaſes with us, as frolick, as gameſome, as wild as he will.

Horn. Han't I heard you all declaim againſt wild men?

Lady Fidg. Yes, but, for all that, we think wildneſs in a man as deſirable a quality, as in a duck or rabbit. A tame man, foh.

Horn. I know not; but your reputations frighten'd me, as much as your faces invited me.

Lady Fidg. Our reputation! Lord, why ſhould you not think that we women make uſe of our reputation, as you men of yours, only to deceive the world with leſs ſuſpicion? Our virtue is like the ſtateſman's religion, the Quaker's word, the gameſter's oath, and the great man's honour; but to cheat thoſe that truſt us.

Squeam. And that demureneſs, coyneſs, and modeſty, that you ſee in our faces in the boxes at plays, is as much a ſign of a kind woman, as a vizard-maſk in the pit.

Dain. For I aſſure you, women are leaſt maſk'd when they have the velvet vizard on.

Lady Fidg. You wou'd have found us modeſt women in our denials only.

Squeam. Our baſhfulneſs is only the reflection of the men's.

Dain. We bluſh when they are ſhame-fac'd.

Horn. I beg your pardon, ladies, I was deceiv'd in you deviliſhly. But why that mighty pretence to honour?

Lady Fidg. We have told you; but ſometimes 'twas for the ſame reaſon you men pretend buſineſs often, to avoid ill company, to enjoy the better, and more privately, thoſe you love.

Horn. But why wou'd you ne'er give a friend a wink then?

Lady Fidg. Faith, your reputation frightened us as much as ours did you, you were ſo notoriouſly lewd.

Horn. And you ſo ſeemingly honeſt.

Lady Fidg. Was that all that deterr'd you?

Horn. And ſo expenſive—you allow freedom, you ſay.

Lady Fidg. Ay, ay.

Horn. That I was afraid of loſing my little money, as well as my little time, both which my other pleaſures required.

Lady Fidg. Money, foh—you talk like a little fellow now: do ſuch as we expect money?

Horn. I beg your pardon, Madam, I muſt confeſs, I have heard that great ladies, like great merchants, ſet but th

the higher prices upon what they have, becauſe they are not in neceſſity of taking the firſt offer.

Dain. Such as we make ſale of our hearts?

Squeam. We brib'd for our love? Foh.

Horn. With your pardon, ladies, I know, like great men in offices, you ſeem to exact flattery and attendance only from your followers; but you have receivers about you, and ſuch fees to pay, a man is afraid to paſs your grants; beſides we muſt let you win at cards, or we loſe your hearts; and if you make an aſſignation, 'tis at a goldſmith's, jeweller's, or china-houſe, where for your honour, you depoſit to him, he muſt pawn his to the punctual cit, and ſo paying for what you take up, pays for what he takes up.

Dain. Would you not have us aſſur'd of our gallant's love.

Squeam. For love is better known by liberality, than by jealouſy.

Lady Fidg. For one may be diſſembled, the other not —but my jealouſy can be no longer diſſembled, and they are telling ripe. [*Aſide.*] Come, here's to our gallants in waiting, whom we muſt name, and I'll begin, this is my falſe rogue. [*Claps him on the back.*

Squeam. How!

Horn. So, all will out now—

Squeam. Did you not tell me, 'twas for my ſake only you reported yourſelf no man? [*Aſide to* Horner.

Dain. Oh, wretch! did you not ſwear to me, 'twas for my love, and honour, you paſſed for that thing you do? [*Aſide to* Horner.

Horn. So, ſo.

Lady Fidg. Come, ſpeak, ladies, this is my falſe villain.

Squeam. And mine too.

Dain. And mine.

Horn. Well then, you are all three my falſe rogues too, and there's an end on't.

Lady Fidg. Well then, there's no remedy, ſiſter-ſharers, let us not fall out, but have a care of our honour; tho' we get no preſents, no jewels of him, we are ſavers of our honour, the jewel of moſt value and uſe, which ſhines yet to the world unſuſpected, tho' it be a counterfeit.

Horn.

Horn. Nay, and is e'en as good as if it were true, provided the world thinks so; for honour, like beauty now, only depends on the opinion of others.

Lady Fidg. Well, Harry Common, I hope you can be true to three. Swear. But tis to no purpose, to require your oath, for you are as often forsworn, as you swear to new women.

Horn. Come, faith, Madam, let us e'en pardon one another; for all the difference I find betwixt we men and you women, we forswear ourselves at the beginning of an amour, you as long as it lasts.

Enter Sir Jasper Fidget, *and Old Lady* Squeamish.

Sir Jasp. Oh, my lady Fidget, was this your cunning, to come to Mr. Horner without me? But you have been no where else, I hope.

Lady Fidg. No, Sir Jasper.

Lady Squeam. And you came straight hither, Biddy.

Squeam. Yes, indeed, lady grandmother.

Sir Jasp. 'Tis well, 'tis well; I knew when once they were thoroughly acquainted with poor Horner, they'd ne'er be from him. You may let her masquerade it with my wife, and Horner, and I warrant her reputation safe.

Enter Boy.

Boy. O, Sir, here's the gentleman come, whom you bid me not suffer to come up, without giving you notice, with a lady too, and other gentlemen—

Horn. Do you all go in there, whilst I send 'em away; and, boy, do you desire 'em to stay below till I come, which shall be immediately.

[*Exeunt* Sir Jasper. Lady Squeam. Lady Fidget, *and* Mrs. Dainty Squeamish.

Boy. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Horner *goes out at t'other Door, and returns with Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Horn. You wou'd not take my advice to be gone home, before your husband came back; he'll now discover all; yet pray, my dearest, be persuaded to go home, and leave the rest to my management, I'll let you down the back way.

Mrs. Pinch. I don't know the way home, so I don't.

Horn. My man shall wait upon you.

Mrs. Pinch.

Mrs. Pinch. No, don't you believe that I'll go at all; what, are you weary of me already?

Horn. No, my life, 'tis that I may love you long; 'tis to ſecure my love, and your reputation with your huſband, he'll never receive you again elſe.

Mrs. Pinch. What care I. D'ye think to frighten me with that? I don't intend to go to him again; you ſhall be my huſband now.

Horn. I cannot be your huſband, deareſt, ſince you are married to him.

Mrs. Pinch. O, would you make me believe that? Don't I ſee every day at London here, women leave their firſt huſbands, and go and live with other men as their wives? Piſh, pſhaw, you'd make me angry, but that I love you ſo mainly.

Horn. So, they are coming up—In again, in, I hear 'em. [*Exit* Mrs. Pinchwife.] Well, a ſilly miſtreſs is like a weak place, ſoon got, ſoon loſt, a man has ſcarce time for plunder; ſhe betrays her huſband firſt to her gallant, and then her gallant to her huſband.

Enter Pinchwife, Alithea, Harcourt, Sparkiſh, Lucy, *and a Parſon.*

Pinch. Come, Madam, 'tis not the ſudden change of your dreſs, the confidence of your aſſeverations, and your falſe witneſs there, ſhall perſuade me I did not bring you hither juſt now; here's my witneſs, who cannot deny it, ſince you muſt be confronted—Mr. Horner, did not I bring this Lady to you juſt now?

Horn. Now muſt I wrong one woman for another's ſake: but that's no new thing with me; for in theſe caſes I am ſtill on the criminal's ſide againſt the innocent. [*Aſide.*

Alith. Pray ſpeak, Sir.

Horn. It muſt be ſo—I muſt be impudent, and try my luck: impudence uſes to be too hard for truth. [*Aſide.*

Pinch. What! you are ſtudying an evaſion, or excuſe for her. Speak, Sir.

Horn. No, faith, I am ſomething backward only to ſpeak in women's affairs or diſputes.

Pinch. She bids you ſpeak.

Alith. Ay, pray, Sir, do, pray ſatisfy him.

Horn.

Horn. Then truly, you did bring that lady to me just now.

Pinch. O ho——

Alith. How, Sir——

Harc. How, Horner!

Alith. What mean you, Sir? I always took you for a man of honour.

Harc. Ay, so much a man of honour, that I must save my mistress, I thank you, come what will on't. [*Aside.*

Spark. So if I had had her, she'd have made me believe the moon had been made of a Christmas pye.

Lucy. Now could I speak, if I durst, and solve the riddle, who am the author of it. [*Aside.*

Alith. O, unfortunate woman! A combination against my honour, which most concerns me now, because you share in my disgrace, Sir; and it is your censure which I must now suffer, that troubles me, not theirs.

Harc. Madam, then have no trouble, you shall now see 'tis possible for me to love too, without being jealous; I will not only believe your innocence myself, but make all the world believe it ——Horner, I must now be concerned for this Lady's honour. [*Apart to* Horner.

Horn. And I must be concern'd for a lady's honour too.

Harc. This Lady has her honour, and I will protect it.

Horn. My lady has not her honour, but has given it me to keep, and I will preserve it.

Harc. I understand you not.

Horn. I would not have you.

Mrs. Pinch. What's the matter with 'em all?

[*Mrs.* Pinchwife *peeping in behind.*

Pinch. Come, come, Mr. Horner, no more disputing; here's the parson, I brought him not in vain.

Horn. No, Sir, I'll employ him, if this lady please.

Pinch. How! what d'ye mean?

Spark. Ay, what does he mean?

Horn. Why, I have resigned your sister to him, he has my consent.

Pinch. But he has not mine, Sir; a woman's injur'd honour, no more than a man's, can be repair'd, or satisfied by any but him that first wrong'd it; and you shall marry her presently, or— [*Lays his hand on his sword.*

Enter

Enter to them Mrs. Pinchwife.

Mrs. Pinch. O Lord, they'll kill poor Mr. Horner; befides he ſhan't marry her whilſt I ſtand by, and look on; I'll not loſe my ſecond huſband ſo.

Pinch. What do I ſee?

Alith. My ſiſter, in my clothes!

Spark. Ha!

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, pray now don't quarrel about finding work for the parſon; he ſhall marry me to Mr. Horner; for now, I believe, you have enough of me.

[*To Mr.* Pinchwife.

Horn. Damn'd, damn'd loving changeling.

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, ſiſter, pardon me for telling ſo many lies of you.

Horn. I ſuppoſe the riddle is plain now.

Lucy. No, that muſt be my work, good Sir, hear me.

[*Kneels to Mr.* Pinchwife, *who ſtands doggedly with his hat over his eyes.*

Pinch. I will never hear woman again, but make 'em all ſilent, thus—— [*Offers to draw upon his wife.*

Horn. No, that muſt not be.

Pinch. You then ſhall go firſt, 'tis all one to me.

[*Offers to draw on* Horner, *is ſtopt by* Harcourt.

Harc. Hold——

Enter Sir Jaſper Fidget, *Lady* Squeamiſh, *Mrs.* Dainty Fidget, *and Mrs.* Squeamiſh.

Sir. Jaſp. What's the matter? What's the matter? Pray, what's the matter? Sir, I beſeech you communicate, Sir.

Pinch. Why, my wife has communicated, Sir, as your wife may have done too, Sir, if ſhe knows him, Sir—

Sir. Jaſp. Pſhaw, with him, ha, ha, he.

Pinch. Do you mock me, Sir? A cuckold is a kind of a wild beaſt; have a care, Sir—

Sir. Jaſp. No, ſure, you mock me, Sir—he cuckold you! it cannot be, ha, ha, he. Why, I will tell you, Sir.

[*Offers to whiſper.*

Pinch. I tell you again, he has whored my wife, and yours too, if he knows her, and all the women he comes near; 'tis not his diſſembling, his hypocriſy, can wheedle me.

Sir

Sir Jasp. How! Does he dissemble? Is he a hypocrite? Nay, then---how---wife---sister, is he an hypocrite?

Lady Squeam. An hypocrite, a dissembler?——Speak, young harlotry, speak, how?

Sir Jasp. Nay, then---Oh, my head too——Oh, thou libidinous lady!

Lady Squeam. Oh, thou harloting harlotry, hast thou done it then?

Sir Jasp. Speak, good Horner, art thou a dissembler, rogue? Hast thou——

Horn. Soh——

Lucy. I'll fetch you off, and her too, if she will but hold her tongue. [*Apart to* Horner.

Horn. Canst thou? I'll give thee--- [*Apart to* Lucy.

Lucy. [*To Mr.* Pinchwife.] Pray have but patience to hear me, Sir, who am the unfortunate cause of all this confusion. Your wife is innocent, I only culpable; for I put her upon telling you all these lies concerning my mistress, in order to the breaking off the match between Mr. Sparkish and her, to make way for Mr. Harcourt.

Spark. Did you so, eternal rotten-tooth? Then, it seems, my mistress was not false to me, I was only deceived by you. Brother, that should have been; now man of conduct, who is a frank person now, to bring your wife to her lover—ha?

Lucy. I assure you, Sir, she came not to Mr. Horner out of love, for she loves him no more——

Mrs. Pinch. Hold, I told lies for you, but you shall tell none for me; for I do love Mr. Horner with all my soul, and nobody shall say me nay. Pray, don't you go to make poor Mr. Horner believe to the contrary, 'tis spitefully done of you, I'm sure.

Horn. Peace, dear idiot. [*Aside to Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, I will not peace.

Pinch. Not till I make you.

Enter Dorilant *and* Quack.

Dor. Horner, your servant, I am the Doctor's guest, he must excuse our intrusion.

Quack. But what's the matter, gentlemen? for Heaven's sake, what's the matter?

Horn. Oh, tis well you are come---'tis a censorious world we live in; you may have brought me a reprieve,

or elſe I had died for a crime I never committed, and theſe innocent ladies had ſuffered with me; therefore pray ſatisfy theſe worthy, honourable, jealous gentlemen ——that—— [*Whiſpers.*

Quack. Oh, I underſtand you, is that all?---Sir Jaſper, by heavens, and upon the word of a phyſician, Sir—— [*Whiſpers to Sir* Jaſper.

Sir Jaſper. Nay, I do believe you truly---Pardon, my virtuous lady, and dear of honour.

Lady Squeam. What, then all's right again?

Sir Jaſp. Ay, ay, and now let us ſatisfy him too. [*They whiſper with Mr.* Pinchwife.

Pinch. An eunuch! Pray, no fooling with me.

Quack. I'll bring half the ſurgeons in town to ſwear it.

Pinch. They---they'll ſwear a man that bled to death through his wounds, died of an apoplexy.

Quack. Pray, hear me, Sir---why all the town has heard the report of him.

Pinch. But does all the town believe it?

Quack. Pray, inquire a little, and firſt of all theſe.

Pinch. I'm ſure, when I left the town, he was the leudeſt fellow in't.

Quack. I tell you, Sir, he has been in France, ſince; pray, aſk but theſe ladies and gentlemen, your friend, Mr. Dorilant. Gentlemen and ladies, han't you all heard the late ſad report of poor Mr. Horner?

All Ladies. Ay, ay, ay.

Dor. Why, thou jealous fool, doſt thou doubt it? He's an errant French capon.

Mrs. Pinch. 'Tis falſe, Sir; you ſhall not diſparage poor Mr. Horner; for to my certain knowledge——

Lucy. Oh, hold——

Squeam. Stop her mouth—— [*Aſide to* Lucy.

Lady Fidg. Upon my honour, Sir, 'tis as true. [*To* Pinchwife.

Dain. D'ye think we would have been ſeen in his company——

Squeam. Truſt our unſpotted reputations with him!

Lady Fidg. This you get, and we too, by truſting your ſecret to a fool —— [*Aſide to* Horner.

Horn. Peace, Madam---Well, Doctor, is not this a

good deſign that carries a man on unſuſpected, and brings him off ſafe—— [*Aſide to* Quack.

Pinch. Well, if this were true; but my wife——

[Dorilant *whiſpers with Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Alith. Come, brother, your wife is yet innocent, you ſee; but have a care of too ſtrong an imagination, leſt, like an over-concerned timorous gameſter, by fancying an unlucky caſt, it ſhould come. Women and fortune are trueſt ſtill to thoſe that truſt them.

Lucy. And any wild thing grows but the more fierce and hungry for being kept up, and more dangerous to the keeper.

Alith. There's doctrine for all huſbands, Mr. Harcourt.

Harc. I edify, Madam, ſo much, that I am impatient till I am one.

Dor. And I edify ſo much by example, I will never be one.

Spark. And becauſe I will not diſparage my parts, I'll ne'er be one.

Horn. And, I, alas! can't be one.

Pinch. But I muſt be one---againſt my will to a country wife, with a country-murrain to me.

Mrs. Pinch. And I muſt be a country wife ſtill too, I find; for I can't, like a city one, be rid of my muſty huſband, and do what I liſt. [*Aſide.*

Horn. Now, Sir, I muſt pronounce your wife innocent, though I bluſh whilſt I do it; and I am the only man by her now expoſed to ſhame, which I will ſtraight drown in wine, as you ſhall your ſuſpicion; and the ladies' troubles we'll divert with a ballad. Doctor, where are your maſkers?

Lucy. Indeed ſhe's innocent, Sir, I am her witneſs, and her end of coming out was but to ſee her ſiſter's wedding; and what ſhe has ſaid to your face of her love to Mr. Horner, was but the uſual innocent revenge on a huſband's jealouſy: was it not, Madam? Speak——

Mrs. Pinch. Since you'll have me tell more lies—— [*Aſide to* Lucy *and* Horner.] Yes, indeed, Bud.

Pinch. For my own ſake, fain I would all believe. Cuckolds, like lovers, ſhould themſelves deceive. But—— [*Sighs.*

His honour is leaſt ſafe (too late I find)
Who truſts it with a fooliſh wife or friend.

A Dance of Cuckolds.

Horn. Vain fops but court and dreſs, and keep a pother,
To paſs for women's men, with one another;
But he who aims by women to be priz'd,
Firſt by the men, you ſee, muſt be deſpis'd.

END of the FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

NOW you the vigorous, who daily here
O'er vizard-maſk in public domineer,
And what you'd do to her, if in place where;
Nay, have the confidence to cry, Come out;
Yet when ſhe ſays, Lead on, you are not ſtout;
But to your well-dreſs'd brother ſtraight turn round,
And cry, Pox on her, Ned, ſhe can't be ſound.
Then ſlink away, a freſh one to engage,
With ſo much ſeeming heat and loving rage,
You'd frighten liſt'ning actreſs on the ſtage;
Till ſhe at laſt has ſeen you buffing come,
And talk of keeping in the tiring-room,
Yet cannot be provok'd to lead her home.
Next you Falſtaffs of fifty, who beſet
Your buckram maiden-heads, which your friends get;
And, whilſt to them you of achievements boaſt,
They ſhare the booty, and laugh at your coſt.
In fine, you eſſenc'd boys, both old and young,
Who would be thought ſo eager, briſk, and ſtrong,
Yet do the ladies not their huſbands wrong;
Whoſe purſes for your manhood make excuſe,
And keep your Flanders' mares for ſhew, not uſe;
Encourag'd by our woman's man to-day,
A Horner's part may vainly think to play;
And may intrigues ſo baſhfully diſown,
That they may doubted be by few or none,
May kiſs the cards at picquet, ombre——lu,
And ſo be taught to kiſs the lady too;
But, gallants, have a care, faith, what you do.
The world, which to no man his due will give,
You by experience know you can deceive;
And men may ſtill believe you vigorous,
But then we women,——there's no cozening us.

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GENTLEMEN,

THIS play was both designed and finiſhed in your county, and therefore comes for protection to the place of its nativity. It drags not a-ſluggiſh and unwilling pace, as timorous of its reception, and the hardneſs of its fate; but pants for its native air, where it was brought forth with pleaſure, and flies to the good treatment of your experienced hoſpitality.

To fix upon any particular patron from among you, would be a general offence, becauſe ſo many of you have a ſpecial claim to my gratitude for your peculiar favours; and to incorporate you, by name, into one common body, would require a college of heralds to order the precedence, and a more difficult exactneſs to marſhal my obligations. I rather chuſe to confeſs them by a general acknowledgment; and as each of you know what title you have to my thanks, I pay them in due proportion, with the utmoſt cheerfulneſs, and with the profoundeſt reſpect.

There is a nicety, it ſeems, in love, and ſome will have it, in friendſhips, which will not endure numbers in ſuch a ſtrictneſs of union. Did I preſume to claim friendſhips as unbounded as my dedication, I would adventure to oppoſe that ungenerous notion; but as I only take to myſelf the leſs envied name of a client, and declare my good fortune in having met with ſo many ſingular patrons,

gratitude, I hope, without cavil, may be as unlimited as favours, and favours will be as diffuſive as good-nature and ability can make them.

The wonder will be, that under the happy influence of ſuch a general kind treatment, I have not been able to produce a more ſtrenuous and lively play. It may be, your indulgence to the parent has ſpoiled his offspring; for writers, they ſay, as well as breeders, muſt be under diet and preſcription: mine, if it is a muſe, has been under no ſuch reſtraint; but has fed high, and lived well among you, and muſt plead her bounty in excuſe of her irregularities.

Accept this play, then, as an offering, gentlemen, and ſcreen it as a compoſure. It ſhould, indeed, have been more perfect, conſidering to whom, and for what reaſons, it is addreſſed; but it is my firſt effort, and therefore the firſt public opportunity I could take of declaring how much I am,

Gentlemen,

Your moſt obliged,

Moſt thankful, and

Obedient ſervant,

C. S.

THE

PREFACE.

THIS play was written about three years ſince, and put into the hands of a famous comedian belonging to the Hay-Market play-houſe, who took care to beat down the value of it ſo much, as to offer the author to alter it fit to appear on the ſtage, on condition he might have half the profits of the third day, and the dedication entire; that is as much as to ſay, that it may paſs for one of his, according to cuſtom. The author not agreeing to this reaſonable propoſal, it lay in his hands till the beginning of this winter, when Mr. Booth read it, and liked it, and perſuaded the author, that, with a little alteration, it would pleaſe the town. Indeed the ſucceſs of it has been wonderful; notwithſtanding the trial in Weſtminſter-Hall, and the rehearſal of the new opera, it has anſwered the ends of the poet, and, he hopes, that of the town too.

I cannot omit mentioning the extraordinary performances of Mrs. Bradſhaw, Mrs. Santlow, Mr. Pack, and Mr. Leigh, who are the only people on the Engliſh ſtage, that could have acted thoſe parts ſo much to the life.

It may be expected I ſhould give ſome reaſons for my ſcribbling, and make excuſes for the irregularities of the play; find fault with thoſe things the town are good-natured enough to overlook; moſt arrogantly ſtand up for time and place; brag of the newneſs of the characters, &c. But I beg pardon for not ſhewing the conceited part of me. I am called in haſte to my duty in Portugal; but, at my return, it is probable I may be as inſolent as the reſt of the ſcribblers of the town.

PROLOGUE.

IN early times, when plays were firſt in faſhion,
The buſ'neſs of the ſtage was reformation;
The well-wrought ſcene, for public good deſign'd,
With imitable virtue fill'd the mind,
And laſh'd the growing follies of mankind.
That was its golden age, which, ſoon outworn,
Romantic love and honour took their turn.
Such windmill knights, ſuch odd fantaſtic ladies,
Sprung from the brain of their poetic daddies;
Prince Prettyman and Amaryllis ſcarce
Could turn the lulling nonſenſe into farce.
Drove from thoſe beds of dreaming indolence,
The Muſe flew downwards, till ſhe gave offence;
For as our ſage inquiſitors do tell us,
Her fineſt parts were jilts and rakiſh fellows;
And as corrupters of this harmleſs town,
We were preſented, and almoſt put down.
How would your uſeleſs time, 'twixt five and eight,
Have dragg'd its wings, without this lov'd retreat?
What other nameleſs place would be ſo fit
For pit to ogle boxes, boxes pit?
At length, kind judges, merry be your hearts,
You're pleas'd to reliſh beſt our loweſt parts;
Give you but humour, tickle but your ſpleen,
No matter how we furniſh plot or ſcene.
Soon pleas'd; but that, alas! you're ſqueamiſh too;
Your light digeſtion muſt have ſomething new,
Or elſe you'll drive away to puppet-ſhew.
Under theſe terms of grace young Bayes has writ,
With double title to be dubb'd a wit,
Firſt, 'cauſe poeta naſcitur, non fit.
From a fam'd ſtock our tender ſcyon grows,
And may be laureat too himſelf, who knows?
But that his other plea may be admitted,
You're both with new and merry humour fitted.
Come, break him in, and when he writes again,
Perhaps he'll find a more diverting pen.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Covent-Garden.
Flip, the commodore, a moſt illiterate Wappineer-tar,	Mr. Dunſtall.
Mizen, a finical ſea fop,	Mr. Woodward.
Worthy, a captain of the navy,	Mr. Smith.
Rovewell, a man of fortune,	Mr. Hull.
Sir Charles Pleaſant, *Worthy*'s lieutenant, a man of quality,	Mr. Wignell.
Cribbidge, *Flip*'s lieutenant,	Mr. Perry.
Eaſy, a lieutenant of marines,	———
Indent, *Flip*'s purſer,	———
Scruple, a corporation juſtice,	———
Cockſwain,	———
Sailors,	———

WOMEN.

Arabella Zeal, bred a churchwoman,	Miſs Macklin.
Dorcas Zeal, her ſiſter, bred a quaker,	Mrs. Bulkley.
Belinda, a woman of fortune,	Mrs. Baker.
Jenny Private,	Mrs. Gardner.
Filtup,	Mrs. Pitt.
Advocate, *Belinda*'s maid,	———
Maid to *Arabella*,	———
Bar-maid,	———

SCENE, *DEAL*.

TIME, five hours.

THE

THE
FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Deal.*

Enter Worthy *as from on board; Cockswain and Crew following.*

WORTHY.

SO, thank Heaven, I have at laſt reached my native land. Cockſwain, take care the water be ſent on board with expedition, and bid the Purſer haſten to Dover for freſh proviſions, and let the ſick men be ſent on ſhore the next trip. There's ſomething for the boat's crew; go and refreſh yourſelves.

Cock. All your orders ſhall be punctually complied with.

All Sailors. Thank your noble honour. Huzza, huzza!

[*Exeunt Cockſwain and Crew.*

Enter Rovewell.

Wor. My dear Rovewell!

Rov. Welcome on ſhore, dear Worthy! How have you fared this voyage? Pr'ythee, relate me ſome of your adventures.

Wor. Why, faith, Rovewell, my voyage was attended with little pleaſure, being generally confined to the barbarous converſation of Flip, my Commodore, a moſt obſtinate, poſitive, ignorant, Wappineer-tar: in ſhort, he has been my eternal plague.

Rov. Why, was only you two the convoy?

Wor. Yes, to make me completely wretched, Beau Mizen was the third man; a ſea-fop, of all creatures the moſt ridiculous.

Rov. I can't ſay I am ſorry for the uſage you have met

met with; becauſe I am in hopes the nauſeous converſation of theſe coxcombs will make you reliſh my company the better.

Wor. The true ſenſe I have of your wit and judgment will always make me covet your acquaintance; therefore I needed not the wretched preparative I have met with. But how does all our Deal angels?

Rov. Why, the few virtuous women are as proud and as inſolent as they uſed to be, and the whores you left here about ten months ſince, are dead with rottenneſs, and young ſtrums ſupply their rooms. This is a monſtrous place for wickedneſs! Fornication flouriſhes more here than in any ſea-port of Europe. You gentlemen of the navy are great encouragers of ſin, and traffick mightily in that ſort of merchandiſe; and for your money, receive as laſting French diſeaſes here, as any you can meet with in Covent-Garden, or the Mediterranean.

Wor. Ay, as thou obſerveſt, Rovewell, the marine race are a debauched generation. The poets will tell us, that Venus herſelf was born of the ſea; troth, her fabulous divinity has too many real worſhippers bred up upon her own ſalt element.

Rov. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, that people that face death ſo near, and ſo often, ſhould have no thoughts of ſaving their ſouls.

Wor. Being conſtantly in danger of them, ſo that they look Death in the face with as much impudence as a Deal whore does a poor tar, after a long voyage. But what news of my dear Quaker?

Rov. She's as proud and as beautiful as ever, and, faith, I believe as conſtant too. You'll never leave playing the fool with that ſpiritual creature, till ſhe draws you into matrimony; ten thouſand pounds, with beauty and virtue, are very great temptations.

Wor. Then do you really think I have any intereſt in that dear creature?

Rov. Had you as much with the lords of the admiralty, you would be a great man; for ſhe doats on you. Could you have but ſeen the countenance ſhe put on, when there was a report that you were killed; the ſighs, the agonies, and the groans ſhe had upon that occaſion, were more ſincere than thoſe her religion obliges her to.

Wor.

Wor. I am impatient till I see the dear charmer. But how goes thy affair on with Belinda?

Rov. Much after the manner of the French King's affairs; they have a dismal aspect; we quarrel like man and wife, or high church and low. She knows her ascendant over my heart is so rivetted, that she can't lose me; and therefore she uses me as tyrannically as if she was the French King, and I one of the Protestants.

Wor. I hope no persecution will make you leave her kingdom.

Rov. To carry on the simile, I am somewhat stubborn; but, rather than lose her money, I shall be a convert.

Wor. But see, the Commodore.

Enter Flip.

Flip. Ha, Rovewell! What cheer, what cheer, my lad?

Rov. Most noble Commodore, your humble servant.

Flip. Noble! A pox of nobility, I say! the best commodores that ever went between two ends of a ship, had not a drop of nobility in them, thank Heaven.

Rov. Then you still value yourself for being a brute, and think ignorance a great qualification for a sea-captain.

Flip. I value myself for not being a coxcomb; that is what you call a gentleman captain; which is a new name for our sea-fops, who, forsooth, must wear white linen, have field beds, lie in Holland sheets, and load their noddles with thirty ounces of whores hair, which makes them hate the sight of an enemy, for fear bullets and gunpowder should spoil the beau wig and laced jacket. They are, indeed, pretty fellows at single rapier, and can, with a little drink in their heads, cut the throats of their best friends; but catch them yard-arm and yard-arm with a Frenchman, and down goes the colours. Oh, it was not so in the Dutch wars! then we valued ourselves upon wooden legs, and stumps of arms; and fought as if heaven and earth were coming together.

Rov. Yes, yes, you fought very gloriously, when you let the Dutch burn the fleet at Chatham.

Flip. That accident was owing to the treachery of some rogues at land, and not to us sea-faring folks.

Wor. Come, leave railing, my good Commodore. I believe thou art honest and brave; but wanting sense and

good manners, would fain put the world out of conceit with thoſe accompliſhments. You old captains, who ſit at court-martials, are very envious; and often mulct a young fellow for actions, which were reckoned glorious ones, when done by any of your ſtupid ſelves.

Flip. By the loadſtone, I ſwear, I am none of thoſe. I have ſerved in every office belonging to a ſhip, from cook's boy to a commodore; and have all the ſea jeſts by heart, from the forecaſtle to the great cabin; and I love a ſailor.

Wor. Ay, ſo well as to get drunk with every maſs in the ſhip once a week.

Flip. Why, that makes the rogues love me; my joculouſneſs with them makes them fight for me; they keep me out of a French gaol. I'll follow my old method, till I am ſuperannuated; which I believe I ſhan't petition for theſe twenty years.

Wor. Since you love your common ſailors ſo well, what reaſon can you have for uſing your Lieutenant ſo like a dog?

Flip. Becauſe he ſets up for a fine gentleman, and lies in gloves to make his hands white. And, tho' 'tis his watch, when I ring my bell, the rogue is above coming to my cabin. I ſent him aſhore yeſterday to the poſt-houſe, with a letter to the admiralty; I ordered him to buy me a quarter of mutton, and threeſcore cabbages, for my own uſe; and the land-lubber (for he is no ſailor) had the impudence to tell me he would not be my boy. I told him I'd bring him to a court-martial, and he threatened to throw up his commiſſion, and cut my throat.

Rov. Ha, ha! I'm glad thou haſt met with a young fellow of life and vigour, that knows how to uſe you according to your deſerts. But ſee who comes here ſo gay.

Flip. 'Tis a water-beau. One water-ſpaniel is worth fifty of ſuch fair-weather fops. Do but obſerve him now. Oh, monſtrous!

Enter Mizen *and Cockſwain.*

Miz. Go you to the perfumer's, buy me a gallon of orange-flower-water, and a pint of jeſſamin-oil; let the muſlin curtains, and furbelow'd toilet be waſhed out of hand; carry on board a buſhel of ſweet powder; and tell the Purſer, I am reſolved every man on board my

ſhip

ſhip ſhall have a clean white ſhirt at his charge. Tueſday next is my viſiting-day; and I deſign to let the world ſee how much I have reformed the navy.

Flip. Ho, ho, ho! here's a fine gentleman for you!

Miz. [*Seeing the company.*] Dear Rovewell! ſplit me on a rock, if I am not tranſported at the ſight of you.

Flip. It would be well for the nation, if ſuch butterflies as you were tranſported to ſome of the plantations. I wiſh you were my bow-man, and the wind blew ſtrong at eaſt, I'd ſpoil your beauetry.

Miz. Why, Lard, Commodore, won't you give a man leave to be decent and clean? Will nothing pleaſe you, but what ſtinks of tar and tobacco?

Flip. Tar and tobacco are ſweeter, one would think, than the excrements of a civetty-cat. But I am well aſſured talking to you is like rowing againſt wind and tide; and therefore e'en ſteer your compaſs your own way. Friend Rovewell, I don't care if you and I toſs off a can of Sir Cloudeſly before we ſail.

Rov. Where do you lodge?

Flip. At the Three Mariners.

Miz. May my ſhip's anchor come home, if it be not an arrant bawdy-houſe! The huſband keeps a bom-boat, the wife a brandy-ſhop, and the two daughters are let out to all comers and goers.

Wor. Indeed, the houſe is very notorious. Why don't you frequent the India-Arms?

Flip. Becauſe all the fops and beardleſs boys of the navy go there; beſides, I think the huſband too blind, and the wife has too much ſight. But Tom Cragg and I were boatſwain's mates together. As to its being a bawdy-houſe, that is no offence to me; for all houſes in ſea-ports have been reckoned ſo, ever ſince I pick'd oakum; I ſuppoſe, brother Finical, you don't know what that is.

Miz. Why, dear Commodore, do you think, becauſe we gentlemen put on clean ſhirts every day, that we can't underſtand the affairs of the navy as well as thoſe who wear their ſhirts till they are louſy? Do you think naſtineſs gives you a title to knowledge?

Rov. Ay, as my friend Mizen ſays, becauſe brutes are ſailors, can none be ſailors but brutes?

Flip. I don't know what you mean by the word brute; but I can percieve that no animal is ſo ridiculous as a monkey, except it be his charming imitator, a beau.

Miz. Did you never ſee an unlick'd bear? He, he, he.

Flip. He, he, he: Yes, I have, booby, what then?

Miz. Oh! dear monſter, be civil.

Flip. Bullets and gunpowder, what do you mean? If the government did but know what a ſwab thou art, I ſhould be knighted for cutting thy throat.

Rov. Oh! fye, let's have no quarrelling.

Miz. No, no, there's no fear of it; the commodore knows the length of my ſword, and nimble turn of my wriſt, too well to pick a quarrel with me.

Flip. Why, thou canſt only value thyſelf for being a fencing-maſter: were we in a ſaw-pit together, with each a blunderbuſs, I'd try if I could not make a ſieve of thy lac'd jacket; I'd ſoon finge thy curls ſo, that thy wig ſhould hang like a parcel of rigging after an engagement.

Wor. This has been the continual diverſion of our voyage.

Flip. Ay, ay, you're all alike. A periwig-maker covers your noddles, and a dancing-maſter gives you a hitch in your pace, but the tailor finiſhes the fop. I find there's no bringing your folly to an anchor, ſo long as the wind blows ſtrong in the nonſenſical corner; ſo fare you well. [*Exit* Flip.

All. Your humble ſervant.

Rov. 'Tis a wretched fellow!

Miz. I have not words to expreſs what a miſerable plague he has been to me, beſides a charge! Would you believe it? ſplit me on a rock, if he did not one day break me forty pounds worth of china.

Rov. For heaven's ſake where was it?

Miz. Why, in my great cabin: I dare affirm it no town lady's withdrawing-room, nor country gentlewoman's cloſet, is nicer furniſhed than my cabin; 'tis wainſcoted with moſt charming India Japan and looking-glaſs; I have a very noble ſcrutore, and the moſt celebrated ſcreen in Europe: I have an invention, which makes the great guns in my cabin appear to be elbow chairs covered

vered with cloth of tiſſue; I have ſix and thirty ſilver ſconces, and every vacancy is cramm'd with china.

Rov. Theſe rarities are worth ſeeing indeed.

Wor. Oh, he keeps a viſiting day, you and I'll wait on him.

Miz. I ſhall think myſelf prodigiouſly obliged to you: may be you'll ſee as great a concourſe of people, as there is at a general's when he returns victorious: barges, pinnaces, deal yawls, and long-boats innumerable.

Rov. Pray who viſits you in the long-boats?

Miz. Why, Dutch admirals. You muſt know I range them in the following order: my barges I call coaches and ſix, my pinnaces are chariots with two horſes, my deal yawls are ſedans, and my long boats hackney coaches.

Wor. Very nice, indeed.

Miz. All my ſconces are loaded with wax tapers; my lieutenants and warrant officers, nicely dreſſed and perfumed, place themſelves on each ſide of my ſteerage; my midſhipmen, and quarteers are ranged from the bulkhead to the gang-way, in my own white ſhirts; the ſhip's ſide is mann'd by my boat's crew, in ſpruce apparel and clean gloves; and the reſt of the ſhip's company are ready upon all occaſions, to give cheers and huzzas according to the quality of my viſitants.

Rov. Well, and what entertainment are we to meet with?

Miz. Why, I generally treat with tea, but the moſt modern way is to give nothing.

Rov. Pſhaw! methinks a bowl of punch would be moſt proper.

Wor. Oh, beaſtly! we at ſea always ſmoak when we drink, and that would ſpoil all the gay furniture.

Miz. Oh, wretched! and the ſtink would ſuffocate me.

Rov. What is your converſation?

Miz. We imitate the ladies as near as we can, and therefore ſcandalize every body: we laugh at the ridiculous management of the navy-board; pry into the roguiſies of the victualing-office; and tell the names of thoſe clerks who were ten years ago bare-foot, and are now twenty-thouſand pound men: we hear ſtories of the ſcandalous marriages of our captains; the lewdneſs of ſome of their wives, and the meanneſs of the reſt: ſometimes

we quarrel about whose ship sails best, who makes the finest punch; or who has the greatest hardships, by having great men's favourites put over their heads; and I keep them within the bounds of good manners and moderation.

Wor. That is a very great point gained.

Mix. May I be keel-hawled, if any man in the universe has more reformed the navy than myself: I am now compiling a book, wherein I mend the language wonderfully. I leave out your larboard and starboard, hawsers and swabbs: I have no such thing as hawl cat hawl, nor belay; silly words, only fit for Dutchmen to pronounce. I put fine sentences into the mouths of our sailors, deriv'd from the manliness of the Italian, and the softness of the French: and by that time I am made an admiral, I doubt not of bringing every sailor in the navy to be more polite than most of our country gentlemen; and the next generation of them may pass very well for people of the first quality. I'll get an order for removing them from Wapping into the Pall-mall: and instead of frequenting punch, music, and bawdy-houses; the chocolate-houses, eating-houses, and fine taverns shall be obliged to receive them.

Enter to them a Servant with a letter.

Serv. Pray which is Captain Worthy?

Wor. Friend, I am he.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter for you.

Wor. Ha! Dorcas Zeal! Oh, let me kiss the hand ten thousand times.

Rov. How keen a sportsman a long voyage makes a man!

Wor. [*Reads.*] "Friend Worthy, if thou hast not forgot thy old acquaintance, give but thyself the trouble of coming to the north end of the town, where thou hast often vented thy vows of sincerity, and thou wilt most assuredly find thine, Dorcas *Zeal*."

Hark'ee; let the lady know I'll wait on her instantly.

[*Exit* Servant.

Mix. So, brother, I find you have an intrigue already; I suppose I sha'n't be much behind-hand with you, for I expect a billet-doux from a ten thousand pounder.

Rov. Pr'ythee who is she?

Mix

Miz. Why, she's a Quaker: an intimate acquaintance of mine has promised me his assistance in stealing her for me.

Wor. Death and Hell! This is my angel!

Rov. Patience! Man.

Miz. Now you must know, if we once get her upon the beach, I whip her into my boat, carry her on board, marry her, lie with her, then come ashore and demand her fortune; and after that, you know, if I don't like her, 'tis but heaving her out at the cabin window, and give out she had a calenture, and so jump'd overboard. Well, dear gentlemen, I must go and see about this business; for such a fortune is not to be neglected, especially when a peace is so near. [*Exit.*

Wor. Blood and fire, what a discovery's here!

Rov. Why truly it was a lucky one: I have a merry thought come into my head; there's a quondam friend of yours and mine, who in our sinful days was very obliging to us.

Wor. What, Jenny Private?

Rov. The same.

Wor. Alas! poor frailty! that once fair pleasure-boat begins to lower her sails, wears out in her hulk, and sinks both in her price and her credit; besides, the new reformation wind blows so high, that every weather-beaten vessel can't live in't.

Rov. Now for that very reason, a sudden charitable design is got into this fruitful noddle, of putting off this very creature to Mizen for a wife, a just punishment upon him for his barbarous designs upon thy Dorcas.

Wor. Nay, but thanks to heaven, we have discovered the villainy, and I'll instantly to my Dorcas, and give her that due caution, as shall blow up his whole conspiracy; and therefore mix a little mercy with thy justice.

Rov. No, I'll not carry on the jest so cruelly as to undo the poor dog neither; a little mortify him, but not ruin him.

Wor. I'll instantly then to my dear Dorcas, and make her our confident in the business: about an hour hence I'll meet you at Daniel's, where we'll take a sneaker of Amy's punch: and afterwards spend our evening with the

women; I'll send Dorcas to see Belinda, and there shall be the rendezvous. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dorcas Zeal, *and* Arabella.

Ara. Why, sister, do you ever think to secure Worthy to yourself, with that senseless religion of yours; he'll certainly laugh at your formal hood.

Dor. Why look thee, Arabella, my religion and dress may seem strange unto thee, because thou art of the church belonging to the wicked; but I tell unto thee, Worthy loveth me so much, that I have hopes of drawing him to be one of the pure ones. 'Tis true, thou art a facetious young creature, and the education my aunt hath given thee, maketh thy thoughts run much upon the vanity of this world; and I suppose the fortune my father left thee, will be thrown into the arms of one of the lewd pillars of thy steeple-house.

Ara. Look'ee, I'll have no reflections upon establishments. Liberty of conscience gives you no title to rail. I find you are resolved to persist in your whining faith; 'tis one stubborn article of your cant: but I am well assured Worthy will force you to church; if he don't, I'll part with my maidenhead without a husband.

Dor. And that thou art wild enough to do; but I pray thee none of this vain raillery before Worthy, if thou hast any expectation of my living in sisterly love and charity with thee.

Ara. Oh, you should have snuffled that thro' the nose. In short I'll always teaze you; you that have sense and beauty, thus to deform those heavenly graces, it makes me mad. If all the kind bewitching airs, the tender looks, and compassionate words that woman can invent, will draw Worthy's love from you, I'll use them, and triumph in the conquest.

Dor. Poor vain creature! thou art handsome it's true; but thou hast not the virtues of the mind to ensnare him with. But see he comes, forbear thy follies, I say forbear.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. [*Embraces.*] This is a reward for all my labours; the fatigues of an hundred voyages are forgot whilst I am in these arms.

Dor. Be not vain, flatter not; 'tis base, 'tis mean, 'tis irreligious.

Wor.

Wor. Dear charmer, I am all ecſtacy.

Ara. So much of it, that, methinks you have forgot your friends, good Captain.

Wor. Pardon me, Madam, [*Salutes her.*] ſome of my ecſtacies are due to you; for the love I have to this lady, makes me admire all her relations.

Ara. Ay, wheedle her out of what ſhe has: get her money, then uſe her like a wife, turn her out of doors, and compound with her for a maintenance.

Dor. Siſter, to ſhew thee that I think it is impoſſible for thee to debauch the principles of my friend Worthy, I now commit myſelf into his hands.

Wor. Which bleſſing I receive with all the joy imaginable; this is a reward indeed for all my ſervices.

Dor. Take to thyſelf my hand, and thus I plight it with my faith. Now, ſiſter, your threatening words are vain, for all your looks and ſighs can never take him from me.

Ara. Ha, ha, ha; you ſee, Worthy, I have done the work for you, reconciled even contradiction itſelf, made the fleſh and the ſpirit unite, and joined an unſanctified brother of the wicked, to a ſanctified ſiſter of the godly ones.

Dor. Fie, ſiſter, do not triumph in my weakneſs.

Ara. Thy weakneſs! no, thy ſhame; with all thy boaſted ſanctity, to own before my face a carnal inclination! Nay, and to put thy hand to pen and paper to court him to thy arms! Out on thee! I am aſhamed of thee.

Dor. Nay, now thou art ſcurrilous! I cannot bear this, thou raiſeſt all the blood into my cheeks. Stay thou, dear Worthy, and rebuke her for it, whilſt I retire a while to recover my confuſion, and then I'll ſee thee again. [*Exit* Dor.

Wor. Fye, Arabella; could you have the heart to treat that innocent thing ſo roughly? Nay, by heaven's I'm amazed! I cannot gueſs the meaning of all this.

Ara. Fye, ſtupid Worthy, can't you apprehend the reaſon why I ſtudy to make a breach betwixt my ſiſter and yourſelf?

Wor. 'Tis all a myſtery to me!

Ara. Spare a virgin's bluſhes, and let your apprehenſions tell you what my trembling tongue is loth to utter.

Wor.

Wor. Fine heroics, truly! I'm too well acquainted with your manner of bantering, to take notice of any thing you say; yet it would divert me, had not my charming Quaker's last dear words wrapt up my soul to a diviner contemplation.

Ara. Must I then say I love, and be refused? Consider, my fortune's equal to my sister's; my face and my religion too, I think, may vie with hers.

Wor. Your words are spoke with a sound of truth; and were I not engaged by ten thousand oaths, I should have manlike vanity enough to think what you say real.

Ara. The inequality of the match between you, soon absolves you from such empty vows: I own I long have loved; and, before your last voyage, intended to discover it to you, but you unexpectedly sailed. I never believed you had a real passion for my sister, her religion and her principles being so averse to yours.

Wor. Madam, I know my own unworthiness too well to believe you are in earnest; but were it so, my honour tells me I must not be so base as to wrong your sister. The resolution she has made will soon be void, when I tell her your romantic story, which though I don't believe, I'll strive to make her do it. Pardon my absence, dear Madam, for I'm impatient until I undeceive her.

[*Exit.*

Ara. And is my youth, my beauty, and my fortune thus despised! By heavens, I hate him now, and am resolved to muster up all the spirit of my sex to meditate revenge. The plots of plays, and the designs of injured lovers, I'll instantly peruse, and make them all my own.

[*Exit.*

Enter Dorcas, Worthy *following.*

Wor. By all my honour and my love 'tis true; nay more, she loved, and said she had long.

Dor. Nay, then I am convinced her falsehood's great; I ne'er expressed a satisfaction for thee, but still she strove to cool my friendship, by strange stories of thy inconstancy and unfaithfulness, which I must own I ne'er believed.

Wor. Kind creature! since by envious ways she strives to break the cord of our united hearts, let us instantly put it out of hers and fortune's power.

Dor.

Dor. To-morrow then I will be thine, according to the fooliſh cuſtom of thy church, the prieſt ſhall join our hands.

Wor. Then I am completely bleſſed!——Now I muſt tell you I have diſcovered a moſt villainous deſign againſt your perſon.

Dor. As how?

Wor. This day you were to have been ſtolen by a nauſeous coxcomb of the navy; 'twas luckily diſcovered by Rovewell and myſelf, who hope to counterplot their deſign ſo far as to puniſh the vain fop's intentions: if you meet us about two hours hence at Belinda's, you then ſhall know the whole ſtory.

Dor. I had thoughts of ſpending this evening with her; I'll to her inſtantly, for ſhe is ſo much my friend, that ſhe will be overjoyed thou art arrived: but I think I will not mention the vileneſs of my ſiſter, leſt ſhe becometh a laughing-ſtock unto the whole town.

Wor. Do as you think fit in that. Adieu, my ſoul.

Dor. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Flip's *Cockſwain, to him a Sailor.*

Sail. Oh, Cockſwain, have I found you! Yonder's the Commodore ſwearing and ſtorming as if the ſhip had ſtruck on a rock; there's all the boat's crew with him, excepting yourſelf; he ſits with as good a bucket of flip before him, as e'er was toſſed up betwixt the ſtem and ſtern of a ſhip.

Cock. A pox of his kindneſs, I'd rather be in an engagement of twenty-four hours, than meſs with him to-night; I know his way well enough, he makes us half-ſeas over, and then we grow ſaucy; then after ſhipping in two or three ladles full more, we fancy we're all before the maſt, and ſo ſhall go together by the ears: for which, as ſoon as we come on board, there's whips, pickles, guns, gears, and bilboes for us all.

Sail. Pſhaw, pſhaw! who would not ſtand all this, to have their upper and lower tier well ſtowed with flip? Beſides, we ſhall each of us have a whore at his charge.

Cock. Ay, and ſo be clapped. If he would force the ſurgeon to cure us at the government's charge, it would be a mighty encouragement to us; but our rogue of a loblolly doctor, being not ſatisfied with his two-pences, muſt

muſt have a note for two months pay for every cure; and the laſt time the ſhip was paid, between the officers and the ſailors, he ſwept above half the ſhip's company's money into his own hat.

Sail. That's a grievance truly; but come, pr'ythee go, for an the Commodore gets into his trantrum humours, there's no coming within a cable's length of him.

Cock. Ay, that's true, therefore bear a hand.

[*Exeunt running.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter Sir Charles Pleaſant, *Lieutenant* Cribidge, *and Lieutenant* Eaſy.

PLEASANT.

WHY, by your report, old Flip makes your life a very uneaſy one; thank Heaven, my captain has another way of management; with the affable, eaſy and genteel air, he gains applauſe from all.

Eaſy. I know he's a gentleman, by being civil to our corps; 'tis only the brutes of the navy that we marine officers diſagree with.

Crib. Why, I believe I ſhall frighten the old pimp into ſome civility; for that day we came to anchor, he had ſome friends aboard: in the height of their mirth, I was called into the cabin; the negro fills a glaſs, and hands it over his ſhoulder, with a Here, Lieutenant, will you drink? I made as if I would take it, but overſet it in his collar, laid the fault upon him, and pretending to be wet myſelf, went out of the cabin in a paſſion.

Eaſy. Pho, theſe are ſmall faults, and natural to you ſubs of the navy; but the old dog had the impudence to confine me three months to my cabin, only for knocking down a boatſwain's mate that had ſtruck one of my marines; nay, if it had not been for Captain Worthy, would have broke me at a court-martial. If the colonels

of

of our corps don't hinder this rascally imposition upon us, nobody will buy commissions of them.

Plea. That is a new trick put upon you gentlemen, and I fear will breed ill blood amongst us.

Easy. Hang it, we agree well enough with all the young fellows, 'tis the old sots that hate we should come aboard them.

Crib. We agree well enough upon an equal par; but most of you stay ashore 'till all the money's gone, and then you come aboard and expect to mess with us: who must find fresh provisions for you?

Plea. We often slight them for their poverty, indeed; but hang it, what a strange want of mercury do we young fellows shew, to have been a ten months voyage, safely returned, and landed two hours, without having been among the females! There's many a lad in the navy gets a clap before the ship's moored.

Easy. I believe my friend Cribidge is in a better condition to give than to receive one.

Crib. I could wish a punk of my noble captain's was well peppered with it; I would fain see the old dog snuffle once.

Plea. The design's good; but first let's have a sneaker of punch.

Easy. With all my heart; I'll just go and draw a bill upon our agent, get some necessaries for the men, cheat my captain a little in the sum total, and wait upon you immediately. [*Exit.*

[Indent *crosses the Stage.*

Crib. See, yonder's Indent, our purser, gone to Daniel's; he'll be glad to be of our company.

Plea. A very honest fellow, and keeps a much better character in the navy, than people of his employ generally do.

Crib. Why the fellow has lived well; he was bred a mercer in Covent-Garden, was ruined by a whore of his own, and a bully of his wife's: but managed his matters so well, he cleared himself of a gaol by a commission of bankrupt, without forswearing himself, which is the only precedent of that nature since the act was made.

Plea. They say his wife's handsome.

Crib. She was, when but eighteen; but whoring, and

the misfortunes which commonly follow that, has made her look somewhat hagged, though but three and twenty.

Plea. If the young wenches of fifteen did but consider that the vices of the age ruin their beauty more than the small-pox, their pride would make them virtuous in spite of their inclinations.

Crib. Why, as you say, Sir Charles, a virtuous woman keeps her complexion tolerably well till five and twenty, when a whore is fain to borrow one of Mr. White and Red before she comes of age.

Plea. By the sense that you and I have of the vanities of the world, it looks as if we had a mind to quit our royal mistress, and enter aboard some merchant-man for a matrimonial voyage.

Crib. Why, if she's richly laden, I could be content to go chief mate.

Plea. And I suppose mutiny, as Avery did; turn your captain ashore, then set up for a pirate; and like Drawcansir in the Rehearsal, kill both friends and foes.

Crib. A pretty simile for matrimony and whoring!

Plea. If we chime into harmony so well already, we may expect a bowl of Daniel's punch will make us talk like the music of the spheres.

Crib. Why methinks there's a tune in every go-down from a punch-bowl.

Plea. I wonder our coxcombly poets don't write some fine encomiums upon that heavenly compound.

Crib. Why the fellows are damnably poor, and not having money enough to buy victuals, drink the lees of sack to take away their stomachs, which raises their fancies no higher than a lady's fan, her busk, or her lap-dog.

Plea. Faith the poets of this age are not so poor as those of the last, they have wit enough to write themselves into good places.

Crib. That is by wheedling a sort of people who love flattery better than wit.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, Lieutenant Easy, and Purser Indent, would be glad to kiss your hands at our house.

Plea. A polite message: tell them we'll do ourselves the honour immediately.

Draw.

Draw. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Plea. Come, Cribidge,
Let's drink away our diſmal ſtorms and cares,
Thoſe ſlaviſh hardſhips that a ſailor bears:
Whilſt proud Britannia may ſecurely boaſt,
She ſafely ſleeps while we ſecure her coaſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Rovewell, *meeting* Worthy.

Rov. So, dear Worthy, once more well met; have you acquainted your little Quaker with our deſign?

Wor. Part of it.

Rov. As how?

Wor. I'll tell you at Daniel's: but have you engaged Jenny?

Rov. Oh, as you could wiſh: the jade is as overjoyed, as a dean at the death of a biſhop; and to make our ſtory good, I have invited Mizen to the India-Arms, where I have ordered her to write to him. Will Dorcas meet us at Belinda's?

Wor. She will.

Rov. Come on then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Bar at* Daniel's, *Drawers, &c. Bar-Maid.*

Enter Sir Charles Pleaſant *and* Cribidge.

Plea. What! does my pretty bar-maid keep her beauty ſtill? I know thou'rt virtuous, becauſe the blue of the plumb is not wore off yet.

Bar. Thanks to my own honeſty if I am ſo then, for here's rakiſh lieutenants enough come here to debauch all the young virgins in the country, if they had but money; but the government keeps them poor, or we ſhould have a wretched life with them.

Crib. Then nothing but money is able to debauch you; pr'ythee, how great a ſum will fit you to lewdneſs?

Bar. Not your eighteen months pay, added to the pinch of your hat, and dangling of your cane.

Plea. Well ſaid, Nanny, kiſs me, and tell him you are meat for his maſters.

Bar. Pſhaw! I wonder at you; [*Kiſſes her.*] you are all alike for that.

Crib. Fye, Sir Charles, why did you kiſs her? you ſee ſhe likes it not; come, my dear, I'll take it off again. [*Kiſſes her.*

Bar. Oh, intolerable! I'll ne'er complain of a fool again, for fear of being plagued with a worſe; ſhew a room there.

Draw. Sir, if you pleaſe, Purſer Indet is this way.

[*They follow.*

Enter Mizen.

Miz. Thou divine, pretty bud of beauty, one always finds you in your cabin, chalking upon your logboard there.

Bar. If every body would but mind their own buſineſs, I might ſit ſtill here; but we have ſo many horſing monſters of the navy uſe our houſe, that one had better be a punk amongſt footmen, and ply in the upper gallery, than be plagued with them.

Miz. Well, you ſhall ſee in a few months, how the navy will be reformed; all the ſea-officers will be ſo full of manners, that they ſhall look like a parcel of beaus in a ſide-box, or chocolate-houſe. [*A noiſe within.*

Bar. Do but liſten, they are got to horſe and bear, the conſtant diverſion of their lives.

Miz. Indeed, I bluſh for them, my dear angel.

[*Kiſſes her.*

Enter Rovewell *and* Worthy.

Wor. Ha! Brother tar, what ſo cloſe, and in public too! If you take this freedom in the eye of the world, what would you do in private?

Bar. I don't know what he may do in private; but I hope you don't ſuſpect me, Captain.

Wor. Not in the leaſt, dear Nanny; thy known virtue, and prudent management, is ſomewhat above the cenſure of the world.

Bar. Oh, your ſervant, Sir.

Rov. 'Tis a ſtrange thing to ſee how vice loves to be flattered! There's ſcarce a punk in town, be ſhe never ſo notorious, but would fain be thought virtuous: and hates to be called whore, even from the fellow that made her ſo.

Bar. I never expect your good word, Mr. Rovewell; I have denied you the favour too often.

Rov. Why, I may have aſked you the queſtion when drunk; but aſſure yourſelf I repented of it when ſober.

Bar.

Bar. Lord, you need not be angry with yourſelf for it; I have denied ſeveral admirals.

Rov. And at the ſame time have taken up with their cockſwains.

Bar. Sir, you grow ſcurrilous.—Shew a room there.

Wor. Mind him not, he's a ſplenetic fellow; has my lieutenant, Sir Charles Pleaſant, been here?

Bar. He's now in the houſe with Lieutenant Cribidge, Eaſy, and Purſer Indent.

Wor. Come, we'll join companies, they're all honeſt fellows.

Miz. With all my heart; if they're brutiſh, I'll try to reform them.

Draw. This way, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

2d Draw. A ſneaker of punch in the Crown, ſcore.

3d Draw. A can of ſmall beer, a quart of brandy, and a pound of ſugar in the kitchen, ſcore.

4th Draw. A box of dice for the Mermaid.

1ſt Draw. Make the great bowl full for the gentlemen in the Fleecer.

Bar. So, it begins to work in each room, and I muſt be plagued this whole night. [*Scene ſhuts.*

Enter Belinda *and* Advocate.

Bel. I uſed to be troubled with the impertinent viſits of Rovewell three or four times a day. Pr'ythee, Advocate, what's become of the coxcomb?

Ad. Oh! Madam, the Virginia fleet's come in; and Captain Worthy, his old acquaintance, is on ſhore. There are inſeparable friends.

Bel. Why then I hate him: for if he won't ſacrifice his all to my humour, I'll ne'er part with the freedom I enjoy, to be that dull inſipid thing a wife, to pleaſe his humour.

Ad. Well, Madam, you play with him as a cat plays with a mouſe; you fret and teaze him till he'll get away from you at laſt.

Bel. Impertinent creature! do you think I value the loſs of a fellow? The red, the blue, and the white flags die for me.

Ad. Ay, Madam, they are married men; but have you a gentleman, whoſe ſenſe, whoſe reputation, whoſe

courage is to be named in a day, with that charming man's, Mr. Rovewell?

Bel. How infipidly the fool talks! If a fellow without a noſe ſhould bribe thee as much as Rovewell has done, you would ſay as much in his behalf. Why ſhould we make ſuch unfaithful creatures as our chambermaids are, our confidants!

Ad. Why, Madam, there's no poſts without perquiſites; ſince you ladies have found out the way of trucking your old clothes for china (which was our due, time out of mind) I hope you'll pardon us for trucking your hearts away for a much brittler ware.

Bel. Ay, Advocate, I ſhould like that brittle ware, a huſband, well enough, if one could but break him, or give him away, as one does china.

Ad. Oh, Madam, 'tis eaſy to break his heart; and if you don't do it effectually whene'er you marry, I'll be content to die a chambermaid. But ſee, Madam, the Fair Quaker is come to viſit you.

Enter Dorcas.

Dor. Friend Belinda, I am come reſolved to chat away the evening with thee.

Bel. My pretty ſaint, thou'rt welcome. I need not aſk you how Worthy does, I ſee it in your eyes; the demure aſpect is vaniſhed, and you begin to look like one of us.

Dor. Why, I am fleſh and blood as well as thou art; and did not my ſpirit get the better of my clay, I ſhould be vain as thou art.

Bel. Come, leave canting, and tell me where is my Arabella?

Dor. Why, I left her at home, not well; but may be ſhe may ſee us anon.—Know, friend Belinda, that I have at laſt got faith enough to put my truſt in man: Worthy and I have plighted troths.

Bel. Why then the fleſh has got the better of the ſpirit.

Dor. If thou wouldſt prove a friend indeed, thou muſt give thyſelf over unto Rovewell.

Bel. So becauſe you have a fooliſh thing, I muſt keep you in countenance; no truly, I'll be confined to none of your fellows.

Dor.

Dor. Come, diſſemble not; you know the man is aſſuredly thy own.

Bel. Why, is it not better to ſay the fellow's mine, than I his?

Dor. For thee it may be better; but what thinkeſt thou the world will ſay?

Bel. Why, not worſe of me than I ſay of the world. But to keep thee no longer in ſuſpence, I won't make a vow of chaſtity, nor will I forſwear having the fellow, Rovewell: I don't know, but one time or another, when I am in a very maggotty humour, I may marry the creature. Come into my cloſet, and I'll tell thee more of my mind. [*Exeunt.*

Ad. It is impoſſible to tell, whether this miſtreſs of mine will ever have Rovewell or not; but ſince he pays me well, I'll teaze and wheedle in his behalf; and if he gets her, I hope he'll make her a modern huſband. Well, if I could get a lover upon the firſt popping of the queſtion, to fly into his arms, and ſo good-night maidenhead. It ſhews a wonderful folly in mankind to whine and ſnivel after theſe coy peeviſh things. Bleſs me! if they knew the way into a lady's heart ſo well as I do, there would be no ſighing and ogling, no preſents or ſerenading, no dying at a lady's feet: let them take the ſhorteſt way with the diſſenters, and the buſineſs is done. [*The bell rings.*] Coming, coming. [*Exit.*

Enter Jenny Private *and a* Sailor.

Jen. So, I think I am equipt like one of the righteous; I am overjoyed at the intrigue, and ſhall be pleaſed to ſee myſelf a real captain's lady; I am ſure I have been a ſham one to many of them. Let me ſee, my letter is penned in a true canting form: my name is Dorcas Zeal, and my fortune ten thouſand pounds. Well, if I do not act the babe of grace, the formal quaking ſaint, with as much outſide ſanctity, as a new-entered nun, or an old mother abbeſs, I'll be content to truſs up like James Nailor.—Here, ſailor, carry this to Captain Mizen; then follow Captain Worthy's orders.

Sail. Ay, friend, I'll hand it to him, and then look out ſharp. [*Exit.*

Jen. Now to the place of rendezvous;

And there, with look demure, I'll paſs for ſaint;
No ſuch fair colour as religious paint. [*Exit.*

SCENE *draws and diſcovers* Rovewell, Worthy, Mizen, *Sir* Charles Pleaſant, Eaſy, *and Purſer* Indent.—*A bowl of punch.*

Rov. Come, her majeſty's health in a bumper, and may ſhe live for ever.

Wor. And may all her ſubjects be as true to her as we are.

Miz. May they all take as much pains to put her affairs, civil and military, into as good order as I do. May I be hoiſted over a ſhip's ſide, with a tackle hooked to a running bowling, with a knot under my left ear, if I don't make her navy one of the greateſt navies in the univerſe.

Plea. Why, Sir, 'tis that already.

Miz. Ay, but Sir Charles, I don't mean a fighting navy, for that's the leaſt part of our buſineſs; I am for a polite navy;——that is, a navy full of ſenſe and good manners; a navy of proper, handſome, well-dreſt fellows; that when it appears abroad, may be the wonder of the world, for glittering, ſhining coats, powdered wigs, ſnuff-boxes, and faſhionable airs.

Eaſy. So then, Sir, you are for ſaluting away the queen's powder.

Crib. No, he's for turning the gun-powder into ſweet-powder, and the iron-balls into waſh-balls.

Miz. Well, gentlemen, you'll have no cauſe to complain at my deſign.

Rov. Why, if thou ſhouldſt offer this to an old captain of the navy, he'd bring thee to a court martial, and break thee for being crazy.

Miz. Oh, Sir, before I laid my deſign at the parliament-door, I'd get an order from the admiralty to ſend all the tar-captains to the Weſt-Indies.

Eaſy. What then, Sir?

Miz. Why then, Sir, they would lay down their commiſſions, and ſo the navy would be rid of them.

Crib. That laſt intention I like wonderfully; then we young fellows might have hopes of jumping into fifty-gun ſhips.

Rov.

Rov. But, Mizen, I have been thinking if the old captains will not go to the Weſt-Indies; pray, who ſhall we get to go.

Miz. Why theſe young fellows.

Sir Cha. Ay, with all our hearts, faith: but ſuppoſe the lot ſhould fall upon yourſelf, Captain?

Miz. Oh, there's no fear of that, I know where to fix a preſent to ſomebody, that ſhall be nameleſs, to keep me off the liſt.

Wor. Indeed, that is prudent management; I know men of the party, who quit when they're nominated; but ſoon after, by the help of friends and merits, they get better ſhips.

Miz. You may think it friendſhip if you pleaſe; but there's nothing done in this world without money.

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Is Captain Mizen here?

Miz. I am he, friend; what want you, Sir?

Sail. Why, here's a ticket for you.

Miz. Ha!—Dorcas Zeal! Oh, eccſtacy! Oh, tranſport! [*Reads.*] "Friend, I am informed thou haſt a liking to my perſon; my neighbour hath informed me thou art a ſober, good man. I am now walking towards Deal-caſtle, where, if thy pretenſions are ſincere, we will conſult about the matter thy friend ſpoke to me of this day. I ſhould not be thus free with thee, had it not chanced, that paſſing by me at thy firſt landing, I beheld thy comely perſon, and liked it; and therefore uſed this plainneſs with thee, as becometh a ſiſter of that congregation that hateth ceremonies. Be ſecret, for Worthy is thy rival, but his pretenſions will prove vain; for my heart is thine. DORCAS ZEAL."

Miz. Oh, thou dear creature!———But, huſh! no tranſports before arrival. Poor Worthy, how thy weak foundation totters! how ſneakingly would the poor mortal look, if he ſaw this letter! Well, Dorcas has ſeen me, and I ſhot her with a ſide glance. What a refined creature is a ſweet beau, to a homely coarſe tar; to carry off the prize at one ſingle attack, which that dull rogue has been laying a whole year's ſiege to? But, come, gentlemen, about with the glaſs. Here, Worthy, here's thy miſtreſs's health.

Wor.

Wor. I thank you, Sir.

Miz. Nay, don't think I drink to an unknown fair. Here's honeſt Rovewell has made me a ſmall piece of a confidant in thy amour. Well, old boy, when the conſummation-day comes with thy ſanctified bride, I'll make one at throwing the profane ſtocking—and to her health. [*Drinks.*

Rov. Here's a dog! [*Aſide.*

Wor. Well, Mizen, to reſume thy compliment, when that happy day does come. I'll beſpeak thee for a bride-man.

Miz. Nay, that will be too great an honour. But, cry ye mercy, gentlemen, I have a ſmall affair to diſpatch, I muſt be forced to borrow myſelf from your company; but upon my honour, I'll return again in a very few moments. [*Exit.*

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! the rogue ſwallows the bait as we could wiſh.

Sir Cha. What, ſome ridiculous intrigue on foot: pray let us join with you in your mirth.

Crib. Nothing diverts ſo much, as uſing a coxcomb according to his deſerts.

Eaſy. And ſo exquiſite a coxcomb as this, can't be uſed too ill.

Rov. Why the deſign is pretty ſevere; he is gone to marry Jenny Private, an old quondam punk.

Ind. This will be a noble revenge for his impertinence: Oh, lieutenant! would we could clap ſuch a trick upon our brute of a commodore.

Rov. Ay, that may be done; I have juſt ſuch another blind bargain for him too.

Wor. Come, to your good ſucceſs: the marrying theſe two coxcombs, may provoke them to hang themſelves, which will be a meritorious ſervice to the navy.

Sir Cha. Oh, for a vacancy, that dear delight to us young fellows: ha, Cribidge!

Crib. Ay, the two ſhips would ſerve us nicely.

Eaſy. Then we ſhould have commiſſions to wet.

Rov. So, the bowl ſucks; empty is the word.

Ind. Pray, gentlemen, give me leave to pay for this bowl.

All. Oh, by no means, Purſer.

Ind.

Ind. Pray, gentlemen, let it be ſo. Come, Captain Worthy, I may be your Purſer one time or other.

Wor. Why, if you ſhould, it won't be much to your advantage; for I ne'er allow my purſer to oppreſs the men; nor will I keep a whole ſhip's crew miſerable, to make one man rich.

Ind. Oh, Sir, I don't deſire that, Sir; but you are ſo fine a gentleman, Sir, that you won't hinder me from thoſe common perquiſites allowed to all purſers.

Sir Cha. The word perquiſite comprehends a great deal of roguery; and under that notion the government is ſufficiently cheated.

Ind. Ay, Sir; but all people have regard to the methods of the navy.

Wor. Why, yes, Purſer, I own you may plead cuſtom for abundance of villainies committed in the navy; but we have now got men of honour at the helm, who will not ſuffer rogues to go unpuniſhed.

Crib. It has been the method to let a ſtinking butt of beer ſtand ſix days a-broach; and when complaint has been made, the captain (who ſhould do the ſailors juſtice) puniſhes the complaining raſcal for mutiny.

Sir Cha. It has been the method for cooks, with pitch-forks ſharp, to ſqueeze the fat from out the meat, for fear the greaſe ſhould riſe in poor Jack Sailors' ſtomachs.

Eaſy. It has been the method to waſte a pound to ounces ten which makes the bread, the butter, and the cheeſe, a poor allowance for thoſe hard-working men.

Rov. In ſhort, what with cheſt-money, hoſpitals, ſlops, two-pences, groats, and mulcts, they are mere galley-ſlaves.

Sir Cha. The captain uſes them like dogs, which forces them to run away; the checquering clerk puts on the R. and then the purſer loads their pay with ſlops they never had, and ſo cheats the queen and ſubjects too.

Ind. Why, you may rail at theſe proceedings; but when you ſtand the captain and the purſer too, you'll often wiſh to be indenting; half money, and half ſtores, have tempted moſt of you.

Wor. Come, no more; ſince we have diſcovered you, I hope you'll let us pay our clubs.

Ind. No, faith, gentlemen, I'll treat you, for all this.

You

You mighty pretenders to honour are not much unlike whores, who rail at that which they moſt commonly practiſe.

Rov. Come, Worthy, we muſt away. Sir Charles, your company is deſired too; we muſt ſpend this evening at Belinda's. But ſtay, Cribbidge, I muſt have one private whiſper with thee, by the way. Revenge is the word, and I muſt engage thee in the plot.

Crib. Ay, moſt willingly, in ſuch a cauſe.

Rov. If we ſucceed in this farce, it will be a moſt noble revenge.

For brutes and fools were only made for ſport;
Nothing is like a coxcomb to divert:
They cure the ſpleen, and make the toils of life
An eaſy burthen, and a pleaſing ſtrife.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

Enter Jenny Private.

JENNY.

SURE the ſailor has miſtook, and given my letter to a wrong perſon. My heart goes pit-a-pat, for fear I ſhould not ſucceed. But ſee, he comes!

Enter Mizen.

Miz. So, that muſt be my Quaker, by her ſanctified air——Madam, Madam——

Jen. Would you ought with me, friend?

Miz. Only to deſire the favour of you to give me leave to throw myſelf at your feet. My name is Mizen; I came hither by appointment from your fair hands——She is very beautiful! board me elſe. [*Aſide.*

Jen. If thy ſincerity is anſwerable to the character my friend has given me of thee, I am content, according to his deſire, to be thy help-mate.

Miz. Well, old Scruple is a prevailing rogue, and deſerves the fifty guineas, poſ. [*Aſide.*] Oh, my charmer! I have been long ſighing and wiſhing for this opportunity, and hope you'll now give me leave to make the beſt of my time.

Jen.

Jen. Will you change your vain religion then? Will you ſtand faſt to the faith? In perſeverance, will you come over to the congregation of the upright? Will you put off theſe gaudy cloaths, thoſe vanity of vanities?

Miz. Yea, verily, I will put off my gaudineſs; I will ſtrip myſelf to the nakedneſs of the ſpirit.

Jen. Why, then thou haſt overcome me; and verily I will be thine in a few months.

Miz. Oh, thou lovely lamb, ſet not ſo terrible a time! the ſpirit moveth me to make thee fleſh of my fleſh, and bone of my bone, before the ſun ſhineth again.

Jen. I have ſome fears upon me, that thy eagerneſs to my perſon, may proceed from a deſire thou haſt to my money.

Miz. Why, I ſay thy fears are uncharitable; for hadſt thou nothing, nor that neither, my zeal would be as much for thee as it is now.

Jen. Then I am ſatisfied; and, accordingly, here is my hand.

Miz. Why, I am tranſported to the higheſt eccſtaſies! Look ye, my boat waiteth on the beach for me; if thy yearnings are are great as mine are to thee, thou wilt venture thyſelf upon the deep along with me. I have on board my ſhip a man called a chaplain, which, according to our eſtabliſhment, will link us together——Turn me keel upwards, if ever I carried on an intrigue better in my life. [*Aſide.*

Jen. Well, thou art a powerful man, and I ſubmit myſelf unto thee; but can help thee to one of thy prieſts on ſhore——Admirably well managed! [*Aſide.*

Miz. Come, my ſpirit, my light, my light of my light, and——humph——Let us go then.

[*Exeunt, hugging her.*

Enter Rovewell, Worthy, *and* Sir Charles Pleaſant.

Wor. So, off goes the boat, and there's a punk provided for.

Sir Cha. Merry be his heart. This will put ſuch a damp upon his undertakings, that we ſhall be troubled no more with his nonſenſical whimſies about reforming the navy.

Rov.

Rov. I wish all our friends were as well provided for as Jenny.

Wor. Why, faith, so do I; for when I enter the sacred bonds, I'll give a receipt in full to lewdness, shake hands with vice, and bid adieu to immorality.

Rov. And I am resolved to make the best of husbands.

Sir Cha. These are pious designs truly. I begin myself to be out of conceit with wickedness; and could I but succeed in my amour to Arabella, I should willingly bid adieu to all the frail part of mortality. But she has used me so unmercifully, that I quite despair of success.

Wor. Pr'ythee, Sir Charles, matters are not gone so far as to throw thee into desperation.

Rov. Let me alone to make up the match. Sir Charles, 'tis a pretty play-thing in time of peace, which, if some care is not taken, these victorious generals of ours will bring it to; and a sea-lieutenant, with only half a crown a day, will never agree with your quality.

Sir Cha. I am wholly at your devotion.

Rov. Come on, then; let's to Belinda's, where we shall see her.

Wor. I fear her late disappointment will hinder her from appearing abroad this evening. 'Tis only Belinda has interest enough to bring her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cribbidge, Easy, *and* Jiltup.

Jilt. My dear puppies, if you make me a captain's lady, my husband shall hang himself, that there may be a vacancy for one of you.

Crib. Why, you must make use of all your cunning to draw him into the noose. Get him but to the word, parson, and I, like his evil genius, will appear to him. You won't be the only jilt married to a sea-captain this day.

Jilt. How say you?

Easy. Why, Mrs. Jenny Private, through the intrigues, instigations, and temptations of Beau Mizen, is gone on board his ship, in order to be his lawful spouse.

Jilt. Od's my life, my cousin Jenny! If such common strumpets as she meet with such good luck, what must a woman of my known virtue and modest conversation expect?

Crib. Why then you make degrees in whoring?

Jilt. Oh, ever! She that is a bastard-bearing whore, is

the most notorious; she that lies with half the town, and does it privately, is a prudent whore; she that gets money by it, is a mercenary whore; she that does it generously, and bare-fac'd, is a whore of honour.

Crib. Very nice distinctions, truly!

Easy. I wonder, since you are so numerous a body of people, you don't get a charter; it will raise a considerable tax to the government; they may as well tolerate you, as wink at great men's keeping you.

Jilt. Why, really, settlements are very comfortable things; and our gentry, how sneaking soever they are to their creditors, are most generous to our faculty.

Crib. Come, toss up a bowl of the best, to enable us to go through with this great work. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arabella *and* Justice Scruple.

Scrup. I am somewhat troubled your sister is gone abroad, because I had a business to impart to her of very great consequence.

Ara. If you please to leave your affairs to me, I'll acquaint her with them.

Scrup. Why, upon second thoughts, you might do my business as well as she.

Ara. Suppose it, Sir. What is it?

Scrup. Why, there is a friend of mine, who is what the world calleth a fine gentleman; he is endowed with a plentiful estate, and is captain of a good sixty-gun ship; has interest enough to get a good station; has spoke to me to recommend him to your sister. Now, I have considered, that you, being of his religion, may suit better with his temper than your sister.

Ara. His name, his name, Sir.

Scrup. Why, people call him Captain Mizen.

Ara. Oh, I have heard of the finical coxcomb! You have lost your labour with me, Sir; and therefore, pray, keep him for my sister.

Scrup. Verily, if her sister answereth me so, it's probable I may lose my five hundred guineas which the Captain has promised me for making up the match. I will in the morning take her fasting, which I believe to be the best time to try a woman's inclinations.

[*Aside.* *Exit.*

Enter Arabella's *Maid.*

Ara. So, the old raſcal's gone. Theſe pſalm-ſinging match-makers are worſe than your irreligious bawds; for the latter only betray our maidenheads and our reputations, when theſe religious rogues are for betraying our fortunes, our freedoms, our pleaſures, our every thing.

Maid. Ay; but, Madam, to be ſettled in the world is what we all aim at, and marriage is honourable.

Ara. So was the knighthood formerly; but now they both grow odious——Have you wrote thoſe letters I gave you to copy?

Maid. I have, Madam, and here they are.

Ara. You'll get ſomebody to deliver this packet to my ſiſter while ſhe's at Belinda's?

Maid. Yes, Madam, I have a ſmall Mercury already prepared for it.

Ara. Well; and this letter, in which I have ſo well counterfeited my brother's hand, that my ſiſter will ne'er diſcover it——

Maid. But can you hope, Madam, by this intrigue to make Captain Worthy yours?

Ara. No, fool; nor were he dying at my feet, would I receive him. My deſign is to make my ſiſter hate him; nothing this world calls dear, can equal the pleaſure of ſeeing him ill uſed by her.

Maid. I fear, Madam, 'twill be paſt your ſkill to break the lover's knot that rivets them together.

Ara. Fear not, girl; my ſiſter's zeal will overwhelm her carnal paſſion; and our ſtory is ſo plauſible, ſhe can't but believe it.

Maid. I wiſh all may prove as you deſign it. I'm wholly diſpoſed to follow whatever your commands are pleaſed to lay upon me.

Ara. Send the letter to my ſiſter by a hand you dare truſt, and then come into my chamber.

Maid. I'll inſtantly about it, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Flip, Cockſwain, *and ſix Sailors.*

Flip. Sirrah, don't you flinch your ladle; he that will do that, will run down into the hold in an engagement, or ſay his prayers in a ſtorm.

1 *Sail.*

1 *Sail.* Why, I am married, Sir, and muſt lie with my wife to-night, which I have not done this eighteen months.

Flip. You rogue, can't you get drunk firſt, and lie with her afterwards?

1 *Sail.* Ay, Sir, but my ill quality is, when I get drunk, I beat my wife immoderately, and kick her out of doors; which I would not willingly do the firſt night.

Flip. Oh! I'll ſave you the trouble of that, hell-bird, you ſhall go on board to-night, and ſhan't ſee your wife theſe two months.

1 *Sail.* Oh! then, Sir, I'll be drunk with all my heart.

Flip. Come; confuſion to all the fops and coxcombs of the navy! When I am at the helm, I'll root the rogues from thence: as for you, Cockſwain, I'll make you captain, and all the boat's crew ſhall be lieutenants.

2 *Sail.* Look'e, I'll be no lieutenant; I'll be a captain the firſt ſtroke.

Flip. Why, what pretenſiveneſs have you to it, ſirrah?

2 *Sail.* My pretenſiveneſs to it is, Sir, that I was rated able, when your worſhip was ordinary.

Flip. That's no rule, ſirrah, for at that rate I ſhould be king of the ſeas now, for I was a midſhipman, when ſome that ſhall be nameleſs, were ſwabbers of the upper-gun deck.

3 *Sail.* And I could ſay my compaſs, reef, hand, and ſplice, when ne'er a commiſſion-officer in our ſhip could tell ſtarboard from larboard.

4 *Sail.* I wonder your honourable worſhip, being ſo notorious a man with the ambralty, don't get Captain of the ſufferans.

5 *Sail* And I likewiſe wonder your worſhipful honour don't get to be knighted.

6 *Sail.* 'Tis a wonderful thing, that, Jack, to have the Queen's Majeſty's honour clap a cutlaſh upon a man's ſkull, and bid him riſe up Sir any thing.

Flip. Look'e, rogues, the deſign is very good, and 'tis a gracious piece of preferment; but it has puffed up ſo many of our ſea-coxcombs, that their pride and vanity will ruin the credit of the navy. But here's to you, Cockſwain. [*Drinks.*] Fill it up, ſirrah.

Cock. I am almoſt drunk, an like your honour; another cup will make me clap the ſhip on board to windward.

Flip. Why then ſirrah, I'll clap you in the bilboes to leeward.

Cock. So, now the ſtorm begins to riſe.

2 *Sail.* To be free with your right reverend worſhip's honour and glory, I muſt tell you, being you and I were afore the maſt together, it would look as it were ſomething clever of your honourableneſs to throw three things overboard.

Flip. Why, what are thoſe things, ſirrah?

2 *Sail.* The boatſwain, the purſer, and the bilboes.

All Sail. Ay, over-board with them, i'faith.

Flip. What! do you mutiny, ye dogs? Don't you know there's a court-martial, and that I am preſidentum?

Cock. I was ſure theſe rogues would bring themſelves into a prim-in-iron.

2 *Sail.* Why, moſt worthy Captain, and my meſs-mate that was, look'e, we have no deſign of mutinying, but only by the way of telling our grievances to your grace's honour, and ſo my humbleneſs to you. [*Drinks.*

Flip. Well, well, to ſhew my natural goodneſs to you all, give me good reaſons for throwing over-board the bilboes; I begin at the latter end of your propoſitions, becauſe I intend to aſk them all gradually; and ſo, ſirrah, here's to you. [*Drinks.*

3 *Sail.* Thank your monſtrouſneſs: the bilboes, an't like your wonderfulneſs, is a great ſtumbling-block in the way of a ſailor's agility; to have our heels land-lock'd when we have ſea-room enough, is worſe than to run aſhore where there's no land.

All Sail. Oh! worſe by half.

Flip. Come, no more of your nonſenſicalneſs; but get drunk as faſt as you can.

Enter Indent.

Ind. Sir, a word with you. [*They go aſide.*

Cock. Ah——when the captain and purſer whiſper, our guts ought to grumble.

6 *Sail.* Ay, Cockſwain, thoſe whiſperations are many an ounce of butter and cheeſe out of our way.

3 *Sail.* Ay! and a great deal of beer too: but my ſervice to you, meſs-mate.

Flip.

Flip. Why, I designed to go and see her this evening. [*To* Indent.

Ind. As I pass'd by the door, she told me she was impatient to see you, for you was the handsomest man in the navy, and the best-natured captain in the whole fleet.

Flip. Why, I believe the jade does love me, therefore you and I will go to supper with her; but first I'll make all the boat's crew drunk, according to ancient custom. Come, rogues, clap the bucket to your mouths, and don't stand sipping out of a bowl that don't hold above a pint.

Cock. Well, if we must all be drunk, we must, and so down let it go. Here's to you——If every man stows as much of it as I did in those half dozen gulps, I'll pawn my call on't it won't come round again.

Flip. So, I am in stout heart enough now to venture an engagement with this virgin frigate; and so come along with me. [*Exeunt* Flip *and* Purser.

6 *Sail.* Well, now we have got rid of the rum duke, being in a very merry humour, let us put it to the vote, whether we shall beat the mayor and corporation, and drown the constable; or shall we ravish all the women we meet with, and unwindow the houses?

5 *Sail.* Let us ravish first.

3 *Sail.* No, no, ravish afterwards; for I have as much courage before ravishment as any body; but afterwards I'm as cowardly as a Dutchman that has drank no brandy.

Cock. Hark'e, my lads, I'd have you take care who you ravish; for a great many women in this town don't love to be boarded by force, they will fight you broad-side and broad-side, and yard-arm and yard-arm, till they sink you; and you may fire as many great guns betwixt wind and water, before you make any one of them leaky. Besides, I don't care to attack a fire-ship of better force than any frigate in our squadron; for if they once come to lash you fast to them, you are blow'd up in spite of the embassy. I will therefore lie down for an hour or two; call me when the Captain's ready to go.

3 *Sail.* Why, do you think to be left out of the plot? No, no, Mr. Cockswain, you shall go along with us, or else we'll ravish you.

All Sail. Ay, ay, force him along [*They haul him.*

Cock. Why, rogues, an't I captain of the boat?

4 *Sail.* If you were captain of the ship, we should use you as we do now; for we have no disposition of persons.

2 *Sail.* Ay, or if he was ambaral we should make no difference; for all that there is between an ambaral and a sailor is, a stout sailor will fire ten guns to an ambaral's one.

Cock. Well, well, unhand me, if I must go, I must; but I am very much mistaken, if we are catch'd a-doing a mischief by the justices, if they don't clap us into the wooden bilboes.

4 *Sail.* Why, to get the better of that prehension of yours, the first thing we'll go about, shall be to pull the stocks up by the roots, launch them into the sea, and let the Goodwin sand be better for them.

All Sail. Done, done, come away. [*Exeunt.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

Enter Rovewell, Worthy, *Sir* Charles Pleasant, Belinda *and* Dorcas.

ROVEWELL.

I Am sorry Arabella comes not; 'tis a disappointment to Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Methinks I do look a little awkward amongst you billing turtles; I am not a fit companion for lovers.

Bel. I can't imagine what you mean by lovers; my friend the Quaker here, has indeed shewn a little foolish fondness for Captain Worthy, but I hope you have suspected no such thing from any action of mine.

Dor. Why, friend Belinda, art thou not ashamed to dissemble so? I must tell thee, my conscience will not let me do it; if thou dost not shew a great deal of kindness to Rovewell forthwith, I will discover what pass'd in thy closet between us just now.

Rov. Oh! tell me but that, and I'll adore thee; give me but a cause to laugh at her impertinent weakness, and I shall be happy.

Bel.

Bel. How dare you offer at this inſolence! Have you any pretenſions to me, vain fellow?

Rov. Yes, I have, vain woman: if two years conſtant courtſhip, with an aweful reſpect and adoration paid to you; if oaths, if vows, if ſighs and tender expreſſions can give a man pretenſions, I can juſtly claim them.

Bel. You might have put in your fooliſh preſents too; your baubles of China, your Indian umbrella, your hair-ring, and your own picture.

Rov. By heavens! I'd give the world I could hate thee now: but, Belinda, there's ſomething ſo bewitching in your form, that I ſtill muſt love you; tho' ne'er ſo ill uſed, like a ſpaniel, I muſt fawn upon you.

Sir Cha. Now, faith, Belinda, had I admired you an age, nay, had I thought you an angel, and been as much enamoured of you as 'twas poſſible for a coxcomb to be; I would, at this uſage, marry your chamber-maid, that ſhe might take place of you: I'd ridicule you in all companies, quarrel with, and cut the throat of any body pretended courtſhip to you, and would make you die a maid in ſpite of your teeth.

Rov. Whilſt I, like a good-natured fool, hug my chains, and think of no heaven but my Belinda.

Wor. For ſhame, proud creature, let not your vain folly get the better of your ſenſe and reaſon; take to your arms the man you love. Come, I ſee good-nature in your eyes: thus I ſeize your hand, and am reſolved to give it him who has your heart.

Bel. Pſhaw, what inſolence is this! Do you think I am to be forced?

Dor. No, no, there can be no force in the caſe; thou art a diſſembler.

Sir Cha. In ſhort, if ſhe refuſes, we'll ſwear a contract, and make a forc'd marriage on't.

Bel. Had I not ſome inclination, your force and threats ſhould never do. Here, Rovewell, take my hand; I hope for better uſage from you, than you have received from me.

Rov. Oh, my Belinda! one pleaſing look makes amends for all my pains and agonies.

Dor. Ay, now it is as it ſhould be.

Bel. I know, Rovewell, you'll forgive the folly of my

my ſex, and put a favourable conſtruction on what I've done.

Wor. There, there, kiſs her hand eagerly; turn up the whites of your eyes, and fetch your breath very ſhort, and leave her to imagine what you ought to ſay. To-morrow, one prieſt will join both couples: now let us ſpend the night in mirth; by this time Mizen has linked with our ſham Quaker. With your leave, Belinda, we'll invite them hither.

Rov. 'Tis ten to one but the vanity of his imaginary conqueſt will bring him without an invitation.

Bel. Pray make my houſe your own.

Wor. Pardon, my dear creature, the freedom we have taken in uſing your name; but this coxcomb might have offered a violence we ſhould have wiſhed undone.

Rov. Belinda, I'll take the freedom of ſending for our noble Commodore and his lady too, who are by this time nooſed; we'll firſt dance, then raiſe them to the height of mirth, and diſcover the plot.

Sir Cha. It will be a moſt pleaſant comedy.

Wor. Faith, I fear it will prove a tragedy to poor Mizen.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, this packet was left for you by a ſailor.

[*Gives it to* Dorcas.

Dor. Ha!—To Mrs. Dorcas Zeal, and one incloſed to Worthy! Who can this be from? [*Reads.*] "I doubt not but you'll wonder at the villanies of mankind, when I tell you that Worthy, whom you have thoughts of making your huſband, is already married to me. I have two children by him. Give him the incloſed; if after reading on't he dares deny it, the next poſt ſhall bring to his ſight his much injur'd

ELIZABETH WORTHY."

[Dorcas *ſwoons away.*

Wor. Oh, heavens, what ails my charmer! ſhe's cold as clay! run for ſome water, quick!

Bel. Surprizing! [*They all hold her.*

Dor. Oh, falſe man! Oh, cruel Worthy!

[*She ſwoons again.*

Bel. Bleſs me, ſhe faints again, and muttets ſomething about you!

Wor.

Wor. I am amazed!

Rov. So, she comes to herself again.

[*They set her in a chair.*

Dor. Oh, read these lines, thou perjur'd man!

Wor. [*Reads the letter, and drops it again in a great surprize.*] What's here? Another, and directed to me! [*Reads.*] "Tho' you have been guilty of many villanies, and used me ill, I never thought you would have dar'd to have marry'd another wife; but since I know you so well, I'll appear at Deal, and tear your idol Quaker's heart out. I am your much injur'd

ELIZABETH WORTHY."

Sir Charles, feel me, have I life, am I awake, or do I dream? A dizziness overwhelms my brain, and darkness draws its sable curtains o'er my eyes!

Rov. What a plague means all this romantic stuff? have we got the method of poisoning by letter come into England at last!

Sir Cha. Faith, I am afraid to take the letter up, for fear I should be transmogrified.

Bel. This sudden change is most surprizing. Help, lead her to my chamber, a little sleep may bring her to herself again.

Dor. Lead me to death most willingly: horrors and despair will end my days.

[*Exeunt* Dorcas, Belinda, *and Servants.*

Wor. Go, charming fair! I can't blame thee for this great concern. Death, hell, and devils! am I then at last become a villain! a despicable husband! a betrayer of weak virgins hearts! —— am I, from a man of honour, sunk to a degenerate slave! —— By heaven, I'm raging mad! What ill-boding spirit could owe me such a spite, and cross at once my full-blown joys?

Rov. Worthy, is the frolic to go round? Are we to be all mad? or must only you and the Quaker carry on the jest?

Wor. Oh, Rovewell, you have known me long, but never saw me in such agonies of grief before; read these, the cause of all my woes.

Rov. [*Takes up the letter, reads, and Sir* Charles *over his shoulder.*] "Guilty——Villanies——another Wife——at Deal—Quaker's heart out. ELIZ. WORTHY."

An

An intrigue well carried on, i'faith. [*Reads the other letter.*]

" I doubt not——wonder——of man——Worthy—your husband——two children—the inclosed—next post—to his sight. ELIZ. WORTHY."

Sir Cha. Why, this lady of yours writes very prettily, Captain.

Rov. The woman has a pretty knack, faith; pr'ythee, Worthy, are these two children of yours boys or girls? ha! ha! ha!

Wor. Hell and furies! am I become your scorn? Do you laugh at me?

Rov. Ay, faith, do we. Canst thou be concerned at the stratagem of a woman who loves thee? Look once more upon the scrawl, canst thou not guess whose hand it is?

Wor. Ha!——By this light, it looks somewhat like Arabella's! It must be hers. Fool that I was, not to perceive it before; 'twas cunningly performed, I swear: I wonder my charming Quaker discovered it not! I'll in, and undeceive her. [*Meets* Belinda.

Bel. Make no noise, she's in a slumber, which I hope will compose her.

Wor. Oh, Belinda! this is a trick of Arabella's; behold, see here, the cunning penning of her envious fingers.

Bel. I wish the worst effects on't are past; for she has vow'd never to see you more: I'll watch her slumbers, and when she wakes, I'll tell her the story before her fits return.——Rovewell, you may now see when once our sex resolve to love, 'tis dangerous to disappoint us.

Rov. But 'tis hard, Belinda, that you should so soon believe that men are false; ten thousand letters ne'er could make me alter the rooted passion I have for you.

Bel. Oh! should you be told I am married to a man, who has had two children by me; you'd fly back from promises and vows, and cry, pox take her, she's a jilt.

Rov. So far from that, my soul, that I'd stab the inventor of such a story.

Bel. That would be very heroic, indeed; but come, let's comfort the poor Captain here, who looks more dejected than a discarded minister.

Sir Cha.

Sir Cha. Oh, worſe than that, Madam, he puts me in mind of an Engliſh Captain taken by a French privateer.

Rov. 'Tis a diſmal thing to be firſt boarded, then ſtript, and afterwards clapt into a French gaol.

Bel. In ſhort, he looks as if he was married.

Sir Cha. Right, Madam, and his countenance ſhews full of a family concern.

Wor. How can you blame my ſurprize?—Were you to ſee the fair Belinda, whom I know you love the beſt of any one on earth; were you, I ſay, to ſee her in tears and agonies for ſomething you had done, nay, for ſomething you had not done, ſome villainous imputation charged upon you, 'twou'd touch your heart as much as mine.

Rov. Why, faith, I have ſo good an opinion of Belinda, that I fancy ſhe would give herſelf none of thoſe airs, if ſhe heard I had twenty children.

Bel. Nay, more than that, had you twenty wives, I ſhould keep my temper: care ſhall be taken in drawing the writings, ſo as I may not be the worſe for you in my fortune; and if you will love a great many of my ſex, it's probable I ſhall find out a way of making reprisals.

Sir Cha. What's all this to my happineſs? How am I to come by my Arabella?

Bel. Why, ſhe's as eaſily come at as the reſt of her ſex.

Sir Cha. But, Madam, if ſhe doats on my Captain, how can I expect ſhe'll ever ſmile on me?

Wor. Oh! her love to me is vaniſh'd, if e'er ſhe had any; this action of hers plainly ſhews her malice.

Bel. Come, I'll write her word what an heroic paſſion ſhe has put Worthy into, and the fainting condition poor Dorcas lies in; I'll praiſe her for her well-invented ſtratagem, and then let her know Sir Charles is here.

Sir Cha. Why, Madam, do you think that will bring her?

Bel. Sir Charles, I have heard her ſay abundance of handſome things of you; I know ſhe likes the word quality much, and would not care, if on any terms ſhe could be called her ladyſhip; for ſhe is pleaſed with taking place: that, you muſt know, is the darling vanity of our ſex.

Rov. You may ſet your heart at reſt; you have a fairer proſpect of marrying Arabella, than poor Worthy has for marrying her ſiſter.

Bel.

Bel. Come, teaze him no more: I'll ſteal up to her, and convince her of the error ſhe's in. Go into the parlour, there's cards. [*Exit.*

Rov. Come, what think you of ombre, or a pool at piquet.

Wor. I can do nothing with pleaſure till I know how I am to be received by my dear charmer.

Sir Cha. Come, pray divert theſe melancholy whimſies.

Rov. Why, if you don't go to cards, Sir Charles and I ſhall be very ſatirical upon you.

Wor. Nay, rather than you ſhould play that game with me, I'll go to cards. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Flip *drunk*, Indent, *and* Jiltup.

Jilt. This was kind, indeed, my dear dog, to make me the firſt viſit, when ſo many ladies in town die for you.

Flip. Why, you little huſſey you, I think all the women in town look like ſwabs to you.

Ind. Indeed, Madam, the Commodore does often launch out in your praiſes.

Flip. Ay, and commendations too: why, I love you ſo well, that I could be your conſort and your meſs-mate for ever. When I die 'tis all your own; my houſes, my land, my part in ſhips, and my every thing elſe come to you by will and deed.

Jilt. Poor good-natured thing, how is it poſſible for me to return thy kindneſſes? I have no land but my own body; take that into thy cuſtody, and make the moſt on't.

Enter Cribidge *in a Prieſt's habit.*

Flip. What have we here? a prieſt!

Jilt. Oh, dear couſin Homily, I'm glad to ſee you.

Flip. Is this your couſin, my dear? You're welcome, as I may ſay.

Crib. Sir, I thank you. Couſin, I'm glad to ſee you; I come to ſtay with you ſome time; your doctor being gone to make intereſt for a biſhoprick, I am to officiate for him until his return.

Ind. Rarely acted i'faith, he looks much modeſter than moſt of our ſea-chaplains.

Crib. Well, couſin, may I joy you? Have you entered into the holy ſtate of matrimony yet?

Jilt. No, couſin, I am willing to ſee a little more of the world firſt.

Crib. A pariſhioner of mine, that has ſeen you, ſeems to have a great mind to make you his wife: he has a plentiful eſtate, with a fine houſe, in a pleaſant part of Kent; he is of a very good family, and is a perſonal handſome man.

Flip. Heark'e, Sir, none of your match-making ſtories here: this lady is diſpoſed of, and her inclinations are moor'd to my affections; and he that claps her aboard, muſt expect to be raked fore and aft with my partridge double and round.

Crib. Sir, I beg your pardon, if you are the lady's huſband, I have done, Sir.

Flip. Look'e, Sir, I am not at preſent the lady's huſband; but if you underſtand that part of your trade, and will ſplice us together, I have a couple of guineas at your ſervice.

Crib. Sir, if all parties are conſenting, I ſhall not be a great while performing that ceremony.

Flip. Why all parties are conſented, Reverendiſſimo.

Crib. Sir, if I have that from the lady's mouth, and you can get her a father to give her away, I ſhall proceed.

Flip. Oh, as to a father, here's the purſer ſhall ſtand that part of the ſtory. Tell him, my dear, how you love and adore me.

Jilt. I muſt ſay, I have an unalterable affection for the Commodore; but if I ſhould marry him, and he ſhould not love me after it, I ſhould be the miſerableſt creature nature ever form'd.

Flip. Not love you, my dear! why I'll ſtick as cloſe to you as carv'd work to a ſhip's ſtern; nothing ſhall be done by me without thy conſent; you ſhall have the working of my veſſel, and ſtand at the helm in all weathers.

Ind. Well, Madam, ſince I am choſe for your father, give me leave to know what's beſt for you; I'll engage the Commodore proves the tendereſt huſband in the navy.

Crib. Truly the gentleman hath the aſpect of a man of parts.

Flip. Reverendiſſimo, I thank you for your good opinion of my outelects; and if you'll give yourſelf the trouble of coming on board my ſhip, you ſhall have your ſkull

and guns fill'd so full of brandy and salt-beef, and your ears so alarmed with drums, trumpets, huzzas and guns that you'll be as drunk in half an hour, as you were at the wetting your commission.

Crib. Sir, people of my cloth never launch out beyond the rules of modesty.

Flip. I can't say any thing to your shore-folks; but I am certain our sea-chaplains (generally speaking) are drunk as often as our sea-captains.

Crib. The more's the pity, that religion should be so abused by such profligates.

Ind. Why, indeed, the sailors are apt enough to be wicked of themselves, and such examples from their guides, may be one great reason of so much immorality in the navy.

Flip. Come, my dear, let the doctor do his office, and belay our affair.

Jilt. Well, you have overcome me.

Flip. So, very well; then begin Mr. Homily.

Jilt. Oh, no, we shall be disturbed here, the next room is more private.

Flip. March away then, I am all over storeship and transport with thy dear person; come, I'll give you a tow, you are my prize now.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

Enter Arabella *dress'd like a Quaker, in Men's Cloaths.*

ARABELLA.

SO, my plot succeeds as I could wish, Belinda's letter tells me all. Now must I take care to give my saint-like sister these credentials when she 'wakes. I think I look as like one of the pious brethren, as if I had been educated by George Fox. [*Kneels.*

Enter Advocate.

Is Dorcas Zeal within this dwelling-place?

Ad. Yes, she is.

Ara. Wilt thou go and tell unto her, that I would speak with her instantaneously?

Ad. If you'll walk in, I'll let my miſtreſs know your meſſage; but the lady is aſleep.

Ara. Go, I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter again in the Parlour.

Ad. Sit down, while I acquaint my lady. [*Exit.*

Ara. Now for a diſguiſing look, that ſhe may not know me.

Enter Belinda.

Bel. My ſervant tells me you would ſpeak with Dorcas *Zeal*.

Ara. Yea verily, ſhe hath told thee the truth.

Bel. She is laid down and indiſpoſed, I am loth to diſturb her.

Ara. Verily, I could wiſh thou could'ſt diſpenſe with giving her ſome ſmall diſturbance, my buſineſs is very urgent; for behold my errand is from her brother, and concerneth her much, and we muſt be in private.

Bel. Then follow me.

Ara. So I will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Dorcas *on a Couch. Re-enter* Belinda *and* Arabella.

Dor. How dreadful are the dreams of ſouls diſturbed! Why was I ſo void of grace to truſt to ſuch a monſter!

Bel. How does my dear? I feared we ſhould have diſturbed your reſt; but this young man being very urgent to ſpeak with you, I ventured to bring him up.

Dor. I am much better; but ſtill troubled in mind.

Bel. Oh, as ſoon as you have diſpatch'd your buſineſs, I'll ſet your mind to rights, I'll warrant you. [*Exit.*

Ara. May be not [*Aſide.*] Friend, thy brother did ſend this unto thee; when thou haſt overlooked the contents thereof, thou wilt know my buſineſs here.

Dor. May be it contains ſomething of that traitor Worthy. [*Reads.*

"Beloved ſiſter,

The bearer hereof, being the ſon of Ananias, who was an upright member of the cauſe, I recommend unto thee for a help-mate. He hath two thouſand pounds a year,

and ſtiffly adherent to our ways of going; and I ſend him to thee in good ſeaſon, that thou may'ſt be delivered from the wicked deſigns of the ſeducing married man Worthy.

Thine, in truth and ſincerity,

Shadrach Zeal."

Dor. A comely youth, well worthy my good liking. Beſides, how bleſt an occaſion offereth to be revenged of an ungrateful man! [*Aſide.*] Art thou, young man, the ſubject of this paper?

Ara. Yea, lovely maiden, I am the choſen man, ſelected by my friend and thy good brother to greet thee with a holy kiſs, and tell thee I love thee, fair one.

Dor. Love me at firſt ſight!——Have a care thou talk not in the language of the world, and play the deceiver; if thou doſt, aſſure thyſelf I ſhall rebuke thee for it.

Ara. I have ſeen thee often before, verily.

Dor. Where didſt thou ſee me?

Ara. In the great London city.

Dor. When there ſaw'ſt thou me?

Ara. At the laſt general aſſembly of the faithful, met at that ſeaſon worldly men call Whitſuntide.

Dor. Yea truly, our good brother Shadrach carried me up to that noiſy town of pride and vanity, to greet our brethren friends at the laſt meeting. But if thou ſaw'ſt me there, how chanceth it, that in ſo long a ſilence thou haſt ſtifled up the breathings of thy heart, from the fifth month even to the ninth?

Ara. Oh! Dorcas, Dorcas,——ah——I ſaw and loved thee, but, alas! I check'd the moving ſpirit within. With my green years, methought I was too young to lead a ſiſter.

Dor. Too young! Oh, fie! was that the fault! the younger the ſporting lambs, they play more harmleſsly: verily, the outward man thou beareſt, looketh with an honeſt face.

Ara. My inward man bears the ſame honeſt face too. [*Kiſſes* Dorcas's *Hand.*] Deny me not thine hand.

Dor. Some ſuch like agonies as theſe, I felt from the firſt touches of the falſe Worthy.——

Ara. Falſe indeed!—He is one of the profane, alien to our purer flock; and who can tell, were he thy choſen yoke-

yoke-mate, but he'd force thee to one of his own steeple-houſes; nay, and perhaps lead thee in vain toppings, to a carnal feat in one of the ſad play-houſes?

Dor. [*Sighs.*] Ah!——

Ara. But I am, thou know'ſt, a lamb of thy own fold; me thou may'ſt mould to what thy own heart liketh: then let us not, like the vain babbling worldly ones, thus loſe the precious time in fooliſh courtſhip; but let me forthwith wriggle myſelf into thy inward affections.

Dor. Yea, I do take thee, and like a backſlider, who repenteth, I will, with pure zeal and fervency, turn unto thee.

Enter Worthy, Rovewell, Sir Charles, *and* Belinda.

Wor. Oh, my dear creature, do I hold thee faſt!

Ara. Friend, haſt thou any pretenſions to this woman, who is the wife of my boſom?

Dor. Stand off, vile man, thou with thy flattering tongue haſt almoſt betrayed me: but now I defy thee. Go to thy wife and children.

Wor. Furies and fire! I ſhall run diſtracted.

Ara. Friend, ſwear not at all.

Wor. What canting coxcomb's this, that dares uſurp my right?

Ara. Thou may'ſt bluſter as much as thou pleaſeſt: but I tell unto thee, this woman is bone of my bone, and fleſh of my fleſh.

Dor. Thou haſt ſaid the truth, and nothing but the truth; I ſay again and again, begone to thy own wife.

Ara. Ay, go unto thy wife.

Wor. Rovewell, Sir Charles, Belinda, muſt I bear all this? Let me but keep my ſenſes!

Bel. I am ſurpriſed at you!

Rov. Behold, the letters you received were written by Arabella: ſee here, her very hand.

Ara. Friend, liſten not to them, they are deceivers: let us depart from amongſt them.

Sir Cha. Look'e, young fellow, none of your impertinent cant here: this lady ſhall not ſtir 'till we have undeceived her.

Rov. And when we have done that, good Sir, you

may troop to the Bull and Mouth again, without this ſhe-friend's money.

Dor. What power haſt thou to hinder our departing hence?

Ara. Ay, friend, tell us that.

Rov. How can you be ſo cruel to a man, whoſe life's ſole happineſs is placed in you?

Dor. How can I be cruel enough to one, who would have for ever made me miſerable?

Wor. Oh! would you but hear me juſtify myſelf, I ſoon would anſwer all this villainous forgery, and clear my wounded innocence and honour.

Ara. Friend, hear him not, he hath a vile deluding tongue.

Sir Cha. Hark'ee, young fellow, I have ſomething to tell you.

Ara. Friend, I have nothing to ſay to thee; therefore touch me not, I ſay.

Dor. Pray uſe no rudeneſs, but let us begone quietly.

Sir Cha. No ſtruggling, good, ſweet, diminutive coxcomb; if thou doſt, I ſhall uſe the carnal weapon upon thee.

Ara. Begone, fellow.

[*In ſtruggling her hat and wig fall off.*

Bel. How! Arabella!—Then the plot's diſcovered!

Dor. [*Shrieks.*] How's this! my holy brother in the ſpirit, turned to an arrant ſiſter in the fleſh!

Wor. Ha!——my old friend, this was a well-acted tragi-comedy.

Dor. I am in ſo much confuſion and ſurprize, I know not what to ſay.

Ara. Now, Sir, I ſuppoſe you'll let me go; I have no more buſineſs here.

Sir Cha. This diſcovery will make me hold you faſter than before.

Rov. Ay, Madam, there's no retreating now; we'll be even with you for all your uſage.

Dor. Friend Worthy, canſt thou forgive me, and once more take my hand?

Wor. Can I live! Not without thee, I'm ſure! Oh, had you but once o'erlooked theſe lines, how had you ſaved me this wild diſtraction!

Sir

Sir Cha. Look'e, Madam, no ſtruggling; you are now my priſoner; I ſhall not releaſe you but upon very advantageous terms to myſelf.

Bel. Thoſe terms, Sir Charles, let me have leave to make. I know the gentlewoman's mind ſo well, that I dare give you her hand.

Ara. Upon what account, Belinda?

Bel. Why, upon the account of being my Lady Pleaſant. Pr'ythee don't put on a diſſembling look; conſent forthwith, or you ſhall die a maid. But firſt I'll reconcile you to this couple.

Dor. I forgive thee, ſiſter, what exceſs of paſſion moved thee to; but if thou valueſt me, accept of the man Pleaſant for thy huſband.

Ara. I am a little confounded; let me retire till I have recovered myſelf, I'll wait on you again. [*Is going.*

Dor. Stay, ſiſter, huſband that wouldſt have been; one ſerious word before thou goeſt.

Ara. Ay, and two merry ones, if you pleaſe.

Dor. If I had taken thee hand in hand to the ſteeple-houſe yoke-maker, wouldſt thou have had the impudence to have ſaid after him; I, a falſe brother Ananias, take thee a true ſiſter Dorcas, to have and to hold, to love and to cheriſh?——Thou love and cheriſh me! when thou kneweſt thyſelf a woman, and hadſt it not in thee, naughty creature!

Ara. No, faith, ſiſter, I ſhould never have puſhed the jeſt ſo far neither.

Dor. Go, go thy ways; thou art a ſad facetious girl.

[*Exit* Arabella.

Rov. Follow, Sir Charles, follow her; never let her go beyond thy reach, till thou haſt her ſafe; and we'll all go along with thee, to be ready for auxiliaries upon occaſion.

Bel. Well, I'll take care the breeches ſhall be delivered, Sir Charles; this ſhall be the laſt hour of your wearing thoſe maſculine trophies of tyranny.

[*Exeunt all but* Worthy *and* Dorcas.

Dor. Well, this malicious ſiſter of ours had a ſtrange plot againſt us; but, I hope, kind Worthy, thou canſt heartily forgive her.

Wor. Ay, and thank the very hand that ſnatched thee from

from me, becauſe it brings me the tranſporting joys of this bleſt reſtoration.

Enter Flip, *pulling in* Mizen, *who holds* Jenny Private *in his other hand, dreſſed like a Quaker, exactly like* Dorcas.

Flip. Now pox on thee, come forwards with thy fair ſpouſe; as thou haſt ſnapt this rich galleon, and got the ten thouſand pound cargo, never be aſhamed of thy good fortune, but bear up full ſail to him, and lay him athwart with her.

Miz. By my bowſprit, and ſo I will. Oh, the ſweet pleaſure of the mortification I ſhall give him.—Come forward, ſweeting. [*Enter with her father upon the Stage.*] My dear brother Worthy, thou ſeeſt I have made bold. We have ſigned and ſealed, noble Captain.

Wor. I ſee you have.

Flip. Ay, Bully Tar, they are twined together as ſtrong as a firſt-rate cable.

Miz. Ha!——What's yonder! [*Spying the real* Dorcas.] Is that beautiful Quaker a relation of thine?

Jen. Yea, my dear ſiſter and friend, I greet thee lovingly.

Dor. My ſiſter! Pray, who art thou?

Jen. In my ſingle eſtate I was called Dorcas Zeal; but in my wedlock bonds my name is Dorcas Mizen.

Dor. Dorcas and Zeal!——Who gave thee thoſe names?

Jen. None of the vain ceremonies of godfathers and godmothers; no verily, it is a name I borrowed to myſelf, to make this dear man happy in a yoke-mate.

Miz. Borrowed! in the name of Lucifer.

Dor. Nay, in my cloathing too! my very likeneſs.

Wor. I wiſh you joy, my happy rival!

Flip. Ay, joy, Sir, joy in your ten thouſand pound Quaker.

Miz. Ten thouſand torments! Joy! never was man ſo cheated, ſo betrayed and ruined——Spouſe, monſter, fury, Jezabel, who art thou?

Jen. Shall I anſwer thee in the language of the ſanctified?

Miz. No, anſwer me in thine own infernal dialect; and tell me, friend, whence cameſt thou?

Jen.

Jen. From London, an't pleaſe you.

Miz. A woman of the town, I ſuppoſe; a walking night-bird, in or about Drury-Lane wards.

Jen. Yes, truly, one of that cloudy generation. But Heavens be thanked, thoſe dark days are over with me, I ſhall ſhine out a captain's lady now.

Miz. Shine out a firebrand, brimſtone and ſmoke! a whore, a common ſtrumpet!

Flip. Oh, fye, brother Mizen, no more hard words, but take her to thy boſom.

Miz. Take her to the devil.

Flip. I tell thee, Mizen, thou couldſt not have picked out a wife ſo fit for thee, out of a whole regiment of doxies. Does ſhe not own herſelf a piece of brittle ware? and will ſo ſweetly ſet off thy cabin with the reſt of thy china!

Wor. Ay, Mizen, take the commodore's good counſel, and bear it all with patience; thou art as quarrelſome as a game-cock at a looking-glaſs, and with as little reaſon for thy paſſion.

Miz. Not reaſon for my paſſion, when I'm tied to ſuch a limb of hell!

Wor. No, not when thou haſt deſerved to be ſo tied!

Miz. Deſerved!

Wor. Ay, Sir, deſerved. Didſt not thou know my claim to this fair creature? And with thy treacherous deſigns to play ſo poor a game, to invade my ſacred right, art thou not juſtly puniſhed?

Dor. Yea, naughty man, thou haſt thy juſt reward.

Miz. Ay, noble Worthy, I own myſelf a villain, and the hand of heaven has reached me for it.

Flip. Hang thee, who pities thee? You wanted a ten thouſand pounder, and muſt ſet up downright buccaneer, and pirate for a wife; no prize but Worthy's Dorcas! now I have married a girl——

Wor. Thou married!

Flip. Ay, this very morning. But my ſubbs-yacht pretends to no thouſands; a pox of portions, I have yellow-bows enow (thanks to a harveſt in her majeſty's ſervice) to make the white and red in the fair cheeks of an honeſt ſmiling bedfellow look lovely, with neither paint nor patch.

Wor.

Wor. Where is this white and red, with neither paint nor patch? Troth, Flip, thou keepeſt thy ruſtic humour ſtill; to have taken a young bride, and be ſeen thus long out of her company, on the very nuptial morning, is not over modiſh, let me tell you.

Flip. Hang ceremonies. Look you, Sir, the wench I have taken is a plain country pinnace, with no gay gildings, either at poop or ſtern; but her plain trim ſo neat, that at firſt ſight, as ſhe ſailed by me, a puff of love ſprung up ſo briſk a gale, that I immediately tacked round, and boarded her.

Wor. That is to ſay, you wedded her.

Flip. Right, Sir; and when the job was done, I was obliged to put her in a little more modiſh rigging fit for the ſhe-mate of a commodore; my landlady and ſhe are gone together to the milliner's and the ſempſtreſs's, and ſo forth——but I expect them——ſee, here they are! Oh, my ſweet ſpouſe!

Enter Jiltup *and* Oribidge.

Wor. Joy, happy Sir.

Mir. The like to you, fair bride!

Jilt. I thank you, gentlemen and ladies: thanks to the whole fair company. Ha!——my ſweet couſin here! Dear Jenny—— [*Embracing her.*

Flip. Her couſin, ſay you!

Jilt. Ay, my beſt dear, though I have the honour to be a commodore's lady, I muſt not grow proud, and forget my old friends and acquaintance. This young lady and I were bred up play-fellows together.

Flip. Not at her game, I hope.

Jilt. Oh! yes, Sir; we were two ſuch intimates, two ſuch ſworn friends, that our delights, our joys, our very lives were all wound up together.

Flip. Where, where, my pretty lady-bird, was thy acquaintance with that play-fellow?

Jilt. At London, Sir.

Flip. What part of London?

Jilt. The neighbourhood of Covent-Garden.

Flip. Sink and Sodom!

Jilt. Both lodgers in one houſe; nay, and when either of us had room for a ſhe-bedfellow, we were thoſe loving fools, we always ſlept together.

Flip.

Flip. Oh——

Jil. This frank confeſſion is, I hope, my virtue, not my fault: I have lived in a bad world, and played the hypocrite ſo long, that I am now quite weary on't; beſides, you're a plain-dealing honeſt gentleman, and it would be barbarous to tell you lies upon your wedding-day. You frankly married me for better for worſe, perform your vow then, and take me as you find me.

Flip. Take a ſuccubus;—diſeaſes, poxes, leproſy! Oh, fool! ſot! dotard! lunatic!—Death! I'll run mad; turn the muzzle of a gun down in the powder-room, and blow myſelf up to the devil.

Wor. Hold, Flip, no treaſon!—Blow up her majeſty's ſhip.

Flip. Blow the world up!

Mix. Ay, brother ſufferer, married to two ſuch miſcreants, ſo hardened in their ſhame, they make it even their glory to proclaim it.—Oh, Worthy, if thou bearеſt a human ſoul, as baſely as I plotted to betray thee, even thou thyſelf muſt pity me.

Wor. I do pity thee, pity both of you; and to prove I do ſo, what will you ſay to me, if I releaſe you, knock off your chains, and free you both from ſlavery?

Mix. What will we ſay!——We'll kneel to thee.

Flip. Worſhip thee.

Mix. Thou ſhalt command our lives, we'll fight for thee.

Flip. Hang for thee.

Mix. Drown for thee. [*Kneeling.*

Wor. No more of this romantic ſtuff. What will you do for theſe poor creatures?

Flip. Do for them!—Why, friend, I'll give a leg or an arm for compoſition.

Wor. A leg or an arm!——A haunch of common ſwine's fleſh would do them twice the ſervice. What bread will you give them, to take them off from their lewd lives, and make two honeſt women of them?

Flip. Troth, I'll give my boatſwain's pay, ſettled for life upon her.

Wor. That ſhall ſatisfy. Say, girl, art thou contented.

Jil.

Jilt. So well contented, Sir, that on my knees I'll thank you.

Flip. Sayeſt thou ſo, girl? Then, faith, I'll throw thee in one twenty brace of pounds to rig an honeſt houſe up of thy own, and rooſt no more in whores neſts.

Wor. Well, ſign this parchment, which entitles her to fifty pounds a year for life, and I'll releaſe you.—And what ſays Mizen?

Miz. Faith, I'll treat my Jenny [*Pulls out a large rich purſe.*] with this purſe of gold, the weighty ſtowage of a fair hundred guineas, and give her the ſame ſettlement into the bargain.

Wor. Come, come, ſign, ſign them.——Now, gentlemen, in order to your deliverance, firſt, I muſt tell you both, theſe ſweet wedlock-noſes were my handy work, your friend and ſervant Worthy, the head match-maker.

Flip. and Miz. Thou!

Wor. Not to ruin you, but reform you! And now for a ſafe cure to all fears and dangers, the reverend man in black that linked you both, was only an honeſt tar, your good friend Cribidge in pious maſquerade; and ſince there has been neither lawful matrimony nor conſummation, the knot will ſoon be looſed.

Crib. You ſee, noble Captain, I'm ready to ſerve you in all capacities.

Flip. I thought indeed the canonical raſcal had a hanging look, ſomewhat like my lieutenant.

Miz. Ay, hang him, rogue, a halter would better become his neck for a collar, than a ſurcingle his whoreſon hide for a girdle.

Wor. No murmurs, thou knoweſt how thou deſerveſt it.

Miz. Touch my paſt ſhame no more, I'm a true penitent.

Wor. And for thee, Flip, I knew thee ſuch a rake, that the leaſt mad drunken fit would run thee headlong into irrevocable ſhame and ruin; and therefore, even for thy mere preſervation, I put this innocent cheat upon thee, only to ſtand a warning ſea-mark to thee, againſt all future ſhipwrecks on this quickſand.

Flip. By Neptune, and by Mars, you are a brave fellow.

Wor.

Wor. And, gentlemen, to ſign your full redemption, theſe ladies ſhall ſeal articles of releaſe.

Jilt. The ſtrongeſt you can aſk, or law can bind; and ſince you have provided ſo handſomely for us, we are reſolved to change our courſe of lives, and live honeſtly for the future. What thouſand of wretched creatures, like ourſelves, would willingly———

The follies of their ill-ſpent lives recall,
Turn, and live honeſt, could they live at all.

Jen. Yes, female frailty firſt made them ſinners, but from neceſſity they live and die ſo.

To their dark cells and midnight revels led,
Not from their thirſt to man, but hunger for his bread.

Wor. Well, though I have made your purſes ſmart a little, you ſee I have made you do ſome good in your generation, put a helping hand to two poor ſinners' converſion.

Flip. Ay, and my own converſion too. Henceforward I'll keep ſuch honeſt fellows as thee company, caſt off my old, dull raſcally converſation, and learn good ſenſe and manners.

Miz. Nay, dear Worthy, take one new convert more, for from this hour I'll play the effeminate fool no more, but bear the face of a man like thee, ſtrip my ſop-cabin of all my china baubles, toys for girls, and ſhew myſelf a true hero for my glorious queen.

Wor. Nay, now, dear gentlemen, you'll make me proud of this day's happy work.

Enter Sir Charles, *and* Arabella *in her own dreſs*, Rovewell *and* Belinda.

Wor. Well, dear Sir Charles, how ſtand the affairs of love?

Sir Cha. Faith, very well: generous Arabella has hung out her white flag, and given her promiſe ſhe'll ſeal the ſpeedy articles of ſurrender.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, we ſhall ſee you ſhine a conqueror.

Sir Cha. When this fair hand has crowned me one.

Ara. Yes, Worthy, no more of my wild airs, no more mad frolics; as I have ſtudied to plague thee, I'll play

a ſoberer part, and ſtudy now—[*Giving her hand to Sir* Charles.]

Sir Cha. To bleſs the happieſt of mankind.

Wor. But what ſays Rovewell?

Rov. What I am proud to ſay; Belinda's kind at laſt, and crowns my love.

Bel. Yes, Worthy, I have at laſt played the true woman, not always able to hold out invincible.

Wor. Well, ladies, ſince the whole preliminaries of the ſoft peace of love are all adjuſted, what if, according to old laudable cuſtom, we have a little muſic and a dance.

Sir Cha. Nothing more *à-propos.*

Rov. Madam, you are my partner.

Dor. Oh, fie, friend Rovewell! the females of our congregation, think it vanity of vanities.

Rov. Yes, in the country they may do't; but your London friends have all the gaiety imaginable; they ſing, they dance, wear patches, and keep viſiting-days.

Dor. Well, rather than ſpoil your mirth, I will walk about.

A DANCE.

After the Country Dance, enter a Servant.

Serv. Your cockſwain and boat's crew, hearing you had got the muſic, deſire they may preſent you with a little of their agility.

A DANCE *of Sailors.*

Dor. Well, dear Worthy, ſince I have heard the affected ſanctity and friendly cant, not only from my ſiſter Arabella, but even from that carnal veſſel of pollution; to make our marriage-yoke more chearful ſtill, from this bleſſed hour I'll join thy holy worſhip.

Wor. Now I have all my utmoſt wiſh could aſk.

Miz. Hold, Worthy, do not boaſt too proud a triumph in making this fair proſelyte. Flip, and I, have there outdone you, you have only made a ſiſter convert from one faith to another; but we have converted a fair brace of infidels, a work of reformation far beyond you.

Wor. Ay, there you have outdone me: and, I think, gentlemen, you have ſet a good example for the world in general to follow.

Oh! what a happy change this age would find,
In all the looſer part of womankind,
Would all their cullies do as you have done,
And every fool, like you, reform but one.

END of the FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the FAIR QUAKER.

FRIENDS, doth it pleaſe you that this triſle paſs?
Are you contented not to damn the aſs?
Or doth it to your wiſer judgment ſeem
More fit this leading folly to condemn,
For fear of being charg'd with more of them?
Sedately think, and let your equal zeal
Weigh both the publick and his private weal.
Firſt then, i'th' publick name, debate it whether
Ye can ſubſiſt, keep life and ſoul together,
Without the privilege of coming hither.
If that you can ſpin out your life-long days,
Without the vanity of ſeeing plays,
Down with this ſcribbler's hopes, this houſe and all,
Let both theſe marts for lewdneſs, tumble, fall.
For, ah, it cutteth, it provoketh paſſion,
To think you ſhould indulge abomination.
But if you're harden'd, ſtung, as I may ſay,
With moral madneſs like tarantula,
That nothing elſe but noiſe and dance can cure you,
Then pray encourage what you have before you,
For as theſe triflers now-a-days do write,
No mirth's more innocent than this to-night.
Now, Sirs, I come to plead our ſtrippling's cauſe,
All the young fellow wants, is your applauſe.
Poet's a ſounding, empty name,
Born on Parnaſſus' cliffs, he pants for fame;
Not ev'n your third night's bounty would content him,
If of the grand Sophies you ſhould prevent him;
That word my ſkill in languages has lent him.
Nay, for my own ſake I demand this grace,
Becauſe with much conſtraint I've ſet my face,
To carry on a quaker's dull grimace:
And ill, my friends, you would reward my pains,
If I ſhould ſuffer for his want of brains;
For where the luckleſs poet feels your hate,
The undiſtinguiſh'd players ſhare your fate.

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THE ARGUMENT.

The ſickneſs hot, a maſter quit, for fear,
His houſe in town, and left one ſervant there;
Baſe him corrupted, and gave means to know,

A cheater and his punk; who, now brought low,
Leaving their narrow practice, were become
Coz'ners at large; and only wanting ſome
Houſe to ſet up, with him they here contract,
Each for a ſhare, and all begin to act.
Much company they draw, and much abuſe,
In caſting figures, telling fortunes, news,
Selling of flies, ſtat bawd'ry, with the ſtone;
Till it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

PROLOGUE.

Fortune, that favours fools, theſe two ſhort hours
We wiſh away, both for your ſakes and ours,
Judging ſpectators; and deſire in place,
To the author juſtice, to ourſelves but grace.
Our ſcene is London, 'cauſe we would make known,
No country's mirth is better than our own:
No clime breeds better matter for your whore,
Bawd, 'ſquire, impoſtor, many perſons more,
Whoſe manners, now call'd humours, feed the ſtage;
And which have ſtill been ſubject for the rage
Or ſpleen of comic writers. Though this pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better men;
Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure
The vices that ſhe breeds, above their cure.
But when the wholeſome remedies are ſweet,
And in their working, gain and profit meet,
He hopes to find no ſpirit ſo much diſeas'd,
But will with ſuch fair correctives be pleas'd:
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will ſit ſo nigh
Unto the ſtream, to look what it doth run,
They ſhall find things, they'ld think, or wiſh, were done;
They are ſo natural follies, but ſo ſhewn,
As even the doers may ſee, and yet not own.

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THE

THE ALCHYMIST.

ACT I.

Face, Subtle *and* Dol Common.

FACE.

BElieve it, I will.

Sub. Do thy worſt. I dare thee.

Face. Sirrah, I'll ſtrip you out of all your ſleights.

Dol. Nay, look ye, ſovereign, general, are you mad-men?

Sub. O, let the wild ſheep looſe. I'll gum your ſilks
With good ſtrong-water, an' you come.

Dol. Will you have
The neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?
'Hark, I hear ſomebody.'

Face. Sirrah!

Sub. I ſhall mar
All that the taylor has made, if you approach.

Face. You moſt notorious whelp, you inſolent ſlave,
Dare you do this?

Sub. Yes faith, yes faith.

Face. Why, who
Am I, my mungrel? Who am I?

Sub. I'll tell you,
Since you know not yourſelf—

Face. Speak lower, rogue.

Sub. Yes, you were once (time not long paſs'd) the good,
Honeſt, plain, livery-man, that kept
Your maſter's worſhip's houſe here in the Friars,
For the vacations.

Face. Will you be ſo loud?

Sub. Since, by my means, tranſlated ſuburb-captain.

Face.

Face. By your means, Doctor Dog?
Sub. Within man's memory,
All this I ſpeak of.
Face. Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanced by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, Sir, where I met you firſt.
Sub. I do not hear well.
Face. Not of this, I think it:
But I ſhall put you in mind, Sir; at Pie-Corner,
Taking your meal of ſteam in, from cooks' ſtalls;
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk
Piteouſly coſtive, with your pinch'd-horn noſe,
And your complexion of the Roman watch,
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,
Like powder corn ſhot at th' Artillery-yard.
Sub. I wiſh you could advance your voice a little.
Face. When you went pinn'd up in the ſeveral rags
You had rak'd and pick'd from dunghills, before day;
Your feet in mouldy ſlippers, for your kibes
A felt of rug, and a thin thredden cloak,
That ſcarce would cover your no-buttocks—
Sub. So, Sir!
Face. When all your alchymy, and your algebra,
Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,
Your conjuring, coz'ning, and your dozen of trades,
Could not relieve your corpſe with ſo much linen
Would make you tinder but to ſee a fire;
I gave you count'nance, credit for your coals,
Your ſtills, your glaſſes, your materials;
Built you a furnace, drew you cuſtomers,
Advanc'd all your black arts; lent you, beſide,
A houſe to practiſe in—
Sub. Your maſter's houſe?
Face. Where you have ſtudied the more thriving ſkill
Of bawd'ry ſince.
Sub. Yes, in your maſter's houſe.
You and the rats here kept poſſeſſion.
Make it not ſtrange. 'I know you were one could keep
'The butt'ry hatch ſtill lock'd, and ſave the chippings,
'Sell the dole beer to *aqua-vitæ* men,
'The which, together with your Chriſtmas vails
'At poſt and pair, your letting out of counters,

' Made you a pretty ſtock, ſome twenty marks,
' And gave you credit to converſe with cobwebs
' Here, ſince your miſtreſs' death hath broke up houſe.
' *Face.* You might talk ſoftlier, raſcal.
' *Sub.* No, you Scarabe;
' I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
' How to beware to tempt a fury again,
' That carries tempeſt in his hand and voice.
' *Face.* The place has made you valiant.
' *Sub.* No, your cloaths.
' Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,
' So poor, ſo wretched, when no living thing
' Would keep thee company, but a ſpider, or worſe!
' Raiſed thee from brooms, and duſt, and wat'ring pots!
' Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
' I' the third region, call'd our State of Grace!
' Wrought thee to ſpirit, to quinteſſence, with paine
' Would twice have won me the philoſopher's work!
' Made thee a ſecond in mine own great art!
' And have I this for thanks? Do you rebel?
' Do you fly out i' the projection?
' Would you begone now?
' *Dol.* Gentlemen, what mean you?
' Will you mar all?
' *Sub.* Slave, thou hadſt no name——
' *Dol.* Will you undo yourſelves with civil war?
' *Sub.* Never been known, paſt *equi elibanum*,
' The heat of horſe-dung, under ground, in cellars,
' Or an ale-houſe darker than deaf John's; been loſt
' To all mankind, but laundreſſes and tapſters,
' Had not I been.
' *Dol.* Do you know who hears you, ſovereign?
' *Face.* Sirrah—
' *Dol.* Nay, general, I thought you were civil—'
Face. I ſhall turn deſperate, if you grow thus loud.
Sub. And hang thyſelf, I care not.
Face. Hang thee, Collier,
And all thy pots and pans, in picture, ' I will,
' Since thou haſt mov'd me—
' *Dol.* Oh, this 'll o'erthrow all.
' *Face.* Write thee up bawd in Pawl's, have all thy
' Of coz'ning with a hollow coal, duſt, ſcrapings, [tricks
' Searching

'Searching for things loſt with a ſieve and ſhears,
'Erecting figures in your rows of houſes,
'And taking in of ſhadows with a glaſs,
'Told in red letters; and a face cut for thee,
'Worſe than Gamaliel Ratſey's.
'*Dol.* Are you ſound?
'Ha' you your ſenſes, maſters?
'*Face.* I will have
'A book, but barely reckoning thy impoſtures,
'Shall prove a true philoſopher's ſtone to printers.'
Sub. Away, you trencher-raſcal.
Face. Out, you dog-leach,
The vomit of all priſons.
Dol. Will you be
Your own deſtructions, gentlemen?
Sub. Cheater.
Face. Bawd.
Sub. Cow-herd.
Face. Conjurer.
Sub. Cut-purſe.
Dol. We are ruined! loſt! Ha' you no more regard
To your reputations? Where's your judgment? 'Slight,
Have yet ſome care of me, o' your republick—
Face. Away, this brach. I'll bring the rogue within
The ſtatute of ſorcery, '*tricesimo tertio*
'Of Harry the Eighth; ay, and, perhaps, thy neck
'Within a nooſe, for laundring gold, and barbing it.'
Dol. You'll bring your head within a cockſcomb, will you?
[*She catches out* Face's *ſword, and breaks* Subtle's *glaſs.*
And you, Sir, with your Menſtrue, gather it up.
'Sdeath! you abominable pair of ſtinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the light that ſhines, I'll cut your throats.
I'll not be made a prey unto the marſhal,
For ne'er a ſnarling dog-bolt o' you both.
Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the world? and ſhall it now be ſaid,
Yo' have made moſt courteous ſhift to cozen yourſelves?
You will accuſe him! You will bring him in
Within the ſtatute! Who ſhall take your word?
A whoreſon, upſtart, apocryphal captain,

Whom

Whom not a puritan in Black-Friars will truſt
So much as for a feather! And you too
Will give the cauſe, forſooth! You will inſult,
And claim a primacy in the diviſions!
You muſt be chief! As if you only had
The powder to project with, and the work
Were not begun out of equality?
The venture tripartite! All things in common;
Without priority.

Face. It is his fault;
He ever murmurs, and objects his pains;
And ſays, the weight of all lies upon him.

Sub. Why, ſo it does.

Dol. How does it? Do not we
Suſtain our parts?

Sub. Yes, but they are not equal.

Dol. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope
Ours may to-morrow match it.

Sub. Ay, they may.

Dol. May, murmuring maſtiff! Ay, and do. Death
Help me to throttle him. [on me!

Sub. Dorothy, Miſtreſs Dorothy!
'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?

Dol. Becauſe o' your fermentation and cibation——

Sub. Not I, by Heaven—

Dol. Your Sol and Luna——help me.

Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform myſelf.

Dol. Will you, Sir? Do ſo then, and quickly: ſwear.

Sub. What ſhall I ſwear?

Dol. To leave your faction, Sir,
And labour kindly in the common work.

Sub. Let me not breathe, if I meant ought beſide.
I only us'd thoſe ſpeeches as a ſpur
To him.

Dol. I hope we need no ſpurs, Sir. Do we?

Face. 'Slid, prove to-day, who ſhall ſhark beſt.

Sub. Agreed.

Dol. Yes, and work cloſe and friendly.

Sub. 'Slight, the knot
Shall grow the ſtronger for this breach with me.

Dol. Why ſo, my good baboons! Shall we go make
A ſort of ſober, ſcurvy, preciſe neighbours,

(That

(That ſcarce have ſmil'd twice ſin' the king came in)
A feaſt of laughter at our follies? No, agree.
And may Don Provoſt ride a feaſting long,
In his old velvet jerkin,
(My noble ſovereign, and worthy general)
Ere we contribute a new cruel garter
To his moſt worſted worſhip.
Sub. Royal Dol!
Spoken like Claridiana and thyſelf.
Face. For which, at ſupper, thou ſhalt ſit in triumph,
And not be ſtil'd Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
Dol Singular: 'the longeſt cut, at night,
'Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.' [*One knocks.*
Sub. Who's that? [*Knocks.*] To the window,
Pray heav'n
The maſter do not trouble us this quarter.
Face. Oh, fear not him. 'While there dies one a Week
'O' the plague, he's ſafe from thinking toward London.
'Beſide, he's buſy at his hop-yards now:
'I had a letter from him. If he do,
'He'll ſend ſuch word, for airing o' the houſe,
'As you ſhall have ſufficient time to quit it:
'Tho' we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.'
Sub. Who is it, Dol?
Dol. A fine young quodling.
Face. Oh,
My Lawyer's clerk, I lighted on laſt night
In Holborn at the Dagger. He would have
(I told you of him) a familiar,
To riſle with at horſes, and win cups.
Dol. Oh, let him in.
Face. Get you
Your robes on: I will meet him, as going out.
Dol. And what ſhall I do?
Face. Not be ſeen. Away.
Seem you very reſerv'd.
Sub. Enough.
Face. God be with you, Sir.
I pray you let him know that I was here.
His Name is Dapper. I would gladly have ſtaid, but—
Enter Dapper.
Dap. Captain, I am here.

Sub.

Sub. Who's that?
Face. He's come, I think, Doctor.
Good faith, Sir, I was going away.
Dap. In truth,
I am very ſorry, Captain.
Face. But I thought
Sure I ſhould meet you.
Dap. Ay, I am very glad.
I had a ſcurvy writ or two to make,
And I had lent my watch laſt night to one
That dines to-day at the ſheriff's, and ſo was robb'd
Of my paſs-time? Is this the cunning-man?
Face. This is his worſhip.
Dap. Is he a doctor?
Face. Yes.
Dap. And ha' your broke with him, Captain?
Face. Ay.
Dap. And how?
Face. Faith, he does make the matter, Sir, ſo dainty,
I know not what to ſay.
Dap. Not ſo, good Captain.
Face. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, Sir. Why ſhould you wiſh ſo?
I dare aſſure you, I'll not be ungrateful.
' *Face.* I cannot think you will, Sir. But the law
' Is ſuch a thing.—And then he ſays, Read's matter
' Falling ſo lately.——
' *Dap.* Read! he was an aſs,
' And dealt, Sir, with a fool.
' *Face.* It was a clerk, Sir.
' *Dap.* A clerk!
' *Face.* Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the law
' Better, I think.—
' *Dap.* I ſhould, Sir, and the danger.
' You know, I ſhew'd the ſtatute to you.
' *Face.* You did ſo.
' *Dap.* And will I tell then? By this hand of fleſh,
' Would it might never write good court-hand more,
' If I diſcover. What do you think of me,
' That I am a Chiauſe?
' *Face.* What's that?

'*Dap.* The Turk was, here——
'As one would ſay, do you think I am a Turk?'
Face. I'll tell the Doctor ſo.
Dap. Do, good ſweet Captain.
Face. Come, noble Doctor, pray thee let's prevail;
This is the gentleman, and he is no Chiaufe.
Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my anſwer.
I would do much, Sir, for your love—but this
I neither may, nor can.
Face. Tut, do not ſay ſo.
You deal now with a noble fellow, Doctor,
One that will thank you richly, 'and he's no Chiaufe.'
Let that, Sir, move you.
Sub. Pray you, forbear.
Face. He has
Four angels here.
Sub. You do me wrong, good Sir. [rits!
Face. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with theſe ſpi-
Sub. To tempt my art, and love, Sir, to my peril.
'Fore Heaven, I ſcarce can think you are my friend,
That ſo would draw me to apparent danger.
Face. I draw you! a horſe draw you, and a halter.
You and your flies together.
Dap. Nay, good Captain.
Face. That know no difference of men.
Sub. Good words, Sir.
Face. Good deeds, Sir, Doctor Dogs-meat.
Dap. Nay, dear Captain,
Uſe maſter Doctor with ſome more reſpect. [head.
Face. Hang him, proud ſtag, with his broad velvet
But for your ſake, I'd choak, ere I would change
An article of breath with ſuch a puckfoiſt——
Come, let's be gone.
Sub. Pray you, let me ſpeak with you.
Dap. His Worſhip calls you, Captain.
Face. I am ſorry
I e'er embark'd myſelf in ſuch a buſineſs.
Dap. Nay, good Sir, he did call you.
Face. Will he take then?
Sub. Firſt hear me—
Face. Not a ſyllable, 'leſs you take.
Sub. Pray ye, Sir—

Face.

Face. Upon no terms, but an *assumpsit.*
Sub. Your humour must be law. [*He takes money.*
Face. Why now, Sir, talk.
Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak.
So may this gentleman too.
Sub. Why, Sir——
Face. No whispering.
Sub. Fore heaven, you do not apprehend the loss
You do yourself in this.
Face. Wherein? For what?
Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all!
He'll win up all the money i'the town,
If it be set him.
' *Face.* How!
' *Sub.* Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,
' As they do crackers in a puppet-play.
' If I do give him a familiar,
' Give you him all you play for: never set him;
' For he will have it.
' *Face.* You are mistaken, Doctor.
' Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,
' A rifling fly; none o' your great familiars.
' *Dap.* Yes, Captain, I would have it for all games.
' *Sub.* I told you so.
' *Face.* 'Slight, that's a new business!
' I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
' Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,
' When you had left the office, for a nag
' Of forty or fifty shillings.
' *Dap.* Ay, 'tis true, Sir;
' But I do think now I shall leave the law,
' And therefore——
' *Face.* Why, this changes quite the case!
' Do you think that I dare move him?
' *Dap.* If you please, Sir;
' All's one to him, I see.
' *Face.* What! for that money?
' I cannot with my conscience; nor should you
' Make the request, methinks.
' *Dap.* No, Sir, I mean
' To add consideration.

'*Face.* Why then, Sir,
'I'll try. Say that it were for all games, Doctor.
'*Sub.* I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him
'At any ordinary, but o' the score,
'That is a gaming month, conceive me.
'*Face.* Indeed!
'*Sub.* He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,
'If it be set him.'
Face. Speak you this from art?
Sub. Ay, Sir, and reason too, the ground of art.
He is o' the only best complexion
The queen of fairy loves.
Face. What! is he!
Sub. Peace.
He'll over-hear you. Sir, should she but see him—
Face. What?
Sub. Do not you tell him.
Face. Will he win at cards too?
Sub. He will, he will,
'The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,
'You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous luck
'As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put
'Six o' your gallants to a cloak indeed.'
Face. Indeed, a strange success that some men should be born to!
Sub. He hears you, man.
Dap. Sir, I'll not be ungrateful.
Face. Faith, I have confidence in his good nature:
You hear, he says he will not be ungrateful.
Sub. Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.
Face. Troth, do it, Doctor; think him trusty, and make him.
He may make us both happy in an hour;
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.
Dap. Believe it, and I will, Sir.
Face. And you shall, Sir.
You have heard all?
Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, Sir.
Face. Nothing? [Face *takes him aside.*
Dap. A little, Sir.
Face. Well, a rare star
Reign'd at your birth.
Dap. At mine, Sir! No.

Face.

Face. The Doctor
Swears that you are——
Sub. Nay, Captain, you'll tell all now.
Face. Allied to the Queen of Fairy.
Dap. Who! that I am?
Believe it, no ſuch matter.—
Face. Yes, and that
You were born with a caul o' your head.
Dap. Who ſays ſo?
Face. Come,
You know it well enough, tho' you diſſemble it.
Dap. I-fac, I do not; you are miſtaken.
Face. How!
Swear by your fac! and in a thing ſo known
Unto the Doctor? How ſhall we, Sir, truſt you
I'th' other matter? Can we ever think,
When you have won five or ſix thouſand pound,
You'll ſend us ſhares in't, by this rate?
Dap. By Jove, Sir,
I'll win ten thouſand pound, and ſend you half.
I-fac's no oath.
Sub. No, no, he did but jeſt.
Face. Go to. Go thank the Doctor. He's your friend,
To take it ſo.
Dap. I thank his Worſhip.
Face. *Do you think that will do? No, no;*
Give him another angel.
Dap. Muſt I?
Face. Muſt you! 'Slight,
What elſe is thanks? Will you be trivial? Doctor,
When muſt he come for his familiar?
Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me?
Sub. Oh, good Sir!
There muſt be a world of ceremonies paſs;
You muſt be bath'd and fumigated firſt:
Beſides, the Queen of Fairy does not riſe
Till it be noon.
Face. Not if ſhe danc'd to-night.
Sub. And ſhe muſt bleſs it.
Face. Did you never ſee
Her Royal Grace yet?
Dap. Whom?

Face. Your aunt of Fairy.

Sub. Not ſince ſhe kiſs'd him in the cradle, Captain; I can reſolve you that.

Face. Well, ſee her Grace,
Whate'er it coſt you, for a thing that I know.
It will be ſomewhat hard to compaſs; but,
However, ſee her. You are made, believe it,
If you can ſee her. Her Grace is a lone woman,
And very rich; and if ſhe take a phant'ſy,
She will do ſtrange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, ſhe may hap to leave you all ſhe has!
It is the Doctor's fear.

Dap. How will't be done then?

Face. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But ſay to me, Captain, I'll ſee her Grace.

Dap. Captain, I'll ſee her Grace.

Face. Enough.

Sub. Who's there? [*One knocks without.*
Anon. Conduct him forth by the back way.—
Sir, againſt one o'clock prepare yourſelf;
Till when you muſt be faſting; only take
Three drops of vinegar in at your noſe,
Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;
Then bathe your fingers ends, and waſh your eyes,
To ſharpen your five ſenſes, and cry hum
Thrice, and buz as often; and then come.

Face. Can you remember this?

Dap. I warrant you.

Face. Well then away. 'Tis but your beſtowing
Some twenty nobles 'mong her Grace's ſervants,
And put on a clean ſhirt; you do not know
What grace her Grace may do you in clean linen.

Dap. Hum—buz. [*Exit.*

Face. Hum—buz. [*Exit.*

Sub. Come in.

Enter Drugger.

[*Within.*] *I will ſee the Doctor.*

Sub. Good wives, I pray you forbear me now:
Troth, I can do you no good till afternoon.——
What is your name, ſay you? Abel Drugger?

Drug. Yes, Sir.

Sub. A ſeller of tobacco?

Drug.

Drug. Yes, Sir.
Sub. Umh.
Free of the Grocers?
Drug. *Yes, I'm free of the Grocers.*
Sub. Well——
Your buſineſs, Abel?
Drug. This an't pleaſe your worſhip.
I am a young beginner, and am building
Of a new ſhop, an't like your worſhip, juſt
At corner of a ſtreet (here is the plot on't):
And I would know by art, Sir, of your worſhip,
Which way I ſhould make my door, by necromancy,
And where my ſhelves; and which ſhould be for boxes,
And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir.
And I was wiſh'd to your worſhip by a gentleman,
One Captain Face, that ſays you know men's planets,
And their good angels, and their bad.
Sub. I do,
If I do ſee them.

Enter Face.

Face. What! my honeſt Abel?
Thou art well met here.
Drug. Troth, Sir, I was ſpeaking
Juſt as your worſhip came here, of your worſhip.
I pray you ſpeak for me to maſter doctor.
Face. He ſhall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?
This is my friend, Abel, an honeſt fellow;
He lets me have good tobacco, and he
Does not ſophiſticate it.
Drug. *No, I never ſophiſticate it.*
Face. *Nor wrap it up in piſs'd clouts.*
Drug. *Oh, fye for ſhame, Captain.*
Face. He's a neat, ſpruce, honeſt fellow, and no goldſmith.
Drug. No, I am no goldſmith.
Sub. He's a fortunate fellow, that I am ſure on——
Face. Already, Sir, ha'you found it! Lo'thee, Abel!
Sub. And in right way towards riches——
Face. Sir.
Sub. This ſummer
He will be of the cloathing of his company,
And next ſpring call'd to the ſcarlet, ſpend what he can.

Face.

Face. What, and so little beard?
Sub. You must think,
He may have a receipt to make hair come:
But he'll be wise; preserve his youth, and fine for't;
His fortune looks for him another way.
Face. 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?
I am amaz'd at that!
Sub. By a rule, Captain,
In Metaposcopy, which I do work by;
A certain star i' the forehead, which you see not.
Your chesnut, or your olive colour'd face,
Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.
I knew't, by certain spots too, in his teeth,
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.
Face. Which finger's that?
Sub. His little finger. Look,
You were born upon a Wednesday?
Drug. 'Yes, indeed, Sir,' *and so I was.*
Sub. The thumb in Chiromancy, we give Venus;
The fore-finger, to Jove; the midst, to Saturn;
The ring, to Sol; the least, to Mercury,
Who was the lord, Sir, of his Horoscope,
His House of Life being Libra; which foreshew'd
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.
Face. Why this is strange? Is't not, honest Nab?
Drug. *Yes, very strange.*
Sub. There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,
That shall yield him such a commodity
Of drugs——*Come hither, Abel*;
This is the west, and this is the south.
Drug. Yes, Sir.
Sub. And those are your two sides?
Drug. Ay, Sir.
Sub. Make me your door then south; your broadside, west:
And, on the east-side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarmael, and Baraborat:
Upon the north-part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.
They are the names of those Mercurial spirits,
That do fright flies from boxes.
Drug. Yes, Sir.

Sub.

Sub. And
Beneath your threſhold, bury me a loadſtone
To draw in gallants, that wear ſpurs; the reſt
They'll ſeem to follow.
Face. That's a ſecret, Nab.
Sub. And, on your ſtall, a puppet, with a vice,
And a court-fucus to call city-dames.
You ſhall deal much with minerals.
Drug. Sir, I have
At home, already.
Sub. Ay, I know, you have, Arſnike,
Vitriol, Salt-tartre, Argale, Alkaly,
Cinoper: I know all. This fellow, Captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great diſtiller,
And give a 'ſay (I will not ſay directly,
But very fair) at the Philoſopher's Stone.
Face. Why, how now, Abel! is this true?
Drug. Good Captain,
What muſt I give?
Face. Nay, I'll not counſel thee.
Thou hear'ſt what wealth (he ſays ſpend what thou canſt)
Th'art like to come to.
Drug. I would give him a crown.
Face. A crown! and towards ſuch a fortune? Heart,
Thou ſhalt rather gi' him thy ſhop. No gold about thee?
Drug. Yes, I have a Portague, I have kept this half year,
And I would fain keep it half a year longer.
Face. Out on thee, Nab. 'Slight, there was ſuch an offer,
'Shalt keep 't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee.
Drug. *Will ye?*
Face. Doctor, Nab prays your worſhip to drink this, and ſwears
He will appear more grateful, as your ſkill
Does raiſe him in the world.
Drug. I would intreat
Another favour of his worſhip.
Face. What is't, Nab?
Drug. But, to look over, Sir, my almanack,
And croſs out my ill days, that I may neither
Bargain nor truſt upon them.

Face.

Face. That he ſhall, Nab.
Leave it, it ſhall be done, 'gainſt afternoon.
Sub. And a direction for his ſhelves.
Face. Now, Nab,
Art thou well pleaſed, Nab?
Drug. Thank, Sir, both your worſhips,
I am a made man. [*Exit.*
Face. Away.
Why, now you ſmoaky perſecutor of nature!
Now do you ſee, that ſomething's to be done,
Beſide your beech-coal, and your cor'five waters,
'Your croſslets, crucibles, and cucurbites?
'You muſt have ſtuff, brought home to you, to work on?'
And yet, you think, I am at no expence
In ſearching out theſe veins, then following them,
Then trying them out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Coſts me more money than my ſhare oft comes to
In theſe rare works.
Sub. You are pleaſant, Sir.—How now?
Enter Dol.
Face. What ſays my dainty Dolkin?
Dol. Yonder fiſh-wife
Will not away. And there's your giantеſs,
The bawd of Lambeth.
Sub. Heart, I cannot ſpeak with them.
Dol. Not afore night, I have told them, in a voice,
Through the trunk, like one of your familiars.
But I have ſpied Sir Epicure Mammon.
Sub. Where?
Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earneſt of his tongue,
To one that's with him.
Sub. Face, go you, and ſhift.
Dol, you muſt preſently make ready, too——
Dol. Why, what's the matter?
Sub. Oh, I did look for him
With the ſun's riſing: marvel, he could ſleep!
This is the day I am to perfect for him
The *Magiſterium*, our Great-Work, the Stone;
And yield it, made into his hands; of which,
He has, this month, talk'd, as he were poſſeſs'd,
'And now he's dealing pieces on't away.

'Methinks

'Methinks I see him entering ordinaries,
'Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,
'Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for lepers,
'Searching the spittle, to make old bawds young;
'And the highways, for beggars to make rich:
'I see no end of my labours. He will make
'Nature asham'd of her long sleep; when art,
'Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,'
He's, in belief of chymistry, so bold,
If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold. [*Exeunt.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Mammon *and* Surly.

MAMMON.

COME on, Sir. Now you set your foot on shore
In *novo orbe*; here's the rich Peru:
And there within, Sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to't
Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.
This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.
This day you shall be *spectatissimi*,
And have you punques, and punquetees, my Surly.
And unto thee, I speak it first, Be rich.—Face,
Where is my Subtle, there?——Within, ho!

Face. [*Within.*] Sir, he'll come to you, by and by.

Mam. That's his fire-drake.
His lungs, his Zephirus, he that puffs his coals,
Till he firk Nature up in her own center.
You are doubtful, Sir. This night, I'll change
All that is metal, in my house, to gold.
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers, and the pewterers,
And buy their tin, and lead up; and to Lothbury,
For all the copper.

Sur. What, and turn that too?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies! you admire now?

Sur.

Sur. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see the effects of the great me- [dicine,
You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see't, I will.

Mam. Why?
Do you think, I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the Flower of the Sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call Elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,
I'll make an old man of fourscore a child.

Sur. No doubt, he's that already.

Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

Sur. The decay'd vestals of Drury-Lane would thank [you,
That keep the fire alive there.

Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of Nature, naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day; a year's in twelve:
And of what age soever, in a month.
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
You're still incredulous.

Sur. Faith I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your Stone
Cannot transmute me.

Mam. Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? Records?
I'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister,
And Solomon, have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam.

Sur. How!

Mam. O' the Philosopher's Stone, and in High Dutch.

Sur. Did Adam write, Sir, in High Dutch?

Mam. He did.
Which proves it was the primitive tongue. How now?

Enter Face.

Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?

Face. The evening will ſet red upon you, Sir:
You have colour for it, crimſon: the red ferment
Has done his office; three hours hence, prepare you
To ſee projection.
Mam. My Surly,
Again, I ſay to thee, aloud, Be rich;
This day, thou ſhalt have ingots; and, to-morrow,
Give lords th' affront. Is it, my Zephirus, right?
Bluſhes the bolt's-head?
Face. Like a wench with child, Sir,
That were, but now, diſcover'd to her maſter.
Mam. Excellent witty, Lungs! My only care is,
Where to get ſtuff enough now, to project on.
This town will not half ſerve me.
Face. No, Sir? Buy
The covering off o' churches.
Mam. That's true.
Face. Yes,
Let them ſtand bare, as do their auditory;
Or cap them new with ſhingles.
Mam. No, good thatch:
Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs.
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
I will reſtore thee thy complexion, Puffe,
Loſt in the embers; and repair this brain,
Hurt wi' the fume o' the metals.
Face. I have blown, Sir,
Hard for your worſhip; theſe blear'd eyes
Have wak'd, to read your ſeveral colours, Sir;
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumed ſwan.
Mam. And laſtly,
Thou haſt deſcry'd the flower.
Face. Yes, Sir.
Mam. Where's maſter?
Face. At his prayers, Sir: he,
Good man, he's doing his devotions,
For the ſucceſs.
Mam. Lungs, I will ſet a period
To all thy labours: thou ſhalt be the maſter
Of my Seraglio.
Face. Good, Sir.

' *Mam.* But do you hear?
' I'll geld you, Lungs.
' *Face.* Yes,' Sir.
Mam. For I do mean
To have a liſt of wives and concubines,
Equal wi·h Solomon, who had the Stone
Alike with me: ' and I will make me a back
' With the Elixir, that ſhall be as tough
' As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.'
Th'art ſure thou ſaw'ſt it, blood?
Face. Both blood and ſpirit, Sir.
Mam. I will have all my beds blown up; not ſtuff'd;
Down is too hard.
(Is it arriv'd at ruby?)——Where I ſpy
A wealthy citizen, or a rich lawyer,
Have a ſublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow
I'll ſend a thouſand pounds, to be my cuckold.
Face. And ſhall I carry it?
Mam. No, I'll have no bawds,
But fathers and mothers. They will do it beſt,
Beſt of all others. And my flatterers
Shall be the pure, and graveſt of divines
That I can get for money. My meet fools,
Eloquent burgeſſes.
We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine.
My meat ſhall all come in, in Indian ſhells.
Diſhes of agate ſet in gold, and ſtudded
With emeralds, ſaphirs, hyacinths, and rubies.
My foot-boy ſhall eat phea ſants, calver'd ſalmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myſelf will have
The beards of barbels ſerv'd inſtead of ſallads;
Oil'd muſhrooms, ' and the ſwelling unctuous paps
' Of a fat pregnant ſow, newly cut off,'
Dreſs'd with an exquiſite and poignant ſauce;
For which, I'll ſay unto my cook, there's gold,
Go forth, and be a knight.
Face. Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. [*Exit.*
Mam. Do. My ſhirts
I'll have of taffata-farſinet, ſoft and light
As cob-webs, and for all my other rayment,
It ſhall be ſuch as might provoke the Perſian,

Were

Were he to teach the world riot anew.
My gloves of fiſhes and birds-ſkins, perfum'd
With gums of Paradiſe, and eaſtern air———
Sur. And do you think to have the Stone with this?
Mam. No, I do think t' have all this with the Stone.
Sur. Why, I have heard, he muſt be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal ſin, a very virgin.
Mam. That makes it, Sir, he is ſo. But I buy it.
My venture brings it me. He, honeſt wretch,
A notable, ſuperſtitious, good ſoul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his ſlippers bald,
With prayer and faſting for it; and, Sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, ſtill. Here he comes.
Not a prophane word, afore him: 'tis poiſon.

Enter Subtle.

Good-morrow, father.
Sub. Gentle ſon, good-morrow.
And to your friend there. What is he? is with you?
Mam. An heretic that I did bring along,
In hope, Sir, to convert him.
Sub. Son, I doubt
Yo'are covetous, that thus you meet your time
I' the juſt point: prevent your day, at morning,
This argues ſomething, worthy of a fear
Of importune, and carnal appetite;
Take heed, do you not cauſe the bleſſing to leave you,
With your ungovern'd haſte. I ſhould be ſorry
To ſee my labours, now e'en at perfection,
Got by long watching, and large patience,
Not proſper, where my love and zeal hath placed them.
Which in all my ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto public good,
To pious uſes, and dear charity,
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my ſon, ſhould now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular luſts, employ
So great and catholic a bliſs, be ſure,
A curſe will follow, yea, and overtake
Your ſubtle and moſt ſecret ways.
Mam. I know, Sir.

You ſhall not need to fear me. I but come,
To have you to confute this gentleman.
Sur. Who is,
Indeed, Sir, ſomewhat coſtive of belief
Toward your Stone; would not be gull'd.
Sub. Well, ſon,
All that I can convince him in, is this:
The work is done; bright Sol is in his robe.
We have a medicine of the triple ſoul,
Thanks be to Heaven,
And make us worthy of it. *Ulen Spigel!*
Face. [*Within.*] Anon, Sir.
Sub. Look well to the regiſter,
And let your heat ſtill leſſen by degrees,
To the Aludels.
' *Face.* Yes, Sir.
' *Sub.* Did you look
' O'the Bolt's head yet?
' *Face.* Which, on D, Sir?
' *Sub.* Ay.
' What's the complexion?
' *Face.* Whitiſh.
' *Sub.* Infuſe vinegar
' To draw his volatile ſubſtance, and his tincture;
' And let the water in glaſs E. be filter'd,
' And put into the Gripe's egg.' Lute him well;
And leave him clos'd in *balneo*;
And bring me the complexion of glaſs B.
Face. I will, Sir. [*Exit* Face.
Sur. What a brave language here is! next to canting!
Sub. I have another work, you never ſaw, ſon,
That three days ſince paſs'd the philoſopher's wheel,
In the lent heat of Athanor; and is become
Sulphur of Nature.
Mam. But 'tis for me?
Sub. What need you?
You have enough, in that is perfect.
Mam. Oh, but——
Sub. Why, this is covetous!
Mam. No, I aſſure you,
I ſhall employ it all in pious uſes,
Founding of colleges and grammar ſchools,

Marrying

Marrying young virgins, building hoſpitals,
And now and then a church.

Enter Face.

' *Sub.* How now?
' *Face.* Sir, pleaſe you,
' Shall I not change the *feltre?*
' *Sub.* Marry, yes,
' And bring me the complexion of glaſs B. [*Exit* Face.
' *Mam.* Have you another?
' *Sub.* Yes, ſon, were I aſſur'd
' Your piety were firm, we would not want
' The means to glorify it. But I hope the beſt:
' I mean to tinct C. in ſand-heat, to-morrow,
' And give him imbition.
' *Mam.* Of white oil?
' *Sub.* No, Sir, of red. F is come over the helm too,
' In St. Mary's Bath, and ſhews *lac virginis.*
' I ſent you of his *fæces* there calcin'd.
' Out of that calx, I have won the ſalt of mercury.
' *Mam.* By pouring on your rectified water?'
Sub. ' Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.'
How now? What colour ſays it?

Enter Face.

Face. The ground black, Sir.
Mam. That's your crow's head?
Sur. Your cocks-comb's, is't not?
Sub. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the crow.
That work wants ſomething.
Sur. Oh, I look'd for this.
The hay's a pitching.
Sub. Are you ſure, you looſed them
In their own *menſtrue?*
Face. Yes, Sir, and then married them,
And put them in a bolt's head, nipp'd to digeſtion,
According as you bade me, when I ſet
The liquor of Mars to circulation,
In the ſame heat.
Sub. The proceſs then was right.
Face. Yes, by the token, Sir, the retort brake,
And what was ſav'd was put into the pellicane,
And ſign'd with Hermes' ſeal.

Sub. I think 'twas ſo.
We ſhould have a new *amalgama.*
Sur. Oh, this ferret
Is rank as any pole-cat.
Sub. But I care not.
Let him e'en die; 'we have enough beſide,
'In *embrion.* H has his white ſhirt on?
'*Face.* Yes, Sir.
'He's ripe for *inceration:* he ſtands warm
'In his aſh fire.' I would not, you ſhould let
Any die now, if I might counſel, Sir,
For luck's ſake to the reſt. It is not good.
Mam. He ſays right.
Sur. Ay, are you bolted?
Face. Nay, I know't, Sir,
I have ſeen th' ill fortune. What is ſome three ounces
Of freſh materials?
Mam. Is't no more?
Face. No more, Sir,
Of gold, t'*amalgame*, with ſome ſix of mercury.
Mam. Away, here's money. What will ſerve?
Face. Aſk him, Sir.
Mam. How much?
Sub. Give him nine pounds: you may give him ten.
Sur. Yes. Twenty, and be cozened, do.
Mam. There 'tis.
Sub. This needs not. But that you will have it ſo,
To ſee concluſions of all, 'for two
'O'four inferior works are at fixation,
'A third is in aſcenſion.' Go your ways.
Have you ſet the oil of Luna in Kemia?
Face. Yes, Sir.
Sub. And the philoſopher's vinegar?
Face. Ay. [*Exit.*
Sur. We ſhall have a ſallad.
Mam. When do you make projection?
Sub. Son, be not haſty. I exalt our med'cine,
By hanging him in *balneo vaporoſo*,
And giving him ſolution, then congeal him,
And then diſſolve him, then again congeal him:
For look, how oft I iterate the work,
So many times I add unto his virtue.

Get

Get you your ſtuff here againſt afternoon,
Your braſs, your pewter, and your andirons.
Mam. Not thoſe of iron?
Sub. Yes, you may bring them too.
We'll change all metals.
Sur. I believe you in that.
Mam. Then I may ſend my ſpits?
Sub. Yes, and your racks.
Sur. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hooks
Shall he not?
Sub. If he pleaſe.
Sur. To be an aſs.
Sub. How, Sir!
Mam. This gent'man you muſt bear withal!
I told you, he had no faith.
Sur. And little hope, Sir;
But much leſs charity, ſhould I gull myſelf.
Sub. Why, what have you obſerv'd, Sir, in our art,
Seems ſo impoſſible?
Sur. But your whole work, no more.
That you ſhould hatch gold in a furnace, Sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt!
Sub. Sir, do you
Believe that eggs are hatched ſo?
Sur. If I ſhould?
Sub. Why I think that the greater miracle.
No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themſelves.
Sur. That cannot be.
The egg's ordained by Nature to that end,
And is a chicken in *potentia*.
Sub. The ſame we ſay of lead, and other metals,
Which would be gold, if they had time.
Mam. And that
Our art doth further.
Sub. Ay, for 'twere abſurd
To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect i' the inſtant. Something went before.
There muſt be remote matter.
Sur. Ay, what is that?
Enter Doll.
Sub. Marry, we ſay——

God's precious—What do you mean? Go in, good lady,
Let me intreat you.—Where's this varlet?

Enter Face.

Face. Sir?

Sub. You very knave! Do you uſe me thus?

Face. Wherein, Sir?

Sub. Go in, and ſee, you traitor. Go. [*Exit* Face.

Mam. Who is it, Sir?

Sub. Nothing, Sir. Nothing.

Mam. What's the matter, good Sir?
I have not ſeen you thus diſtemper'd? Who is't?

Sub. All arts have ſtill had, Sir, their adverſaries;
But ours the moſt ignorant. What now? [Face *returns.*

Face. 'Twas not my fault, Sir; ſhe would ſpeak with you.

Sub. Would ſhe, Sir? Follow me. [*Exit* Sub.

Mam. Stay, Lungs.

Face. I dare not, Sir.

Mam. How! Pray thee ſtay.

Face. She's mad, Sir, and ſent hither——

Mam. Stay, man, what is ſhe?

Face. A lord's ſiſter, Sir.
He'll be mad too.

Mam. I warrant thee.
Why ſent hither?

Face. Sir, to be cur'd.

Sur. Why raſcal?

Face. Lo you. Here, Sir. [*He goes out.*

Mam. 'Fore heaven, a *bradamante*, a brave piece.

Sur. Heart, this is a bawdy houſe! I'll be burnt elſe.

Mam. Oh, by this light, no do not wrong him. He's
Too ſcrupulous that way. It is his vice.
No, he's a rare phyſician, do him right,
An excellent Paracelſian, and has done
Strange cure with mineral phyſick. He deals all
With ſpirits, he. He will not hear a word
Of Galen or his tedious recipe's.

Enter Face.

How now, Lungs!

Face. Softly, Sir, ſpeak ſoftly. I meant
To have told your worſhip all. This muſt not hear.

Mam. No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.

Face. Y'are very right, Sir, ſhe is a moſt rare ſcholar,

And

And is gone mad with ſtudying Broughton's works.
If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,
She falls into her fit, and will diſcourſe
So learnedly of genealogies,
As you would run mad too, to hear her, Sir.
Mam. How might one do t'have conference with her, Lungs?
Face. Oh, divers have run mad upon the conference.
I do not know, Sir: I am ſent in haſte,
To fetch a viol. [*Exit.*
Sur. Be not gull'd, Sir Mammon.
Mam. Wherein? Pray ye, be patient.
Sur. Yes, as you are,
And truſt confederate knaves, and bawds, and whores.
Mam. You are too foul, believe it.
Enter Face.
Come here, *Ulen*, one word.
Face. I dare not, in good faith.
Mam. Stay, knave.
Face. He is extreme angry that you ſaw her, Sir.
Mam. Drink that. [*Gives him money.*] What is ſhe when ſhe's out of her fit?
Face. Oh, the moſt affableſt creature, Sir! ſo merry! So pleaſant! ſhe'll mount you up, like quick-ſilver,
Over the helm; and circulate, like oil,
A very vegetal: diſcourſe of ſtate,
Of mathematics, bawdry, any thing——
Mam. Is ſhe no ways acceſſible? No means,
No trick to give a man a taſte of her——wit——
Or ſo?
[*Sub. within.*] *Ulen.*
Face. I'll come to you again, Sir. [*Exit.*
Mam. Surly, I did not think one of your breeding
Would traduce perſonages of worth.
Sur. Sir Epicure,
Your friend to uſe: yet, ſtill, loth to be gull'd.
I do not like your philoſophical bawds.
Their Stone is enough to pay for,
Without this bait.
Mam. 'Heart, you abuſe yourſelf.
I know the lady, and her friends, and means,
The original of this diſaſter. Her brother
Has told me all.

Sur.

Sur. And yet you never ſaw her
Till now?
Mam. Oh, yes! but I forgot: I have, believe it,
One of the treacherouſeſt memories, I do think,
Of all mankind.
Sur. What call you her brother?
Mam. My Lord——
He will not have his name known, now I think on't.
Sur. A very treacherous memory!
Mam. O' my faith!
Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, paſs it,
Till we meet next.
Mam. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true:
He's one I honour, and my noble friend,
And I reſpect his houſe.
Sur. Heart! can it be,
That a grave Sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wiſe Sir, too, at other times, ſhould thus,
With his own oaths and arguments, make hard means
To gull himſelf? 'An this be your elixir,
'Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunary,
'Give me your honeſt trick yet at *primero*;
'I'll have gold before you,
'And with leſs danger of the quickſilver,
'Or the hot ſulphur.'

Enter Face.

Face. Here's one from Captain Face, Sir, [*To* Surly.
Deſires you to meet him i' the Temple Church,
Some half hour hence, and upon earneſt buſineſs.
Sir, if you pleaſe to quit us now, and come
[*He whiſpers* Mammon.
Again within two hours, you ſhall have
My maſter buſy examining o'the works;
And I will ſteal you in unto the party,
That you may ſee her converſe. Sir, ſhall I ſay
You'll meet the Captain's worſhip?
Sur. Sir, I will. [*Exit* Face.
Now, I am ſure it is a bawdy-houſe;
'I'll ſwear it, were the Marſhal here to thank me:'
The naming this commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! why 'tis the moſt authentic dealer
I' theſe commodities—The ſuperintendant

To

To all the quainter traffickers in town.
Him will I prove, by a third perſon, to find
The ſubtleties of this dark labyrinth;
Which, if I do diſcover, dear Sir Mammon,
You'll give your poor friend leave, tho' no philoſopher,
To laugh; for you that are, 'tis thought, ſhall weep.

Enter Face.

Face. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.
Sur. I will not, Sir.
Sir Epicure, I ſhall leave you. [*Exit.*
Mam. I follow you, ſtraight.
Face. But do ſo, good Sir, to avoid ſuſpicion:
This gent'man has a parlous head.'
Mam. But wilt thou, Ulen,
Be conſtant to thy promiſe?
Face. As my life, Sir.
Mam. And wilt thou inſinuate what I am, and praiſe me,
And ſay I am a noble fellow?
Face. Oh, what elſe, Sir?
And that you'll make her royal, with the Stone,
An empreſs, and yourſelf King of Bantam.
Mam. Wilt thou do this?
Face. Will I, Sir!
Mam. Lungs, my Lungs!
I love thee.
Face. Send your ſtuff, Sir, that my maſter
May buſy himſelf about projection.
Mam. Th' haſt witch'd me, rogue! Take, go.
Face. Your jack and all, Sir.
Mam. Thou art a villain—I will ſend my jack,
And the weights too. 'Slave, I could bite thine ear.'
Away; thou doſt not care for me.
Face. Not I, Sir.
Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good weaſel;
Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee twirl a chain
With the beſt lord's vermin of them all.
Face. Away, Sir.
Mam. A count, nay, a count-palatine——
Face. Good Sir, go.
Mam. Shall not advance thee better; no, nor faſter.
[*Exit* Mam.

Enter

Enter Subtle *and* Dol.

Sub. Has he bit? Has he bit?

Face. And swallow'd too, my Subtle.
I ha' given him line, and now he plays, i'faith.

Sub. And shall we twitch him?

Face. Thorough both the gills.
A wench is a rare bait, 'with which a man
'No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.'

Sub. Dol, my Lord What's'hum's sister, you must now
Bear yourself statelich.

Dol. Oh, let me alone.
I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.
I'll keep my distance, laugh, and talk aloud:
Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,
And be as rude as her woman.

Face. Well said, Sanguine.

Sub. But will he send his andirons?

Face. His jack too;
And's iron shoeing-horn: I ha' spoken to him. Well,
I must not lose my wary gamester, yonder.

Sub. Oh, Monsieur Caution, that will not be gull'd?

Face. Ay; if I can strike a fine hook into him, now.
The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.
Well, pray for me; I'll about it. [*One knocks.*

Sub. What, more gudgeons?
Dol, scout, scout; stay, Face, you must go to the door.
[*Exit* Face.
Pray Heaven it be my Anabaptist. Who is't, Dol?

Dol. I know him not. He looks like an end of gold and silver-man.

Sub. God's-so! 'tis he; he said he would send
What call you him?
The sanctified elder, that should deal
For Mammon's jack and andirons—Let him in. Stay,
And help me off with my gown——Away,
Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. Now,
[*Exit* Dol.
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.
This fellow is sent from one negociates with me
About the Stone too; for the holy brethren
'Of Amsterdam, the exil'd saints, that hope

'To

'To raise their discipline by it.' I must use him
'In some strange fashion now, to make him admire me.'
Enter Face *and* Ananias.
Where is my drudge?
Face. Sir.
Sub. Take away the recipient,
And rectify your menstrue from the phlegma.
Then pour it o' the sol, in the cucurbite,
And let them macerate together.
Face. Yes, Sir;
And save the ground?
Sub. No; *terra damnata*
Must not have entrance in the work. [*Exit* Face.
Who are you? [*To* Ananias.
Ana. A faithful brother, if it please you.
Sub. What's that?
'A Lullianist, a Ripley, *filius artis?*
'Can you sublime and dulcify? Calcine?
'Know you the *sapor pontic? Sapor stiptic?*'
Or what is homogene, or heterogene?
Ana. I understand no heathen language, truly.
Sub. Heathen, you knipper-doling! Is *ars sacra*,
'Or *chrysopeia*, or *spagyrica*,
'Or the pamphyfick or panarchick knowledge,'
A heathen language?
Ana. Heathen Greek, I take it.
Sub. How, heathen Greek!
Ana. All's heathen but the Hebrew.
Enter Face.
Sub. Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth, and speak to him
Like a philosopher: answer i'the language,
Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
Of metals in the work.
Face. Sir, putrefaction,
Solution, ablution, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and
Fixation.
'*Sub.* This is heathen Greek to you now.
'And whence comes vivification?
'*Face.* After mortification.
'*Sub.* What's cohobation?
'*Face.* 'Tis the pouring on

' Your *aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,
' To the trine circle of the ſeven ſpheres.
' *Sub.* What's the proper paſſion of metals?
' *Face.* Malleation.
' *Sub.* What's your *ultimum ſupplicium auri*?
' *Face.* Antimonium.
' *Sub.* This is heathen Greek to you. And what's your mercury?
' *Face.* A very fugitive; he will begone, Sir.
' *Sub.* How know you him?
' *Face.* By his vife ſity,
' His oleoſity, and his ſulcitability.
' *Sub.* How do you ſublime him?
' *Face.* With the calce of egg ſhells.
' White marble, talc.
' *Sub.* Your *magiſterium*, now?
' What's that?
' *Face.* Shifting, Sir, your elements, dry.'
' Dry into cold, cold into moiſt, moiſt into hot, hot into
Ana. Oh, Oh!——
Sub. This is heathen Greek to you ſtill. What is
Your *lapis philoſophicus*?
Face. 'Tis a ſtone, and not
A ſtone; a ſpirit, a ſoul, and a body;
Which if you do diſſolve, it is diſſolved;
If you coagulate, it is coagulated;
If you make it to fly, it flieth.
Sub. Enough. [*Exit* Face.
This is heathen Greek to you——
What are you, Sir?
Ana. Pleaſe you, a ſervant of the exil'd brethren,
That deal with widows and with orphans' goods,
And make a juſt account unto the ſaints;
A deacon.
Sub. Oh, you are ſent from Maſter Wholſome,
Your teacher?
Ana. From Tribulation Wholſome,
Our very zealous paſtor.
Sub. Good. I have
Some orphans' goods to come here.
Ana. Of what kind, Sir?
Sub. Pewter and braſs, andirons, and kitchen-ware;

Metals

Metals that we muſt uſe our med'cine on;
Wherein the brethren may have a penn'orth,
For ready money.
' *Ana.* Were the orphans' parents
' Sincere profeſſors?
' *Sub.* Why do you aſk?
' *Ana.* Becauſe
' We then are to deal juſtly, and give (in truth)
' Their utmoſt value.
' *Sub.* 'Slid, you'ld cozen elſe,
' An if their parents were not of the faithful.
' I will not truſt you, now I think on't,
' 'Till I ha' talk'd with your paſtor.' Ha' you brought money
To buy more coals?
Ana. No, ſurely.
Sub. No! How ſo?
Ana. The brethren bid me ſay unto you, Sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more,
'Till they may ſee projection.
Sub. How!
Ana. You have had
For the inſtrments, as bricks, and loam, and glaſſes,
Already thirty pounds; and for materials,
They ſay, ſome ninety more: and they have heard ſince,
That one at Heidelberg, made it of an egg,
And a ſmall paper of pin duſt.
Sub. What's your name?
Ana. My name is Ananias.
Sub. Out, the varlet
That cozen'd the apoſtles! Hence, away,
Flee, miſchief! Had your holy conſiſtory
No name to ſend me of another ſound
Than wicked Ananias? Send your elders
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me ſatisfaction; or out goes
The fire, and down th' alembicks, and the furnace,
' Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,
' Both Sericon and Bufo ſhall be loſt,
' Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the biſhops,
' Or th' antichriſtian hierarchy, ſhall periſh,'
If they ſtay threeſcore minutes. The aqueity,
Tereity, and ſulphureity,

Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked Ananias. [*Exit* Ananias.
This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haſte towards their gulling more.
A man muſt deal like a rough nurſe, and fright
Thoſe that are froward to an appetite.

Enter Face *and* Drugger.

Face. H'is buſy with his ſpirits; but we'll upon him.
Drug. *Where are they?*
Face. *Huſh!*
Sub. How now? What mates, what baiards ha' we here?
Face. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's Nab,
Has brought y' another piece of gold to look on.
(We muſt appeaſe him. Give it me) and prays you,
You would deviſe—What is it, Nab?
Drug. A ſign, Sir.
Face. Ay, a good lucky one; a thriving ſign, Doctor.
Sub. I was deviſing now.
Face. 'Slight, do not ſay ſo;
He will repent he gave you any more. [*Aſide to* Sub.
What ſay you to his conſtellation, Doctor?
The Balance?
Sub. No, that way is ſtale and common.
A townſman, born in Taurus, gives the bull,
Or the bull's head. In Aries, the ram;
A poor device. *Come hither, Abel.*
No, I will have his name
Form'd in ſome myſtic character, whoſe *radii*,
Striking the ſenſes of the paſſers-by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
That may reſult upon the party owns it:
As thus———
Drug. *I don't underſtand it.*
Face. Nab!
Sub. He ſhall have a bell, that's Abel.
Drug. *And ſo it is.*
Sub. And by it ſtanding one whoſe name is Dee,
In a rug gown; there's D, and Rug, that's Drug;
And right anenſt him a dog ſnarling er;
There's Drugger, Abel Drugger.
Drug. *My name!*
Sub. That's his ſign.
And here's now myſtery and hieroglyphic!

Face.

Face. Abel, thou art made.
Drug. I do thank his worſhip.
Face. Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab.
What'ſt got there, Nab?
Drug. A pipe of tobacco.
Face. A pipe of tobacco! Give it me.
He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, Doctor.
Drug. Yes, Sir—Captain Face, Captain Face, your
Face. What doſt ſay, Nab? [worſhip.
Drug. I have another thing I would impart——.
Face. Out with it, Nab.
Drug. Sir, there is lodg'd hard by me,
A rich young widow——
Face. Good; a *bona roba!*
Drug. But nineteen at the moſt.
Face. Very good, Abel.
Drug. Marry, ſh' is not in faſhion yet; ſhe wears
A hood; but 't ſtands acop.
Face. No matter, Abel.
Drug. And I do now and then give her a *fucus*.——
Face. What! doſt deal, Nab?
Sub. I did tell you, Captain.
Drug. And phyſic too, ſometimes, Sir; for which ſhe
truſts me
With all her mind. She's come up here of purpoſe
To learn the faſhion.
Face. Good; on, Nab.
Drug. And ſhe does ſtrangely long to know her fortune.
Face. God'ſlid, Nab, ſend her to the Doctor hither.
Drug. Yes, I have ſpoke to her of his worſhip already;
But ſhe's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her marriage.
Face. Hurt it! 'Tis the way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and ſought. Nab, thou ſhalt tell her this:
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your widows
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous.
Their honour is the multitude of ſuitors.
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What,
Thou doſt not know?
Drug. No, Sir, ſhe'll never marry
Under a knight. Her brother has made a vow.

Face. What, and doſt thou deſpair, my little Nab,
Knowing what the Doctor has ſet down for thee,
And ſeeing ſo many of the city dubb'd?
'One glaſs o' thy water, with a Madam, I know
'Will have it done,' Nab. What's her brother? A knight?

Drug. No, Sir, a gentleman, newly warm in his land,
Scarce cold in his one-and-twenty, that does govern [Sir.
His ſiſter here, and is a man himſelf
Of ſome three thouſand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,
And will go down again, and die i' the country,
When he can't live any longer here.

Face. How! to quarrel?

Drug. Yes, Sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do; to manage them by line.

Face. 'Slid, Nab, the Doctor is the only man
In Chriſtendom for him.

Drug. *Is he?*

Face. He has made a table,
With mathematical demonſtrations,
Touching the art of quarrels.

Drug. *Has he?*

Face. He will give him
An inſtrument to quarrel by.

Drug. *Will he?*

Face. Go, bring 'em both,
Him and his ſiſter. And for thee, with her
The Doctor haply may perſuade. Go to.
Sha't give his worſhip a new damaſk ſuit
Upon the premiſſes.

Sub. Oh, good Captain——

Face. He ſhall:
He is the honeſteſt fellow, Doctor——Stay not;
No offers; bring the damaſk and the parties.

Drug. I'll try my power, Sir.

Face. And thy will too, Nab.

Sub. 'Tis good tobacco, this. What is't a pound?

Drug. *I'll ſell your worſhip a hogſhead of it.*

Face. He'll ſend you a hogſhead, Doctor.

[Abel *runs out, and* Face *brings him back.*

Sub. Oh, no!

Face.

Face. He will do't:
It is the goodeſt foul——Abel, about it.
Thou ſhalt know more anon. Away, begone.
Drug. I'll give him a pound.——I'll give him two pound. [*Exit.*
Face. A miſerable rogue, and lives with cheeſe,
And has the worms. That was the cauſe, indeed,
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,
To get a med'cine for them.
Sub. And ſhall, Sir. This works.
Face. A wife, a wife for one of us, my dear Subtle:
We'll e'en draw lots, 'and he that fails ſhall have
'The more in goods, the other has in tail.'
But Dol muſt ha' no breath on't.
Sub. Mum.
Away you to your Surly, yonder; catch him.
Face. Pray Heaven, I ha' not ſtaid too long.
Sub. I fear it. [*Exeunt.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

Enter Tribulation *and* Ananias.

TRIBULATION.

THESE chaſtiſements are common to the ſaints;
And ſuch rebukes we of the ſeparation
Muſt bear with willing ſhoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.
Ana. In pure zeal,
I do not like the man. He is a heathen,
And ſpeaks the language of Canaan, truly.
Trib. I think him a prophane perſon, indeed.
'*Ana.* He bears
'The viſible mark of the beaſt in his forehead,
'And for his ſtone, it is a work of darkneſs,
'And with philoſophy blinds the eyes of man.
'*Trib.* Good brother, we muſt bend unto all means
'That may give furtherance to the holy cauſe.
'*Ana.* Which his cannot: the ſanctified cauſe
'Should have a ſanctified courſe.

'*Trib.*

'*Trib.* Not always neceſſary:
'The children of perdition are oft-times
'Made inſtruments even of the greateſt works.
'Beſide we ſhould give ſomewhat to man's nature,
'The place he lives in, ſtill about the fire,
'And fume of metals, that intoxicate
'The brain of man, and make him prone to paſſion.
'Where have you greater atheiſts than your cooks?
'Or more profane, or choleric, than your glaſsmen?
'More antichriſtian than your bell-founders?
'What makes the devil ſo deviliſh, I would aſk you,
'Satan, our common enemy, but his being
'Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
'Brimſtone and arſenick?
'You did ill to upbraid him
'With the brethrens' bleſſing of Heidelberg, weighing
'What need we have to haſten on the work,
'For the reſtoring of the ſilenc'd ſaints,
'Which ne'er will be, but by the philoſopher's ſtone:
'And ſo a learned elder, one of Scotland,
'Aſſured me.
'*Ana.* I have not edified more, truly, by man,
'Not ſince the beautiful light firſt ſhone on me.
'And I am ſad my zeal hath ſo offended.'
Tri. Let us call on him then.
Ana. The motion's good,
And of the ſpirit; I will knock firſt. Peace be within.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. Oh, are you come? 'Twas time. Your three-ſcore minutes
Were at the laſt thread, you ſee, 'and down had gone
'*Furnus accediæ, turris circulatorius:*
'Lembeck, bolts-head, retort, and pellicane
'Had all been cinders.' Wicked Ananias!
Art thou return'd? Nay, then it goes down yet.
Trib. Sir, be appeaſed; he is come to humble
Himſelf in ſpirit, and to aſk your patience,
If too much zeal hath carried him aſide
From the due path.
Sub. Why, this doth qualify.
Trib. The brethren had no purpoſe, verily,
To give you the leaſt grievance; but are ready

To

To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit and you direct.
Sub. This qualifies more.
Trib. And for the orphans' goods, let them be valu'd,
Or what is needful else to the holy work,
It shall be number'd. Here, by me, the saints
Throw down their purse before you.
Sub. This qualifies most!
Why, thus it should be; now you understand.
Have I discoursed so unto you of our Stone,
' And of the good that it shall bring your cause?
' Shew'd you,
' That even the med'cinal use should make you a faction
' And party in the realm? As put the case
' That some great man in state, he have the gout;
' Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,
' You help him straight; there you have made a friend.
' Another has the palsy, or the dropsy,
' He takes of your incombustible stuff,
' He's young again: there you have made a friend.
' A lady that is past the feat of body,
' Tho' not of mind, and hath her face decay'd
' Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore
' With the oil of talck; there you have made a friend,
' And all her friends.
' Still you increase your friends.
' *Trib.* Ay, 'tis very pregnant.
' *Sub.* And then the turning of his lawyer's pewter
' To plate at Candlemas.
' *Ana.* Candle-tide, I pray you.
' *Sub.* Yet, Ananias?
' *Ana.* I have done.
' *Sub.*' Oh, but the Stone! all's idle to't; nothing!
Nature's miracle,
The divine secret, that doth fly in clouds
From east to west; and whose tradition
Is not from men, but spirits.
Ana. I hate traditions:
I do not trust them——
Trib. Peace.
Ana. They are popish, all.
I will not peace. I will not——

Trib.

Trib. Ananias.

Ana. Pleaſe the profane, to grieve the godly. I may not.

Sub. Well, Ananias, thou ſhalt overcome.

Tri. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, Sir:
But, truly, elſe, a very faithful brother;
A botcher, and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

Sub. Has he a competent ſum there i' the bag,
To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,
And muſt, for charity and conſcience ſake,
Now ſee the moſt be made for my poor orphans:
'Tho' I deſire the brethren too, good gainers.'
There they are within. When you have view'd and [bought 'em,
And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They are ready for projection; there's no more
To do; caſt on the med'cine, ſo much ſilver
As there is tin there, ſo much gold as braſs,
I'll gi't you in by weight.

'*Trib.* But how long time,
'Sir, muſt the ſaints expect yet?

'*Sub.* Let me ſee——
'How's the moon now?—Eight, nine, ten days hence,
'He will be ſilver potate; then three days
'Before he citroniſe: ſome fifteen days
'The *magiſterium* will be perfected.

'*Ana.* About the ſecond day of the third week
'In the ninth month?

'*Sub.* Yes, my good Ananias.' [you?

Trib. What will the orphans' goods ariſe to, think

Sub. Some hundred marks; as much as fill'd three cars
Unladed now; you'll make ſix millions of them.
But I muſt ha' more coals laid in.

'*Trib.* How!

'*Sub.* Another load,
'And then we have finiſh'd. We muſt now increaſe
'Our fire to *ignis ardens*; we are paſt
'*Fimus equinus, balnei cineris*,
'And all thoſe lenter heats. If the holy purſe
'Should with this draught fall low,' and that the ſaints
Do need a preſent ſum, I have a trick
To melt the pewter you ſhall buy now, inſtantly,

And

And with a tincture make you as good Dutch dollars
As any are in Holland.
Trib. Can you so?
Sub. Ay, and shall 'bide the third examination.
Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.
Sub. But you must carry it secret.
Trib. Ay; but stay:
This act of coining, is it lawful?
Ana. Lawful!
We know no magistrate; or if we did,
This's foreign coin.
Sub. It is no coining, Sir;
It is but casting.
Trib. Ha! you distinguish well;
Casting of money may be lawful.
Ana. 'Tis, Sir.
Trib. Truly, I take it so.
Sub. There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it: believe Ananias;
This case of conscience he is studied in.
Trib. I'll make a question of it to the brethren.
Ana. The brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where shall it be done?'
Sub. 'For that we'll talk anon.' [*Knock without.*
There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the parcels. That's the inventory.
I'll come to you straight. [*Exeunt* Trib. *and* Ana.] Who is it? Face! Appear.

Enter Face.

How now? Good Prize?
Face. Good pox! Yond' costive cheater
Never came on.
Sub. How then?
Face. I ha' walk'd the round
Till now, and no such thing.
Sub. And ha' you quit him? [happy.
Face. Quit him! an' hell would quit him too, he were
'Slight! would you have me stalk like a mill-jade
All day, for one that will not yield us grains?
I know him of old.
Sub. Oh, but to ha' gull'd him,
Had been a mastery.

Face

Face. Let him go, black boy!
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee.
A noble Count, a Don of Spain,
Furnish'd with pistolets and pieces of eight,
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,
(That is the colour) and to make his batt'ry
Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,
Our Dover-pier, our what thou wilt.
Where is the doxy?
Sub. I will send her to thee;
And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens,
And come again myself.
Face. Are they within then?
Sub. Numb'ring the sum.
Face. How much?
Sub. A hundred marks, boy. [*Exit.*
Face. Why, this's a lucky day! Ten pounds of Mam-
Three o' my clerk; a portague o' my grocer; [mon;
This o' the brethren; beside reversions,
And 'states to come i' the widow, and my Count.
My share to-day will not be bought for forty——

Enter Dol.

Dol. What?
Face. Pounds, dainty Dorothy—Art thou so near?
Dol. Yes—Say, Lord General, how fares our camp?
Face. This dear hour
A dainty Don is taken with my Dol;
And thou may'st make his ransom what thou wilt,
My Dousabel.
Dol. What is he, General?
Face. An *Adelantado*,
A *Grande*, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?
Dol. No.
Face. Nor my Drugger?
Dol. Neither.
Face. A pox on them!
They are so long a furnishing!

Enter Subtle.

How now? Ha' you done?
Sub. Done! They are gone. The sum
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew
Another chapman now would buy 'em out-right.

Face. 'Slid, Nab ſhall do't againſt he ha' the widow,
To furniſh houſhold.
Sub. Excellent well thought on.
Pray Heaven he come.
Face. I pray he keep away,
Till our new buſineſs be o'erpaſt.
Sub. But, Face,
How cam'ſt thou by this ſecret Don?
Face. A ſpirit
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle
For Surly, 'I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath
'Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,
'You muſt go tune your virginal; no loſing
'O' the leaſt time. And do you hear?' His great
Verdugoſhip has not a jot of language:
So much the eaſier to be cozen'd, my Dolly;
He will come here in a hired coach, obſcure,
And our own coachman, whom I have ſent to guide,
No creature elſe. Who's that? [*One knocks.*
Sub. It is not he!
Face. Oh, no, not yet, this hour.
Sub. Who is't?
Dol. Dapper,
Your clerk.
Face. God's will! then, Queen of Fairy,
On with your tire; and, Doctor, with your robes.
Let's diſpatch him, for God's ſake.
Sub. 'Twill be long.
Face. I warrant you; take but the cues I give you,
It ſhall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!
Abel, and, I think, the angry boy, the heir,
That fain would quarrel.
Sub. And the widow?
Face. No;
Not that I ſee. Away. [*Exeunt* Sub. *and* Dol.
Oh, Sir, you are welcome!
Enter Dapper, Drugger, *and* Kaſtril.
The Doctor is within, moving for you.
'I have had the moſt ado to win him to it.
'He ſwears you'll be the darling of the dice.
'He never heard her Highneſs doat till now, he ſays:

' Your aunt has giv'n you the moſt gracious words
' That can be thought on.'

Dap. Shall I ſee her Grace?

Face. See her, and kiſs her too—What, honeſt Nab!
Haſt brought the damaſk?

Drug. No, Sir, here's tobacco. [too?

Face. 'Tis well done, Nab. Thou'lt bring the damaſk

Drug. Yes. Here's the gentleman, Captain; Maſter
I have brought to ſee the Doctor. [Kaſtril,

Face. Where's the widow? [*Whiſpers,*

Drug. Sir, as he likes, his ſiſter (he ſays) ſhall come.

Face. Oh, is it ſo?

Drug. *I'll introduce him.* Maſter Kaſtril, Captain Face.

Face. Good time. Is your name Kaſtril, Sir?

Kaſ. Ay, and the beſt of the Kaſtrils; I'ld be ſorry elſe,
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the Doctor?
My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
That can do things. Has he any ſkill?

Face. Wherein, Sir?

Kaſ. To carry a buſineſs, manage a quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms.

Face. It ſeems, Sir, y'are but young
About the town, that can make that a queſtion.

Kaſ. Sir, not ſo young, but I have heard ſome ſpeech
Of the angry boys, and ſeen them take tobacco,
And in his ſhop; and I can take it too:
And I would fain be one of them, and go down
And practiſe i' the country.

Face. Sir, for the *duello*,
The Doctor, I aſſure you, ſhall inform you,
To the leaſt ſhadow of a hair; and then, rules
To give and take the lie by.

Kaſ. How! to take it?

Face. Yes, in oblique he'll ſhew you, or in circle,
But never in diameter. ' The whole town
' Study his theorems, and diſpute them ordinarily
' At the eating academies.

' *Kaſ.* But does he teach
' Living by the wits too?

' *Face.* Any thing whatever.
' You cannot think that ſubtilty but he reads it.
' He made me a captain. I was a ſtark pimp,

' Juſt

'Juſt o' your ſtanding, 'fore I met with him:
'Tis not two months ſince.' I'll tell you his method;
Firſt, he will enter you at ſome ordinary.
Kaſ. No, I'll not come there. You ſhall pardon me.
Face. For why, Sir?
Kaſ. There's gaming there, and tricks.
Face. Why, would you be
A gallant, and not game?
Kaſ. Ay; 'twill ſpend a man.
Face. Spend you! It will repair you when you are ſpent.
How do they live by their wits there, that have ventred
Six times your fortune?
Kaſ. What, three thouſand a year?
Face. Ay, forty thouſand.
Kaſ. Are there ſuch?
Face. Ay, Sir.
'And gallants yet.' Here's a young gentleman
Is born to nothing, forty marks a year,
Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,
And have a fly o' the Doctor. He will win you,
By unreſiſtible luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a barony.
Kaſ. Do you not gull one?
Face. 'Ods my life! do you think it?
Why, Nab here knows it.
Drug. *Yes; what is it?*
Face. And then for making matches for rich widows,
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'ſt man!
He's ſent to, far and near, all over England,
To have his counſel, and to know their fortunes.
Kaſ. Adzooks! my ſuſter ſhall ſee him.
Face. I'll tell you, Sir,
What he did tell me of Nab.
Drug. *Ay; what is it?*
Face. It's a ſtrange thing; [melancholy,
(By the way, you muſt eat no cheeſe, Nab; it breeds
And that ſame melancholy breeds worms) but paſs it;
He told me, honeſt Nab here was ne'er at tavern
But once in's life!
Drug. Truth, and no more I was not.
Face. And then he was ſo ſick——
Drug. Could he tell you that too?

Face. How ſhould I know it?
Drug. In troth, *I'll tell you the whole ſtory.*
We had been a ſhooting,
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to ſupper,
That lay ſo heavy o' my ſtomach——
Face. And he has no head——
Drug. *No, I have no head.* [fidlers,
Face. To bear any wine: for what with the noiſe of the
And care of his ſhop; for he dares keep no ſervant——
Drug. My head did ſo ach——
Face. As he was fain to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then a good old woman——
Drug. (Yes, faith, ſhe dwells in Sea-coal-lane) did cure
With ſodden ale, and pellitory o' the wall; [me
Coſt me but twopence. I had another ſickneſs,
Was worſe than that——
Face. Ay, that was the grief
Thou took'ſt for being 'ſeſs'd at eighteen-pence,
For the water-work.
Drug. In truth, and it was like
T' have coſt me almoſt my life.
Face. Thy hair went off.
Drug. Yes, *and it has never been very good ſince*
'Twas done for ſpite.
Face. Nay, ſo ſays the Doctor.
Kaſ. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my ſuſter;
I'll ſee this learned boy before I go;
And ſo ſhall ſhe.
Face. Sir, he is buſy now;
But if you have a ſiſter to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her ſooner
And he by that time will be free.
Kaſ. I go.
Face. Drugger, ſhe's thine—the damaſk. [*Ex.* Drug. *and* Kaſtril.] Subtle and I
Muſt wreſtle for her. [*Aſide.*] Come on, Maſter Dapper;
You ſee how I turn clients here away,
To give your cauſe diſpatch. Ha' you perform'd
The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?
Dap. Yes, o' the vinegar,
And the clean ſhirt.
Face. 'Tis well; that ſhirt may do you

More

More worship than you think. 'Your aunt's a-fire,
'But that she will not shew it, t' have a fight o' you.
Ha' you provided for her Grace's servants?
Dap. Yes, here are six-score Edward's shillings.
Face. Good.
Dap. And an old Harry's sovereign.
Face. Very good.
Dap. And three James's shillings, and an Elizabeth groat;
Just twenty nobles.
Face. Oh, you are too just!
I would you had the other noble in Mary's.
Dap. I have some Philip and Mary's.
Face. Ay, those same
Are best of all. Where are they; Hark! the Doctor.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. Is yet her Grace's cousin come?
Face. He is come.
Sub. And is he fasting?
Face. Yes.
Sub. And hath cry'd hum?
Face. Thrice, you must answer.
Dap. Thrice.
Sub. And as oft, buz?
Face. If you have, say.
Dap. I have.
Sub. Then, to her cuz,
Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,
As he was bid, the Fairy Queen dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticoat of Fortune;
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune,
And though to Fortune near be her petticoat,
Yet nearer is her smock, the Queen doth note:
And therefore, even of that a piece she has sent,
Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him, for a scarf he now will wear it
(With as much love as then her Grace did tear it)
About his eyes, to shew he is fortunate.

[*They blind him with a rag.*

And, trusting unto her to make his state,
He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;
Which that he will perform she doth not doubt him.

Face. She need not doubt him, Sir. Alas, he has no-
But what he will part withal as willingly, [thing
Upon her Grace's word (throw away your purſe.)
As ſhe would aſk it. (' Handkerchiefs and all.)'
She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.
If you have a ring about you, caſt it off,
Or a ſilver ſeal at your wriſt: her Grace will ſend
Her fairies here to ſearch you;- therefore deal
Directly with her highneſs. If they find
That you conceal a mite, your are undone.
[*He throws away, as they bid him.*
Dap. Truly, there's all.
Face. All what?
Dap. My money, truly.
Face. Keep nothing that is tranſitory about you.
Look, the elves are come
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Adviſe you.
Dap. Oh, I have a paper with a ſpur-ryal in't.
Face. Ti, ti.
They knew it, they ſay.
Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, he has more yet.
' *Face.* Ti, ti-ti-ti. I' the other pocket?
' *Dap.* Oh, Oh.
' *Face.* Nay, pray you hold. He is her Grace's ne-
phew.
' Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you ſhall care.
' Deal plainly, Sir, and ſhame the fairies. Shew
' You are an innocent.'
Dap. By this good light, I ha' nothing
But a half-crown
Of gold, about my wriſt, that my love gave me;
And a leaden heart I wore ſin' ſhe forſook me.
Face. I thought 'twas ſomething. And would you incur
Your aunt's diſpleaſure for theſe trifles? Come,
I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns,
You may wear your leaden heart ſtill. [*Knock.*] How now
Enter Dol.
Sub. What news, Dol?
Dol. Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon.
Face. God's lid, we never thought of him till now.
Where is he?
Dol. Here, hard by. He's at the door.

Sub. And you are not ready now.
Dol. He must be sent back.
Face. Oh, by no means.
What shall we do with this same puffing here,
Now he's o' the spit?
Sub. Why, lay him back awhile,
With some device. Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti. Would her Grace
speak with me? [*Knocks*
I come. Help, Dol.
Face. Who's there? Sir Epicure.
[*He speaks through the key-hole, the other knocking.*
My master's i' the way. Please you to walk
Three or four turns, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you, Quickly, Dol. [*Exit* Dol.
Sub. Her Grace
Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper.
Dap. I long to see her Grace.
Sub. She now is set
At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you
From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,
And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal,
And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:
Yet if you could hold out till she saw you (she says)
It would be better for you.
Face. Sir, he shall
Hold out an' 'twere this two hours, for her highness;
I can assure you that. We will not lose
All we ha' done——
Sub. He must not see, nor speak
To any body, till then.
Face. For that we'll put, Sir,
A stay in's mouth.
Sub. Of what?
Face. Of gingerbread.
Make you it fit. 'He that hath pleas'd her Grace
'Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little.'
Gape, Sir, and let him fit you.
Sub. Where shall we now
Bestow him?
Dol. I' the privy.
Sub. Come along, Sir,
I now must shew you fortune's privy lodgings.

Face.

Face. Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?
Sub. All.
Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.
'*Face.* Sir Epicure, I am yours, Sir, by and by.'
[*Exeunt.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

Face *and* Mammon *meet.*

FACE.

OH, Sir, yo'are come i' the only finest time.
Mam. Where's master?
Face. Now preparing for projection, Sir.
Your stuff will be all chang'd shortly.
Mam. Into gold?
Face. To gold and silver, Sir.
Mam. Silver I care not for.
Face. Yes, Sir, a little to give beggars.
Mam. Where's the lady?
Face. At hand here. I ha' told her such brave things o'you,
Touching your bounty, and your noble spirit——
Mam. Hast thou?
Face. As she is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good Sir, no divinity i' your conference,
For fear of putting her in rage——
Mam. I warrant thee.
'*Face.* Six men will not hold her down. And then
'If the old man should hear or see you.'
Mam. Fear not.
Face. The very house, Sir, would run mad. You know
How scrupulous he is, and violent [it,
'Gainst the least act of sin. 'Physic, or mathematics,
'Poetry, state, or bawd'ry, (as I told you)
'She will endure, and never startle: but
'No word of controversy.'
Mam. I am school'd, good *Ulen.*
Face. And you must praise her house, remember that,
And her nobility.
Mam. Let me alone;

No

No herald, nor no antiquary, Lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.
' *Face.* Why, this is yet
' A kind of modern happineſs, to have
' Dol Common for a great lady. [*Aſide and exit.*
' *Mam.* Now, Epicure,
' Heighten thyſelf, talk to her, all in gold;
' Rain her as many ſhowers as Jove did drops
' Unto his Danae; ſhew the god a miſer,
' Compar'd with Mammon. What, the Stone will do't.
' She ſhall feel gold, taſte gold, hear gold, ſleep gold;
' Nay, we will *concumbere* gold. I will be puiſſant,
' And mighty in my talk to her.'
Enter Dol.
Here ſhe comes.
Face. To him, Dol, ſuckle him. This is the noble knight
I told your Ladyſhip. [*Exit* Face.
Mam. Madam, with your pardon,
I kiſs your veſture.
Dol. Sir, I were uncivil
If I would ſuffer that; my lip to you, Sir.
Mam. I hope my Lord your brother be in health, Lady.
Dol. My Lord my brother is, though I no lady, Sir.
' *Face.* Well ſaid, my Guiny bird.'
Mam. Right noble Madam——
' *Face.* Oh, we ſhall have moſt fierce idolatry.'
Mam. 'Tis your prerogative.
Dol. Rather your courteſy.
Mam. Were there nought elſe t' enlarge your virtues to me,
Theſe anſwers ſpeak your breeding, and your blood.
Dol. Blood we boaſt none, Sir; a poor baron's daughter.
Mam. Poor! and gat you? Profane not. Had your father
Slept all the happy remnant of his life
After that act,
He had done enough to make himſelf, ' his iſſue,'
And his poſterity noble.
' *Face.* I'll in, and laugh.'
Mam. Sweet Madam, let me be particular——
Dol. Particular, Sir? I pray you, know your diſtance.
Mam. In no ill ſenſe, ſweet Lady, but to aſk
How

How your fair graces paſs the hours? I ſee
Yo'are lodg'd here, i' the houſe of a rare man,
An excellent artiſt; but what's that to you?
Dol. Yes, Sir, I ſtudy here the mathematics,
And diſtillation.
Mam. Oh, I cry you pardon.
He's a divine inſtructor.
Dol. Ay, and for his phyſick, Sir——
Mam. Above the art of Æſculapius,
That drew the envy of the thunderer!
I know all this, and more.
Dol. Troth, I am taken, Sir,
Whole with theſe ſtudies, that contemplate nature.
Mam. It is a noble humour: but this form
Was not intended to ſo dark a uſe.
I muſe, my lord your brother will permit it!
You ſhould ſpend half my land firſt, were I he.
Does not this diamond better on my finger
Than i' the quarry?
Dol. Yes.
Mam. Why, you are like it.
You were created, Lady, for the light!
Here, you ſhall wear it; take it, the firſt pledge
Of what I ſpeak, to bind you to believe me.
Dol. In chains of Adamant?
Mam. Yes, the ſtrongeſt bands.
And take a ſecret too: here, by your ſide,
Doth ſtand, this hour, the happieſt man in Europe.
Dol. You are contented, Sir?
Mam. Nay, in true being,
The envy of princes, and the fear of ſtates.
Dol. Say you ſo, Sir Epicure!
Mam. Yes, and thou ſhalt prove it,
Daughter of honour. I have caſt mine eye
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
Above all ſtiles.
Dol. You mean no treaſon, Sir?
Mam. No; I will take away that jealouſy.
I am the lord of the philoſpher's ſtone,
And thou the lady.
Dol. How, Sir! ha' you that?
Mam. I am the maſter of the maſtery.

This

This day the good old wretch here o' the houſe
Has made it for us: now he's at projection.
Think therefore thy firſt wiſh now; let me hear it;
And it ſhall rain into thy lap, no ſhower,
But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee.

Dol. 'I could well conſent, Sir,
'But, in a monarchy, how will this be?
'The prince will ſoon take notice, and both ſeize
'You and your ſtone, it being a wealth unfit
'For any private ſubject.

'*Mam.* 'Tis no idle fear:
'We'll therefore go with all, my girl, and live
'In a free ſtate, where we will eat our mullets
'Sous'd in high-country wines, ſup pheaſants eggs,
'And have our cockles boil'd in ſilver ſhells,
'Our ſhrimps to ſwim again, as when they liv'd,
'In a rare butter, made of dolphin's milk,
'Whoſe cream does look like opals: and with theſe
'Delicate meats ſet ourſelves high for pleaſure,
'And take us down again, and then renew
'Our youth and ſtrength, with drinking the elixir,
'And ſo enjoy a perpetuity of life and luſt.'

Enter Face.

Face. Sir, you're too loud. I hear you every word
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place;
The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her?

Mam. Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee.
[*Gives Money.*

Face. But, do you hear?
Good Sir, beware, no mention of the Rabbins.

Mam. We think not on 'em. [*Ex.* Mam. & Dol.

Face. 'Oh, it is well, Sir.' Subtle!

Enter Subtle.

Face. Doſt thou not laugh?

Sub. Yes. Are they gone?

Face. All's clear.

Sub. The widow is come.

Face. And your quarrelling diſciple?

Sub. Ay.

Face. I muſt to my captainſhip again then.

Sub. Stay, bring 'em in firſt.

Face.

Face. So I meant. What is ſhe?
A bonny belle?
Sub. I know not.
Face. We'll draw lots.
You'll ſtand to that?
Sub. What elſe?
To the door, man.
Face. You'll have the firſt kiſs, 'cauſe I am not ready.
Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the noſtrils.
Enter Kaſtril *and* Pliant.
Face. Who would you ſpeak with?
Kaſ. Where's the captain?
Face. Gone, Sir,
About ſome buſineſs.
Kaſ. Gone!
Face. He'll return ſtraight.
But maſter doctor, his lieutenant, is here.
Sub. Come near, my worſhipful boy, my *Terræ Fili*,
That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches.
Welcome: I know thy luſt, and thy deſires,
And I will ſerve and ſatisfy 'em. Begin,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;
Here is my center: Ground thy quarrel.
Kaſ. You lie?
Sub. How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie!
For what, my ſudden boy?
Kaſ. Nay, that look you to,
I am afore-hand.
Sub. O, this's no true grammar,
And as ill logick! You muſt render cauſes, child,
Your firſt and ſecond intentions, know your canons,
And your diviſions, moods, degrees, and differences,
And ha' your elements perfect——
Kaſ. What is this
The angry tongue he talks in?
Sub. That falſe precept
Of being afore hand, has deceiv'd a number,
And made 'em enter quarrels, oftentimes,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Againſt their wills?
Kaſ. How muſt I do then, Sir?

Sub.

Sub. I cry this Lady mercy: she should first
Have been saluted
Kas. *Go and kiss her.*
Sub. I do call you Lady, [*Kisses her.*
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,
My soft and buxom widow [*He kisses her.*
Kas. Is she, i' faith?
Sub. Yes, or my heart is an egregious liar.
Kas. How know you?
Sub. By inspection on her forehead,
And subtility of her lip, which must be tasted
Often, to make a judgment. 'Slight she melts.'
Kas. *Kiss her again.* [*He kisses her again.*
Sub. 'Like a Myrabolane!' Here is yet a line,
In *rivo frontis*, tells me, he is no knight.
Pli. What is he then, Sir?
Sub. Let me see your hand.
Oh, your *linea Fortunæ* makes it plain;
'And *Stella* here, in *monte Veneris*:
'But most of all, *junctura annularis*.'
He is a soldier, or a man of art, Lady;
But shall have some great honour shortly.
Pli. Brother.
He's a rare man, believe me!
Kas. Hold your peace.
Here comes the t'other rare man.

Enter Face.

'Save you, Captain.
Face. Good master Kastril, is this your sister?
Kas. Ay, Sir.
Please to kuss her, and be proud to know her.
Face. I shall be proud to know you, Lady.
Pli. Brother, he calls me Lady too.
Kas. Ay, peace. I heard it.
Face. The Count is come.
'*Sub.* Where is he?
'*Face.* At the door.'
Sub. Why, you must entertain him.
Face. What'll you do——
With these the while?

Sub. Why have 'em up, and ſhew 'em
Some fuſtian book, or the dark glaſs.
Face. 'Fore god,
She is a delicate dab-chick! I muſt have her. [*Exit.*
Sub. Muſt you? Ay, if your fortune will, you muſt.
Come, Sir, the Captain will come to us preſently:
I'll have you to my chamber of Demonſtrations,
Where I'll ſhew you my inſtrument,
That hath the ſeveral ſcales upon't, ſhall make you
Able to quarrel, at a ſtraw's breadth by moon-light.
And, Lady, I'll have you look in a glaſs,
Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-ſight,
Againſt you ſee your fortune; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the ſudden, truſt me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Face.

Face. Where are you, Doctor?
Sub. [*within.*] I'll come to you preſently.
Face. I will ha' this ſame widow, now I ha' ſeen her,
On any compoſition.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. What do you ſay?
Face. Ha' you diſpos'd of them.
Sub. I ha' ſent them up.
Face. Subtle, in troth, I needs muſt have this widow.
Sub. Is that the matter?
Face. Nay, but hear me.
Sub. Go to,
If you rebel once, Dol ſhall know it all.
Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.
' *Face.* Nay, thou art ſo violent now—Do but conceive
' Thou art old, and canſt not ſerve——
' *Sub.* Who, cannot I?
' 'Slight, I will ſerve her with thee, for a——'
Face. Nay,
But underſtand: I'll give you compoſition.
Sub. I will not treat with thee. What, ſell my fortune?
'Tis better than my birth-right. Do not murmur.
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol
Knows it directly.
Face. Well, Sir, I am ſilent.
Will you go help to fetch in Don in ſtate?
Sub. I follow you, Sir. We muſt keep Face in awe,

Or

Or he will overlook us like a tyrant. [*Aſide.*
Brain of a taylor! Who comes here? Don John?
Enter Surly *like a* Spaniard.
Sur. Sennores, beſo las manos, a vueſtras mercedes.
' *Sub.* Would you had ſtoop'd a little, and kiſs'd our
' *Face.* Peace, Subtle. [*anos.*
' *Sub.* Stab me; I ſhall never hold, man.
' He looks in that deep ruff, like a head in platter,
' Serv'd in by a ſhort cloak upon two treſſils.
' *Face.* Or, what do you ſay to a collar of brawn, cut down
' Beneath the ſouſe, and wriggled with a knife?'
Sub. Don, your ſcurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.
Sur. *Gratia.*
Sub. He ſpeaks out of a fortification.
Pray god, he ha' no ſquibs in thoſe deep ſets.
Sur. *Por dios, ſennores, muy linda caſa!*
Sub. What ſays he?
Face. Praiſes the houſe, I think;
I know no more but's action.
Sub. Yes, the Caſa,
My precious Diego, will prove fair enough
To cozen you in. Do you mark? You ſhall
Be cozen'd, Diego.
Face. Cozen'd, do you ſee?
My worthy Donzel cozen'd.
Sur. Entiendo.
Sub. Do you intend it? So do we, dear Don.
Have you brought piſtolets, or portagues,
My ſolemn Don? Doſt thou feel any?
Face. Full. [*He feels his pockets.*
Sub. You ſhall be emptied, Don, pumped and drawn
Dry, as they ſay.
Face. 'Slid, Subtle, how ſhall we do?
Sub. For what?
Face. Why Dol's employ'd, you know.
Sub. That's true.
'Fore heaven, I know not:
Mammon muſt not be troubled.
Face. Mammon! in no caſe.
Think; you muſt be ſudden.

Sur. *Entiendo, qua la ſennora es tan hermoſa, que codicio tan a ver la, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.*

Face. Mi vida? 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind o' the widow.

What doſt thou ſay to draw her to't? Ha!
And tell her it is her fortune? 'All our venture
'Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,
'Which on's chance to have her: and beſide
'There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or loſt.
'What doſt thou think on't, Subtle.
'*Sub.* Who, I, why?
'*Face.* The credit of our houſe too is engag'd.
'*Sub.* You made me an offer for my ſhare ere-while,
'What wilt thou gi' me, i'faith?
'*Face.* Oh, by that light
'I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.
'E'en take your lot, obey your chance, Sir; win her,
'And wear her out for me.
'Sur. *Sennores por que ſe tarda tanta?*
'*Sub.* Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
'*Face.* That's now no reaſon, Sir.
'Sur. *Puede ſer, de hazer burla de mi amor.*
'*Face.* You hear the Don too? By this air, I call,
And looſe the hinges: Doſ.
'*Sub.* A plague of hell——
'*Face.* Will you then do?
'*Sub.* You are a terrible rogue;
'I'll think of this. Will you, Sir, call the widow?
'*Face.* Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her faults,
'Now I do think on't better.
'*Sub.* With all my heart, Sir;
'Am I diſcharg'd o' the lot?
'*Face.* As you pleaſe.
'*Sub.* Hands.
'*Face.* Remember now, that upon any change,
'You never claim her.
'*Sub.* Much good joy, and health to you, Sir.
'Marry a whore? Fate, let me wed a witch firſt.
'Sur. *Por eſtas honradas barbas——*'
Sur. 'He ſwears by his beard.'
Diſpatch, and call her brother too. [*Exit* Face.

Sur.

Sur. *Tiengo, duda, ſennores,*
Que no me hogan alguna traycion.
Sub. How, iſſue on? Yes, *præſto ſennor.* Pleaſe you
Enthratha the *Chambrata,* worthy Don?
Where if you pleaſe the Fates, in your *Bathada,*
You ſhall be ſoak'd, and ſtroak'd, and tubb'd, and rubb'd,
And ſcrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear Don, before you go.
You ſhall, in faith, my ſcurvy baboon Don,
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
[*Exit* Surly.
I will the heartier go about it now,
And make the widow a punk ſo much the ſooner,
To be reveng'd on this impetuous Face:
The quickly doing of it is the grace.
Enter Face, Kaſtril, *and* Pliant.
Face. Come, Lady; I knew the doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.
Kaſ. To be a Counteſs, ſay you? A Spaniſh counteſs, Sir?
Pli. Why, is that better than an Engliſh counteſs?
Face. Better! 'Slight, make you that a queſtion, lady?
Enter Subtle.
Here comes the doctor.
Sub. My moſt honour'd Lady,
(For ſo I am now to ſtile you, having found
By this my ſcheme you are to undergo
An honourable fortune, very ſhortly)
What will you ſay now, if ſome——
Face. I have told her all, Sir;
And her right worſhipful brother here, that ſhe ſhall be
A counteſs; do not delay them, Sir; a Spaniſh counteſs.
Sub. Still, my ſcarce worſhipful Captain, you can keep
No ſecret. Well, ſince he has told you, Madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.
Kaſ. She ſhall do that, Sir,
I'll look to't, tis my charge.
Sub. Well then, nought reſts
But that ſhe fit her love now to her fortune.
Pli. Truly, I ſhall never brook a Spaniard.
Sub. No?
Pli. Never ſin' eighty-eight could I abide them,
And that was ſome three year afore I was born, in truth.

Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable.
Kast. Gods'lid you shall love him, or I'll kick you.
Pli. Why?
I'll do as you will ha' me, brother.
Kas. Do,
Or by this hand you are not my sister,
If you refuse.
Pli. I will not refuse, brother.

Enter Surly.

Sur. *Que es esto, sennores, que non se venga?*
Esta tardanza me mata!
Face. It is the Count come.
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his art.
Sub. *En gallanta Madama, Don! gallantissima!*
Sur. *Por todos los dioses, le mas acabada*
Hermesura, que he visto en mi vida!
Face. Is't not a gallant language that they speak?
Kas. An admirable language! Is't not French?
Face. No, Spanish, Sir.
Kas. It goes like law-French;
And that, they say, is the courtliest language.
Face. List, Sir.
Sur. *Vulga me dios.*
Face. He admires your sister.
Kas. Must not she make a curtsy?
Sub. Od's will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him!
It is the Spanish fashion for the women
To make first court. Sir?
Sur. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tarda?*
Kas. Nay, see; she will not understand him! Gull!
Noddy!
Pli. What say you, brother?
Kas. Ass, my suster!
Go kuss him, as the cunning man would ha' you;
I'll thrust a pin i' your buttocks else.
Face. Oh, no, Sir.
Sur. *Sennora, si fera servida, entremus.*
Kas. Where does he carry her?

[*Exeunt* Sur. *and* Plyant.

Face. Into the garden, Sir:
Take you no thought; I must interpret for her.

Sub.

Sub. Give Dol the word. [*Exit* Face.] Come, my fierce child, advance.
We'll to our quarrelling leſſon again.
Kaſ. Agreed.
I love a Spaniſh boy with all my heart.
Sub. Nay, by this means, Sir, you ſhall be brother
To a great count.
Kaſ. Ay, I knew that at firſt.
This match will advance the houſe of the Kaſtrils.
Sub. Pray God your ſiſter prove but pliant.
Kaſ. Why,
Her name is ſo, by her other huſband.
Sub. How!
Kaſ. The widow Pliant. Knew you not that?
Sub. 'No, faith, Sir.
'Yet, by erection of her figure, I gueſs'd it.'
Yes, yes, I know it by my art.
Come, let's go practiſe.
Kaſ. Yes; but do you think, Doctor,
I e'er ſhall quarrel well?
Sub. I warrant you.
Kaſt. *Damme, you lie.* [*Exeunt*

SCENE, *another Apartment.*

Enter Dol *and* Mammon.

Dol. For, after Alexander's death——
[*In her fit of talking.*
Mam. Good Lady——
Dol. That Perdiccas and Antigonus were ſlain,
The two that ſtood, Seleuc' and Ptolmee——
Mam. Madam.
Dol. Made up the two legs, and the fourth beaſt,
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-ſouth; which after
Was call'd Gog-iron-leg, and South-iron-leg——
Mam. La—
Dol. And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.
Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg.
Mam. Sweet Madam.
Dol. And laſt Gog-duſt, and Egypt-duſt, which fall
In the laſt link of the fourth chain. And theſe
Be ſtars in ſtory, which none ſee or look at——
Mam. What ſhall I do?

Dol.

Dol. For, as he ſays, except
We call the rabins, and the heathen Greeks——
Mam. Dear Lady.
Dol. To come from Salem, and from Athens,
And teach the people of Great-Britain——
Enter Face.
Face. What's the matter, Sir.
Dol. To ſpeak the tongue of Eber and Javan——
Mam. Oh, ſhe's in her fit.
Dol. We ſhall know nothing ——
Face. Death, Sir,
We are undone. My maſter will hear!
' *Dol.* A wiſdom, which Pythagoras held moſt high—
' *Mam.* Sweet honourable Lady.
' *Dol.* To comprize
' All ſounds of voices in few marks of letters——
' *Face.* Nay, you muſt never hope to lay her now.
' *Dol.* And ſo we may arrive by Talmud ſkill,
' And profane Greek, to raiſe the building up
' Of Helen's houſe againſt the Iſmaelite,
' King of Thogarma, and his Habergions
' Brimſtony, blue, and fiery; and the force
' Of King Abaddon, and the beaſt of Cittim,
' Which Rabbi David Kimchi, Omkelos,
' And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.
' *Face.* How did you put her into't?
' *Mam.* Alas, I talk'd
' Of a fifth monarchy I would erect,
' [*They ſpeak together.*
' With the Philoſopher's Stone (by chance) and ſhe
' Falls on the other four ſtraight.
' *Face.* Out of Broughton.
' I told you ſo. 'Slid, ſtop her mouth.
' *Mam.* Is't beſt?
' *Face.* She'll never leave elſe. If the old man hear her,
' We are but *fæces*, aſhes.' [*Within.*] What's to do there?
Sub. [*Within.*] What's to do there?
Face. Oh, we are loſt. Now ſhe hears him, ſhe is quiet.
Mam. Where ſhall I hide me?
[*Upon* Subtle's *entry they diſperſe.*
Sub. How, what fight is here!
Cloſe deeds of darkneſs, and that ſhun the light!

Bring

Bring him again; who is he?—What, my ſon!
Oh, I have liv'd too long.
Mam. Nay, good, dear father,
There was no unchaſte purpoſe.
Sub. No? and flee me
When I come in?
Mam. That was my error.
Sub. Error?
Guilt, guilt, my ſon. Give it the right name. No marvel
If I found check in our great work within,
When ſuch affairs as theſe were managing!
Mam. Why, have you ſo?
Sub. It has ſtood ſtill this half hour;
And all the reſt of our leſs works gone back.
Where is the inſtrument of wickedneſs,
My lewd falſe drudge?
Mam. Nay, good Sir, blame not him;
Believe me, 'twas againſt his will, or knowledge.
I ſaw her by chance.
Sub. Will you commit more ſin,
T' excuſe a varlet?
Mam. By my hope, 'tis true, Sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder leſs, if you for whom
The bleſſing was prepar'd, would ſo tempt Heaven;
And loſe your fortunes.
Mam. Why, Sir?
Sub. This 'll retard
The work, a month at leaſt.
Mam. Why, if it do,
What remedy? but think it not, good father:
Our purpoſes were honeſt.
Sub. As they were,
So the reward will prove. [*A great crack and noiſe within.*]
How now! Ay me.
God, and all ſaints be good to us! What's that?
Face. Oh, Sir, we are defeated: all the works
Are flown in *fumo:*
Retorts, receivers, pellicanes, bolt-heads,
All ſtruck in ſhivers! Help, good Sir! alas!
[Subtle *falls down as in a ſwoon.*
Coldneſs and death invades him. Nay, Sir Mammon,
Do the fair office of a man! You ſtand,

As

As you were readiet to depart than he. [*One knocks.*
Who's there? My Lord, her brother is come.
Mam. Ha, Lungs?
Face. His coach is at the door. Avoid his fight,
For he's as furious as his ſiſter is mad. [*One knocks.*
Mam. Alas!
Face. My brain is quite undone with the fume, Sir.
I ne'er muſt hope to be mine own man again.
Mam. Is all loſt, Lungs? Will nothing be preſerv'd,
Of all our coſt?
Face. Faith, very little, Sir:
A peck of coals or ſo, which is cold comfort, Sir.
Mam. Oh, my vuluptuous mind! I'm juſtly puniſh'd.
Face. And ſo am I, Sir.
Mam. Caſt from all my hopes——
Face. Nay, certainties, Sir.
Mam. By mine own baſe affections.
Sub. Oh, the curs'd fruits of vice and luſt!
[Subtle *ſeems to come to himſelf.*
Mam. Good father,
It was my ſin. Forgive it.
Sub. Hangs my roof
Over us ſtill, and will not fall, Oh, juſtice!
Upon us, for this wicked man?
Face. Nay, look, Sir,
You grieve him now with ſtaying in his ſight:
Good Sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a tragedy.
Mam. I'll go.
Face. Ay, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,
For ſome good penance you may have it yet;
A hundred pounds to the box at Bethlem.
Mam. Yes.
Face. For the reſtoring ſuch as ha' loſt their wits.
Mam. I'll do't.
Face. I'll ſend one to you to receive it.
Mam. Do.
Is no projection left?
Face. All flown, or ſtinks, Sir.
Mam. Will nought be ſav'd that's good for med'cine,
think'ſt thou?
Face. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
Some-

Something, about the ſcraping of the ſhards,
Will cure the itch:
It ſhall be ſav'd for you, and ſent home. Good Sir,
This way, for fear the lord ſhould meet you.
[*Exit* Mam.

Sub. Face.
Face. Ay.
Sub. Is he gone?
Face. Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold he hop'd for were in his blood.
Let us be light though.
Sub. Ay, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads againſt the roof for joy:
There's ſo much of our care now caſt away.
Face. Now to our Don.
Sub. Yes, your young widow, by this time,
Is made a counteſs. She's now in travail
Of a young heir for you.
Face. Good, Sir.
Sub. Off with your caſe,
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom ſhould,
After theſe common hazards.
Face. Very well, Sir.
Will you go fetch Don Diego off the while?
Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir.
Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now.
Face. Why, you can do it as well, if you would ſet
I pray you prove your virtue. [to't.
Sub. For your ſake, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* Alchymiſt's *Room.*

Enter Surly *and* Dame Pliant.

Sur. Lady, you ſee into what hands you are fall'n!
'Mongſt what a neſt of villains! and how near
Your honour was t' have catch'd a certain ruin
(Through your credulity) 'had I but been
'So punctually forward as place, time,
'And other circumſtances, would ha' made a man:
'For yo'are a handſome woman, would you were wiſe too.'
I am a gentleman come here diſguis'd,
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel,
And where I might ha' wrong'd your honour, and ha' not,
I claim

I claim some interest in you love. Your are,
They say, a widow, rich; and I am a batchelor,
Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deserv'd you, or no.

Pli. I will, Sir.

Sur. And for these household-rogues, let me alone
To treat with them.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. How doth my noble Diego? And my dear Madam Countess? Hath the Count
Been courteous, Lady? liberal, and open?
Donsel, methinks you look melancholic
After your *coicum*, and scurvy! Truly,
I do not like the dullness of your eye,
It hath a heavy cast; 'tis Upsee-Dutch,
And says you are a lumpish whore-master.
Be lighter; I will make your pockets so.

[*He falls to picking of them.*

Sur. Will you, Don bawd, and pick-purse? How now? Reel you?
Stand up, Sir; you shall find, since I am so heavy,
I'll give you equal weight.

Sub. Help, murder!

Sur. No, Sir, there's no such thing intended. A good cart,
And a clean whip, shall ease you of that fear.
I am the Spanish Don, that should be cozen'd,
Do you see? Cozen'd! Where's your Captain Face?

Enter Face.

Face. How, Surly!

Sur. Oh, make your approach, good Captain.
I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons
Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.
And this doctor,
'Your sooty, smoaky-bearded compeer, he,'
Will close you so much gold in a bolt's head,

[Face *steals off.*

And on a turn, convey (i' the stead) another
With sublim'd mercury, that shall burst i' the heat,
And fly out all *in fumo*? *What is he gone?*

Nay,

Nay, Sir, you muſt tarry,
Tho' he be 'ſcap'd, and anſwer by the ears, Sir.
Enter Face *and* Kaſtril.
Face. Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well, (as they ſay) and be a true born child.
The Doctor and your ſiſter both are abus'd.
Kaſ. Where is he? Which is he? He is a ſlave,
Whate'er he is, and the ſon of a whore. Are you
The man, Sir, I would know?
Sur. I ſhould be loth, Sir,
To confeſs ſo much.
Kaſ. Then you lie i' your throat.
Sur. How!
Face. A very arrant rogue, Sir, and a cheater,
Employ'd here by another conjurer,
That does not love the Doctor, and would croſs him,
If he knew how——
Sur. Sir, you are abus'd.
Kaſ. You lie;
And 'tis no matter.
Face. Well ſaid, Sir. He is
The impudent'ſt raſcal——
Sur. You are indeed! Will you hear me, Sir?
Face. By no means—Bid him begone.
Kaſ. Begone, Sir, quickly.
Sur. This's ſtrange! Lady, do you inform your brother.
Face. There is not ſuch a foiſt in all the town:
The Doctor had him preſently; and finds yet,
The Spaniſh Count will come here. Bear up, Subtle.
Sub. Yes, Sir, he muſt appear within this hour.
Face. And yet this rogue will come in a diſguiſe,
By the temptation of another ſpirit,
To trouble our art, tho' he could not hurt it.
Kaſ. Ay,
I know—Away; you talk like a fooliſh mouther.
Sur. Sir, all is truth, ſhe ſays.
Face. Do not believe him, Sir.
He is the lying'ſt ſwabber! Come your ways, Sir.
Sur. You are valiant out of company.
Kaſ. Yes. How then, Sir?
Enter Drugger.
Face. Nay, here's an honeſt fellow too, that knows him,
And all his tricks—Make good what I ſay, Abel:

This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the widow. [*To* Ab
He owes this honeſt Drugger, here, ſeven pounds,
He has had on him in two-penn'orths of tobacco.
Drug. Yes, Sir; and he has damn'd himſelf three
Terms to pay me.
Face. And what does he owe for *lotium?*
Drug. Thirty ſhillings, Sir.
And for ſix ſyringes.
Sur. Hydra of villainy!
Face. Nay, Sir, you muſt quarrel him out o' the houſe.
Kaſ. I will. Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie;
And you are a pimp.
Sur. Why, this is madneſs, Sir,
Not valour in you. I muſt laugh at this.
Kaſ. It is my humour. You are a pimp, and a trig.
And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote. [ſee?
Drug. Or a Knight o' the Curious Coxcomb, do you
Enter Ananias.
Ana. Peace to the houſhold.
Kaſ. I'll keep peace for no man.
Ana. Caſting of dollars is concluded lawful.
Kaſ. Is he the conſtable?
Sub. Peace, Ananias.
Face. No, Sir.
Kaſ. Then you are an otter, and a ſhad, a whit,
A very Tim.
Sur. You'll hear me, Sir?
Kaſ. I will not.
Ana. What is the motive?
Sub. Zeal in the gentlemen,
Againſt his Spaniſh ſlops.
Ana. They are prophane,
Lewd, ſuperſtitious, and idolatrous breeches.
Sur. New raſcals!
Kaſ. Will you begone, Sir?
Ana. Avoid, Satan.
Thou art not of the light. That ruff of pride
About thy neck, betrays thee, and is the ſame
With that which the unclean birds, in ſeventy-ſeven,
Were ſeen to prank it with on divers coaſts.
Thou look'ſt like Antichriſt, in the lewd hat.
Sur. I muſt give way.

Kaſ.

Kaſ. Begone, Sir.
Sur. But I'll take a courſe with you.
Ana. Depart, proud, Spaniſh fiend.
Sur. Captain and Doctor——
Ana. Child of perdition!
Kaſ. Hence, Sir. [*They fight.* *Exit* Surly.
Did I not quarrel bravely?
Face. Yes, indeed, Sir.
Kaſ. Nay, an I give my mind to't, I ſhall do't.
Drug. *Well, and how did I?*
Face. Very well;
But you muſt follow, Sir, and threaten him tame;
He'll turn again elſe.
Kaſ. I'll return him then.
Face. Drugger, this rogue prevented us; for thee,
We had determin'd that thou ſhouldſt ha' come
In a Spaniſh ſuit, and ha' carried her ſo; and he,
A brokerly ſlave, goes, puts it on himſelf.
Haſt brought the damaſk?
Drug. Yes, Sir.
Face. Thou muſt borrow
A Spaniſh ſuit. Haſt thou no credit with the players?
Drug. Yes, Sir. Did you never ſee me play the fool?
Face. Thou ſhalt, if I can help it.
Hieronymo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will ſerve:
[Subtle *hath whiſpered him this while.*
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'ſt them.
Drug. *Did not I behave well?*
Will you begone? —— He won't be here
In a hurry, I believe. [*Exit.*
Ana. Sir, I know
The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath ſpies
Upon their actions:' ' and that this was one,
' I make no ſcruple. But the holy ſynod
' Have been in prayer and meditation for it.'
And 'tis reveal'd no leſs to them than me,
That caſting of money is moſt lawful.
Sub. True;
But here I cannot do it. If the houſe
Should chance to be ſuſpected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up in the Tower for ever,

To make gold there for the ſtate; never come out;
And then you are defeated.
Ana. I will tell
This to the elders, and the weaker brethren,
That the whole company of the Separation
May join in humble prayer again.
Sub. And faſting.
Ana. Yea, for ſome fitter place. The peace of mind
Reſt with theſe walls. [*Exit.*
Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.
Face. What did he come for?
Sub. About caſting dollars,
Preſently out of hand. And ſo I told him,
A Spaniſh miniſter came here to ſpy
Againſt the faithful.
Face. I conceive. Come, Subtle,
Thou art ſo down upon the leaſt diſaſter!
How wouldſt thou ha' done, if I had not help'd thee out?
Sub. I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy, i'faith.
Face. Who would ha' look'd it ſhould ha' been that [raſcal, Surly?
Well, Sir,
Here's damaſk come to make you a ſuit.
Sub. Where's Drugger?
Face. He's gone to borrow me a Spaniſh habit.
I'll be the Count now.
Sub. But where's the widow?
Face. Within, with my Lord's ſiſter: Madam Dol
Is entertaining her.
Sub. By your favour, Face;
Now ſhe is honeſt, I will ſtand again.
Face. You will not offer it?
Sub. Why?
Face. Stand to your word,
Or——here comes Dol; ſhe knows——
Sub. Y' are tyrannous ſtill.
Face. Strict for my right.
Enter Dol.
How now, Dol? Haſt told her
The Spaniſh Count will come?
Dol. Yes; but another is come
You little look'd for.
Face. Who's that?

Dol.

Dol. Your maſter;
The maſter of the houſe.
Sub. How, Dol!
Face. She lies.
This is ſome trick. Come, leave your quibblings, Dorothy.
Dol. Look out and ſee.
Sub. Art thou in earneſt?
Dol. 'Slight!
Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking.
Face. 'Tis he, by this good day.
Dol. 'Twill prove an ill day
For ſome of us.
Face. We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Loſt, I'm afraid.
Sub. You ſaid he would not come
While there died one a week, within the liberties.
Face. No; 'twas within the walls.
Sub. What ſhall we do now, Face?
Face. Be ſilent; not a word, if he call or knock.
I'll into mine old ſhape again, and meet him,
Of Jeremy the butler. I' the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the goods and purchaſe,
That we can carry i' the two trunks. I'll help him
Off for to-day, if I cannot longer; and then,
At night, I'll ſhip you both away to Ratcliff,
Where we'll meet to-morrow, and there we'll ſhare.
Let Mammon's braſs and pewter keep the cellar—
We'll have another time for that.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Street.*

Enter Lovewit *and* Neighbours.

LOVEWIT.

HAS there been ſuch reſort, ſay you?
1 *Nei.* Daily, Sir,
2 *Nei.* And nightly too.
3 *Nei.* Ay, ſome as brave as lords.

4 *Nei.* Ladies and gentlewomen.
5 *Nei.* Citizens wives, and knights in coaches.
2 *Nei.* Yes, and oyſter-women.
1 *Nei.* Beſide other gallants.
3 *Nei.* Sailors' wives.
4 *Nei.* Tobacco-men.
5 *Nei.* Another Pimlico!
' *Love.* What ſhould my knave advance,
' To draw this company? He hung out no banners
' Of a ſtrange calf, with five legs, to be ſeen?
' Or a huge lobſter, with ſix claws?
' 6 *Nei.* No, Sir.
' 3 *Nei.* We had gone in then, Sir.
' *Love.* He has no gift
' Of teaching i' the noſe, that e'er I knew of.
' You ſaw no bills ſet up that promis'd cure
' Of agues, or the tooth-ach?
' 2 *Nei.* No ſuch thing, Sir.
' *Love.* Nor heard a drum ſtruck, for baboons, or pup-
' 5 *Nei.* Neither, Sir.' [pets?
Love. What device ſhould he bring forth now?
I love a teeming wit as I love my nouriſhment.
Pray, Heav'n, he ha' not kept ſuch open houſe,
That he hath ſold my hangings and my bedding;
I left him nothing elſe. If he have eat them,
A plague o' the mouth, ſay I. ' Sure he has got
' Some bawdy pictures, to call all this gang.'
When ſaw you him?
1 *Nei.* Who, Sir? Jeremy?
2 *Nei.* Jeremy, butler?
We ſaw him not this-month.
Love. How!
4 *Nei.* Not theſe five weeks, Sir.
6 *Nei.* Theſe ſix weeks, at the leaſt.
Love. Y'amaze me, neighbours!
5 *Nei.* Sure, if your worſhip know not where he is,
He's ſlipp'd away.
6 *Nei.* Pray Heav'n, he be not made away. [*He knocks.*
Love. Ha! It's no time to queſtion, then.
6 *Nei.* About
Some three weeks ſince, I heard a doleful cry,
As I ſat up, a mending my wife's ſtockings.

Love. This's ſtrange, that none will anſwer!
Didſt thou hear
A cry, ſay'ſt thou?
6 *Nei.* Yes, Sir, like unto a man
That had been ſtrangled an hour, and could not ſpeak.
2 *Nei.* I heard it too, juſt this day three weeks at two
Next morning. [o'clock
Love. Theſe be miracles, or you make 'em ſo.
A man an hour ſtrangled, and could not ſpeak,
And both you heard him cry!
3 *Nei.* Yes, downward, Sir.
Love. Thou art a wiſe fellow. Give me thy hand, I
What trade art thou? [pray thee.
3 *Nei.* A ſmith, an't pleaſe your worſhip. [open.
Love. A ſmith! then lend me thy help to get this door
3 *Nei.* That I will, preſently, Sir; but fetch my tools.
[*Exit.*
1 *Nei.* Sir, beſt to knock again, afore you break it.
Enter Face.
Love. I will.
Face. What mean you, Sir?
All Nei. Oh, here's Jeremy!
Face. Good Sir, come from the door.
Love. Why, what's the matter?
Face. Yet farther; you are too near yet.
Love. I' the name of wonder, what means the fellow?
Face. The houſe, Sir, has been viſited.
Love. Stand thou then farther.
Face. No, Sir, I had it not.
Love. Who had it then? I left
None elſe but thee i' the houſe.
Face. Yes, Sir, my fellow,
The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her
A week before I ſpied it; but I got her
Convey'd away i' the night. And ſo I ſhut
The houſe up for a month——
Love. How!
Face. Purpoſing then, Sir.
T' have burnt roſe-vinegar, treacle, and tar.
And ha' made it ſweet, that you ſhould ne'er ha' known it.
Becauſe I knew the news would but afflict you, Sir.
Love. Why, this is ſtranger!

The

The neighbours tell me all here, that the doors
Have ſtill been open——
Face. How, Sir!
Love. Gallants, men, and women,
And of all ſorts, tag-rag, been ſeen to flock here
In threaves, theſe ten weeks, as to a ſecond Hogs-den,
In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright.
Face. Sir,
Their wiſdoms will not ſay ſo!
Love. To-day, they ſpeak
Of coaches and gallants; one in a French hood
Went in, they tell me; and another was ſeen
In a velvet gown at the window; divers more
Paſs in and out.
Face. They did paſs thro' the doors then,
Or walls, I aſſure their eye-ſights, and their ſpectacles;
For here, Sir, are the keys, and here have been,
In this my pocket, now above twenty days.
'And for before, I kept the fort alone there.
'But that 'tis not yet deep i' the afternoon,
'I ſhould believe my neighbours had ſeen double
'Thro' the black pot, and made theſe apparitions:'
For, on my faith to your worſhip, for theſe three weeks,
And upwards, the door has not been open'd.
Love. Strange!
Nei. Good faith, I think I ſaw a coach.
Love. Do you but think it now?
And but one coach?
4 *Nei.* We cannot tell, Sir; Jeremy
Is a very honeſt fellow.
Face. Did you ſee me at all?
1 *Nei.* No; that we are ſure on.
Love. Fine rogues to have your teſtimonies built on!
Re-enter 3 *Neighbour.*
3 *Nei.* Is Jeremy come?
1 *Nei.* Oh, yes! you may leave your tools;
We were deceiv'd; he ſays he has had the keys,
And the door has been ſhut theſe three weeks.
3 *Nei.* Like enough.
Love. Peace, and get hence, you changelings.
Face. [*Aſide.*] Surly come!
And Mammon made acquainted! They'll tell all.

How

How shall I beat them off? What shall I do?
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.

Enter Surly *and* Mammon.

Sur. No, Sir, he was a great physician. This,
It was no bawdy-house, but a mere chancel.
You knew the Lord and his sister.

Mam. Nay, good Surly——

Sur. The happy word, Be rich——

Mam. Play not the tyrant.

Sur. Should be to-day pronounc'd to all your friends.
And where be your andirons now, and your brass pots,
That should ha' been golden flaggons, and great wedges?

Mam. Let me but breathe. What! they ha' shut their doors;
Methinks.

Sur. Ay, now, 'tis holy-day with them.

Mam. Rogues,
Cozeners, impostors, bawds!

Face. What mean you, Sir? [Mam. *and* Surly *knock.*

Mam. To enter, if we can.

Face. Another man's house!
Here is the owner, Sir; turn to him,
And speak your business.

Mam. Are you, Sir, the owner?

Love. Yes, Sir.

Mam. And are those knaves within your cheaters?

Love. What knaves, what cheaters?

Mam. Subtle, and his Lungs.

Face. The gentleman is distracted, Sir. No lungs
Nor lights ha' been seen here these three weeks, Sir;
Within these doors, upon my word.

Sur. Your word!
Groom arrogant.

Face. Yes, Sir; I am the housekeeper,
And know the keys ha' not been out o' my hands.

Sur. This's a new Face.

Face. You do mistake the house, Sir.
What sign was't at?

Sur. You rascal! This is one
O' the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,
And force the door.

Love. Pray you, stay, gentlemen.

Sur. No, Sir, we'll come with warrant.

Mam.

Mam. Ay, and then
We ſhall ha' your doors open. [*Exeunt* Sur. *and* Mam.
Love. What means this?
Face. I cannot tell, Sir.
1 *Nei.* Theſe are two o' the gallants,
That we do think we ſaw.
Face. Two of the fools!
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, Sir,
I think the moon has craz'd them all!——Oh, me,
The angry boy come too! He'll make a noiſe,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all. [*Aſide.*

Enter Kaſtril.

Kaſ. What rogues, bawds, ſlaves! you'll open the door anon. [Kaſtril *knocks.*
Punk, Cockatrice, my ſuſter. By this light
I'll fetch the Marſhal to you. You are a whore,
To keep your caſtle.——
Face. Who would you ſpeak with, Sir?
Kaſ. The bawdy Doctor, and the cozening Captain,
And Puſs, my ſuſter.
Love. This is ſomething, ſure!
Face. Upon my truſt, the doors were never open, Sir.
Kaſ. I have heard all their tricks told me twice over,
By the fat knight, and the lean gentleman.
Love. Here comes another.
Face. Ananias too!
And his paſtor! [*Aſide.*

Enter Ananias *and* Tribulation.

Ana. Come forth, you ſeed of ſulphur, ſons of fire;
Your ſtench is broke forth: abomination
Is in the houſe.
Kaſ. Ay, my ſuſter's there.
Ana. The place
Is become a cage of unclean birds.
Kaſ. Yes, I will fetch the ſcavenger and the conſtable.
Trib. You ſhall do well.
Ana. We'll join to weed them out.
Kaſ. You will not come then, Punk device, my ſuſter?
Ana. Call her not ſiſter. She's a harlot, verily.
Kaſ. I'll raiſe the ſtreet.
Love. Good gentlemen, a word——
Ana. Satan, avoid, and hinder not our zeal.

Love.

Love. The world's turn'd Bedlam.
Face. Theſe are all broke looſe
Out of St. Kath'rine's, where they uſe to keep
The better ſort of mad folks.
1 *Nei.* All theſe perſons
We ſaw go in and out here.
2 *Nei.* Yes, indeed, Sir.
3 *Nei.* Theſe were the parties.
Face. Peace, you drunkards. Sir,
I wonder at it! Pleaſe you to give me leave
To touch the door; I'll try an the lock be chang'd.
Love. It 'mazes me!
Face. Good faith, Sir, I believe
There's no ſuch thing. 'Tis all *deceptio viſus.*
Would I could get him away! [Dapper *cries out within.*
Dap. Maſter Captain, Maſter Doctor.
Love. Who's that? [not, Sir.
Face. Our clerk within, that I forgot! [*Aſide.*] I know
Dap. For God's ſake, when will her Grace be at leiſure?
Face. Ha!
Illuſions, ſome ſpirit o' the air!——His gag i ſmelted,
And now he ſets out the throat. [*Aſide.*
Dap. I'm almoſt ſtifled.
Face. Would you were altogether. [*Aſide.*
Love. 'Tis i' the houſe.
Ha! liſt——
Face. Believe it, Sir, i' the air.
Love. Peace you——
Dap. Mine aunt's Grace does not uſe me well.
Sub. You fool,
Peace, you'll mar all.
Face. Or you will elſe, you rogue.
Love. Oh, is it ſo? Then you converſe with ſpirits!
Come, Sir, no more o' your tricks, good Jeremy;
The truth's the ſhorteſt way.
Face. Diſmiſs this rabble, Sir.
What ſhall I do? I am catch'd. [*Aſide.*
Love. Good neighbours,
I thank you all. You may depart. Come, Sir,
You know that I am an indulgent maſter;
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your med'cine,
To draw ſo many ſeveral ſorts of wild-fowl?

Face.

Face. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit:
(But here's no place to talk on't i' the ſtreet.)
Give me but leave to make the beſt of my fortune,
And only pardon me th' abuſe of your houſe;
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
In recompence, that you ſhall give me thanks for,
Will make you ſeven years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a Spaniſh cloak.
I have her within. You need not fear the houſe;
It was not viſited.

Love. But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected.

Face. It is true, Sir.
Pray you, forgive me.

Love. Let's ſee your widow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Chamber.*

Enter Subtle, Dapper, *and* Dol.

Sub. How! ha' you eaten your gag?

Dap. Yes, faith, it crumbled
Away i' my mouth.

Sub. You ha' ſpoil'd all then.

Dap. No;
I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.

Sub. Your aunt's a gracious lady; but, in troth,
You were to blame.

Dap. The fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to ſtay my ſtomach. Pray you,
So ſatisfy her Grace.

Enter Face.

Face. How now! Is his mouth down?

Sub. Ay, he has ſpoken.

Face. A pox! I heard him, and you too—He's undone,
I have been fain to ſay the houſe is haunted [then—
With ſpirits, to keep Churl back.

Sub. And haſt thou done it?

Face. Sure, for this night.

Sub. Why, then triumph and ſing
Of Face ſo famous, the precious king
Of preſent wits.

Face. Did you not hear the coil
About the door?

Sub.

Sub. Yes, and I dwindled with it.
Face. Shew him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd:
I'll send her to you.
Drugger is at the door; go take his suit,
And bid him fetch a parson presently.
Say, he shall marry the widow. 'Thou shalt spend
'A hundred pounds by the service.' [*Exeunt* Dapper. *and* Subtle.] Now, Queen Dol,
Ha' you pack'd up all?
Dol. Yes.
Face. And how do you like
The Lady Pliant?
Dol. A good dull innocent. —
Re-enter Subtle.
Sub. Here's your Hieronymo's cloak and hat.
Face. Give me 'em.
Sub. And the ruff too.
Face. Yes: I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*
Sub. Now he is gone about his project, Dol,
I told you of, for the widow.
Dol. 'Tis direct
Against our articles.
Sub. Well, we'll fit him, wench.
Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels, or her bracelets?
Dol. No, but I will do't.
Sub. Soon at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipp'd, and all our goods aboard,
Eastward for Ratcliff, we will turn our course
To Brainford, westward, if thou say'st the word,
And take our leave of this o'erweening rascal,
This peremptory Face.
Dol. Content; I'm weary of him.
Sub. We'll tickle it at the Pigeons,
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,
And say, this's mine and thine, and thine and mine.
[*They kiss.*

Enter Face.

Face. What now, a billing?
Sub. Yes, a little exalted,
In the good passage of our stock affairs.
'*Face.* Drugger has brought his parson; take him in,
'And send Nab back again to wash his face. [Subtle,

‘ *Sub.* I will: and ſhave himſelf. [*Exit.*
‘ *Face.* If you can get him.
‘ *Dol.* You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is!
‘ *Face.* A trick, that Dol ſhall ſpend ten pounds a month by.
‘ Is he gone?
‘ *Enter* Subtle.
‘ *Sub.* The chaplain waits you i' the hall, Sir.
‘ *Face.* I'll go beſtow him. [*Exit.*
‘ *Dol.* He'll now marry her inſtantly.
‘ *Sub.* He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,
‘ Cozen her all thou can't. To deceive him
‘ Is no deceit, but juſtice that would break
‘ Such an inextricable tie as ours was.
‘ *Dol.* Let me alone to fit him.
‘ *Enter* Face.

Face. Come, my venturers,
You ha' packed up all? Where be the trunks? Bring forth.
Sub. Here.
Face. Let us ſee them. Where's the money?
Sub. Here.
Face. The brethren's money, this. Drugger's and Dapper's in this,
Mammon's ten pounds: eight ſcore before.
Where be the French petticoats,
And girdles, and hangers?
Sub. Here i' the trunk,
And the bolts of lawn.
Face. Is Drugger's damaſk there?
Sub. Yes.
Face. Give me the keys.
Dol. Why you the keys?
Sub. No matter, Dol; becauſe
We ſhall not open them, before he comes.
Face. 'Tis true, you ſhall not open them, indeed;
Nor have them forth. Do you ſee? Not forth, Dol.
Dol. No!
Face. No, my ſmock-rampant. The right is, my maſter
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep them;
Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your figures:
I ſent for him indeed. Wherefore, good partners,
Both he, and ſhe, be ſatisfy'd: for here. Deter-

Determines the *indenture tripartite*,
'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do,
Is to help you over the wall, o' the backside;
Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol.
Here will be officers presently; bethink you
Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock;
For thither you'll come else. Hark you, thunder.
[*Some knock.*

Sub. You are a precious fiend!

' *Off.* Open the door.'

Face. Dol, I am sorry for thee i'faith. But hear'st thou?
It shall go hard, but I will place thee somewhere:
Thou shalt ha' my letter to mistress Amo.

Dol. Hang you——

Face. Or Madam Cæsarean.

Dol. Pox upon you, rogue:
Would I had but time to beat thee. [*Exit* Dol.

Face. Subtle,
Let's know where you set up next: I'll send you
A customer, now and then, for old acquaintance:
What new course ha' you?

Sub. Rogue, I'll hang myself,
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
And haunt thee i'the flock-bed, and the buttery. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a Street before* Lovewit's *House.*

Lovewit *above.* *Enter* Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face' Kastril, Ananias, *and* Tribulation.

Love. What do you mean, my masters!

Mam. Open your door,
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

Off. Or we'll break it open.

Love. What warrant have you?

Off. Warrant enough, Sir, doubt not.

Love. Is there an officer there?

Off. Yes, two or three for failing.

Love. Have but patience,
And I will open it straight.

Face. Sir, h' you done?
Is it a marriage? perfect?

Love. Yes, my brain.

Face. Off with your ruff, and cloak then; be your
self, Sir.
Sur. Down with the door.
Kas. 'Slight, ding it open.
Love. Hold,
Hold, gentleman, what means this violence?
Mam. Where is this collier?
Sur. And my Captain Face?
Mam. These day-owls?
Sur. That are birding in men's purses.
Mam. Madam Suppository?
Kas. Doxey, my suster?
Ana. Locusts of the foul pit.
Tri. Prophane as Bell and the Dragon.
Ana. Worse than the grashoppers, or the lice of Egypt.
Love. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,
And cannot stay this violence?
Off. Keep the peace.
Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you
Mam. The chymical cozener. [seek?
Sur. And the Captain Pander.
Kas. The nun my suster.
Mam. Madam Rabbi.
Ana. Scorpions and caterpillars.
Love. Fewer at once, I pray you.
Off. One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,
By virtue of my staff.
Ana. They are the vessels
Of pride, lust, and the cart.
Love. Good zeal, lie still
A little while.
Tri. Peace, deacon Ananias.
Love. The house is mine here, and the doors are open:
If there be any such persons you seek for,
Use your authority;
I am but newly come to town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my door (to tell you true)
It somewhat 'maz'd me; till my man, here, (fearing
My more displeasure) told me he had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
To a doctor, and a captain; who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knows not.

Mam.

Mam. Are they gone? [*They enter.*

Love. You may go in and ſearch, Sir. Here, I find
The empty walls worſe than I left them, ſmok'd,
A few crack'd pots, and glaſſes, and a furnace;
The cieling fill'd with poeſies of the candle:
Only one gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that ſaid ſhe was a widow——

Kaſ. Ay, that's my ſiſter. I'll go thump her. Where is ſhe? [*Exit.*

Love. And ſhould ha' married a Spaniſh count, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her ſo groſly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

Sur. How! Have I loſt her then?

Love. Were you the Don, Sir?
Good faith, now, ſhe does blame yo' extremely, and ſays
You ſwore, and told her, you had ta'en the pains
'To die your beard, and umbre o'er your face,'
Borrowed a ſuit and ruff all for her love,
And then did nothing. What an overſight,
And want of putting forward, Sir, was this!
Well fare an old markſman, yet,
Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinkling.

Enter Mammon.

Mam. The whole neſt are fled!

Love. What ſort of birds were they?

Mam. A kind of choughs,
Or thieviſh daws, Sir, that have pick'd my purſe
Of eight-ſcore and ten pounds, within theſe five weeks,
Beſide my firſt materials; and my goods,
That lie i' the cellar; which I am glad they ha' left.
I may have them home yet.

Love. Think you ſo, Sir?

Mam. Ay.

Love. By order of law, Sir, but not otherwiſe.

Mam. Not mine own ſtuff?

Love. Sir, I can take no knowledge,
That they are yours but by public means.
If you can bring certificate, that you were gull'd of them,
Or any formal writ out of a court,
That you did cozen yourſelf, I will not hold them.

Mam. I'll rather loſe them.

Love. That you shall not, Sir,
By me, in troth. Upon these terms they are yours.
What should they ha' been, Sir, turn'd into gold all?
Mam. No.
I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then?
Love. What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd?
Mam. Not I, the commonwealth has.
I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach
The end o' the world, within these two months.
Surly, what! In a dream?
Sur. Must I needs cheat myself,
With that same foolish vice of honesty!
Come, let us go, and hearken out the rogues.
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Ananias *and* Tribulation.

Trib. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go,
And get some carts——
Love. For what, my zealous friends?
Ana. To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this den of thieves.
Love. What is that portion?
Ana. The goods, sometime the orphans, that the brethren
Bought with their silver pence.
Love. What, those i'the cellar,
The knight Sir Mammon claims!
Ana. I do defy
The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren.
Thou prophane man, I ask thee with what conscience
Thou canst advance that idol against us,
That have the seal? Were not the shillings number'd,
That made the pounds? Were not the pounds told out,
Upon the second day of the fourth week,
In the eighth month upon the table dormant,
The year of the last patience of the saints,
Six hundred and ten?
Love. Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you;
But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.
Ana. Sir?
Trib. Be patient, Ananias.

Ana.

Ana. I am ſtrong,
And will ſtand up, well girt, againſt an hoſt,
That threaten Gad in exile.
Love. I ſhall ſend you
To Amſterdam to your cellar.
Ana. I will pray there,
Againſt the houſe: may dogs defile the walls,
And waſps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
This ſeat of falſhood, and this cave of coz'nage.
[*Exeunt* Trib. *and* Ana.
Face. If you get off the angry child, now, Sir,——
Enter Kaſtril.
Kaſ. Come on, you ewe, you have match'd moſt ſweetly, ha' you not? [*To his ſiſter.*
Did I not ſay, I would never ha' your tup'd
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a Lady-Tom?
'Slight, you are a mammet! Oh, I could touſe you, now.
Death, mun you marry with a pox?
Love. You lie, boy;
As ſound as you; and I'm before-hand with you.
Kaſ. Anon?
Love. Come, will you quarrel? I will ſeize you, firrah.
Why do you not buckle to your tools!
Kaſ. God's light!
This is a fine old boy, as e'er I ſaw!
Love. What, do you change your copy, now? Proceed.
Here ſtands my dove? ſtoop at her if you dare.
Kaſ. 'Slight, I muſt love him! 'I cannot chuſe i'faith!'
And I ſhould be hang'd for't. Suſter, I proteſt,
I honour thee for this match.
Love. Oh, do you ſo, Sir?
Kaſ. Yes, an'thou canſt take tobacco, and drink, old boy,
I'll give her five hundred pounds more to her marriage,
Than her own ſtate.
Love. Fill a pipe-full, Jeremy.
Face. Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir.
Love. We will.
I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, Jeremy.
That maſter
That had receiv'd ſuch happineſs by a ſervant,
In ſuch a widow, and with ſo much wealth,

Were

Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that ſervant's wit,
And help his fortune, though with ſome ſmall ſtrain
Of his own candor.
Speak for thyſelf, knave.
Face. So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,
Though I am clean
Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all
With whom I traded; yet I put myſelf
On you that are my country; and this pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, reſts
To feaſt you often, and invite new gueſts.

End of the Fifth Act.

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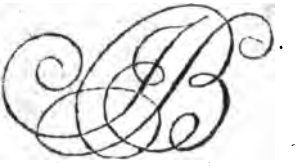
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis.
HOR. de Art. Poet.



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MDCCLXXVII.

TO

RICHARD NORTON,

OF

SOUTHWICK, Esq.

SIR,

THOUGH I can't, without ingratitude, conceal the exceeding favours which the town have shewn this piece; yet they must give me leave to own, that even my vanity lay hushed, quite stifled in my fears, till I had securely fixed its good fortune, by publishing your approbation of it: an advantage, which, as it will confirm my friends in their favourable opinion, so it must, in some measure, qualify the severity of the malicious. After this declaration, let the world imagine how difficult it is for me not to launch into your character: but since your candor and depth of judgment are my chief protection, I am loth to discompose you, by an ungrateful repetition of those virtues, which only please you in the practice: the world as little wants the knowledge of them, as you desire the recital.

'Tis your happiness, Sir, that your fortune has fixed you above the need of praise or friends, yet both are equally unavoidable: for even to your solitude, praise will follow you, and grows fonder of you for your coldness; she loves you for your choice of pleasures, those

noble pleaſures of a ſweet retirement, from which nothing but the conſideration of your country's weal can draw you.

But as no man can properly be made a patron, whoſe virtues have not in ſome ſort qualified him for ſuch a care: ſo, Sir, it is ſufficient for me, that your life and converſation are the beſt heralds of your power, and my ſafety.

Here, Sir, I muſt beg leave to clear myſelf from what the ill wiſhes of ſome would have the world believe, that what I now offer you is ſpurious, and not the product of my own labour: and though I am pleaſed that this report ſeems to allow it ſome beauties, yet I am ſorry it has made a diſcovery of ſome perſons, who think me worth their malice. This dedication were little better than an affront, unleſs I could with all ſincerity aſſure you, Sir, that the fable is entirely my own; nor is there a line or thought throughout the whole, for which I am wittingly obliged either to the dead or living: for I could no more be pleaſed with a ſtolen reputation, than with a miſtreſs who yielded only upon the interceſſion of my friend. It ſatisfies me, Sir, that you believe it mine; and I hope, what others ſay to the contrary, is rather owing to an unreaſonable diſguſt, than their real opinion. I am not ignorant of thoſe overſights I have committed, nor have the diſſecting critics much diſcouraged me: for 'tis their diverſion to find fault; and to have none, is to them an unpardonable diſappointment: no man can expect to go free, while they don't ſpare one another. But as I write not in defiance of their cenſure; ſo, after having diverted you, I ſhall not trouble them with a preface. Had it not ſucceeded, I ſhould have had modeſty enough to impute it to my own want of merit: for certainly the town can take no pleaſure in decrying any man's labours, when it is their intereſt to encourage them. Every gueſt is the beſt judge of his own palate; and a poet ought no more to impoſe good ſenſe upon the galleries, than a dull farce upon the undiſputed judges. I firſt conſidered who my gueſts were, before I prepared my entertainment: and therefore I ſhall only add this, as a general anſwer to all objections, that it has every way exceeded mine, and hitherto has not wronged the houſe's

houſe's expectation: that Mr. Southern's good-nature (whoſe own works beſt recommend his judgment) engaged his reputation for the ſucceſs; which its reception, and your approbation, Sir, has ſince redeemed, to the intire ſatisfaction of,

SIR,

Your moſt devoted,

Humble ſervant,

Jan. 1695.

C. CIBBER.

PROLOGUE.

WIT bears ſo thin a crop this duller age,
We're forc'd to glean it from the barren ſtage:
Ev'n players ſledg'd by nobler pens, take wing
Themſelves, and their own rude compoſure ſing.
Nor need our young-one dread a ſhip-wreck here;
Who trades without a ſtock, has nought to fear.
In ev'ry ſmile of yours a prize he draws;
And if you damn him, he's but where he was.
Yet where's the reaſon for the critic crew,
With killing blaſts, like winter, to purſue
The tender plant that ripens, but for you?
Nature, in all her works, requires time;
Kindneſs, and years, 'tis makes the virgin climb,
And ſhoot, and haſten to th' expected prime;
And then, if untaught fancy fail to pleaſe,
T' inſtruct the willing pupil by degrees;
By gentle leſſons you your joys improve,
And mould her awkward paſſion into love.
Ev'n folly has its growth; few fools are made;
You drudge and ſweat for't, as it were a trade.
'Tis half the labour of your trifling age,
To faſhion you fit ſubjects for the ſtage.
Well! if our author fail to draw you like;
In the firſt draught, you're not t'expect Vandyke.
What though no maſter-ſtroke in this appears,
Yet ſome may features find reſembling theirs.
Nor do the bad alone his colours ſhare;
Neglected virtue is at leaſt ſhewn fair,
And that's enough o'conſcience for a player.
But if you'd have him take a bolder flight,
And draw your pictures by a truer light,
You muſt yourſelves, by follies yet unknown,
Inſpire his pencil, and divert the town.
Nor judge, by this, his genius at a ſtand;
For time, that makes new fools, may mend his hand.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Drury-Lane.	*Covent-Garden.*
Sir *William Wiſewou'd*, a rich old gentleman,	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Dunſtall.
Loveleſs, a debauchee,	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Reſs.
Sir *Novelty Faſhion*, a coxcomb, ——	Mr. Dodd.	Mr. Woodward.
Elder Worthy, a gentleman in love with *Hillaria*, ——	Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Clarke.
Young Worthy, his brother, lover to *Narciſſa*, —— ——	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Dyer.
Snap, ſervant to Loveleſs, —— ——	Mr. Yates.	Mr. Shuter.
Sly, ſervant to *Young Worthy*, ——	Mr. Aickman.	Mr. Cuſhing.
A Lawyer.		

WOMEN.

Amanda, married to *Loveleſs*, and forſaken by him,	Mrs. Cibber.	Mrs. Ward.
Narciſſa, daughter to Sir *Wm. Wiſewou'd*,	Miſs Pope.	Mrs. Mattocks.
Hillaria, his niece,	Miſs Plim.	Mrs. Dyer.
Flareit, a kept Miſtreſs of Sir *Novelty's*,	Mrs. Hopkins.	Mrs. Green.
Woman to *Amanda*,	Miſs Cheyney.	Mrs. Ferguſon.
Maid to *Flareit*,	Miſs Hippiſley.	Mrs. Hehne.
Servants, *&c.*		

SCENE, *LONDON.*

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

*** The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the repreſentation.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Park.*

Enter Loveleſs, *and* Snap *his Servant.*

LOVELESS.

SIRRAH, leave your preaching. Your counſel, like an ill clock, either ſtands ſtill, or goes too ſlow. You ne'er thought my extravagancies amiſs, while you had your ſhare of them; and now I want money to make myſelf drunk, you adviſe me to live ſober, you dog. They that will hunt pleaſure as I have done, raſcal, muſt never give over in a fair chace.

Snap. Nay, I knew you would never reſt, till you had tired your dogs. Ah, Sir, what a fine pack of guineas you have had! and yet you would make them run till they were quite ſpent. Would I were fairly turned out of your ſervice! Here we have been three days in town, and I can ſafely ſwear, I have lived upon picking a hollow tooth ever ſince.

Love. Why don't you eat, then, ſirrah?

Snap. E'en becauſe I don't know where, Sir.

Love. Then ſtay till I eat. Hang-dog! ungrateful rogue! to murmur at a little faſting with me, when thou haſt been an equal partner of my good fortune.

Snap. Fortune! It makes me weep to think what you have brought yourſelf and me to. How well might you have lived, Sir, had you been a ſober man!—Let me ſee—I have been in your ſervice juſt ten years—In the firſt, you married, and grew weary of your wife; in the ſecond, you whored, drank, gamed, run in debt, mortgaged your

Your eſtate, and was forced to leave the kingdom: in the third, fourth, fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh, you made the tour of Europe, with the ſtate and equipage of a French court-favourite, while your poor wife at home broke her heart for the loſs of you; in the eighth and ninth you grew poor, and little the wiſer; and now, in the tenth, you are reſolved I ſhall ſtarve with you.

Love. Deſpicable rogue! canſt thou not bear the frowns of a common ſtrumpet, Fortune?

Snap. 'Sbud, I never think of the pearl necklace you gave that damn'd Venetian ſtrumpet, but I wiſh her hanged in it.

Love. Why, ſirrah, I knew I could not have her without it; and I had a night's enjoyment of her was worth a pope's revenue for it.

Snap. Ah! you had better have laid out your money here in London. I'll undertake you might have had the whole town over and over for half that price. Beſide, Sir, what a delicate creature was your wife! She was the only celebrated beauty in town. I'll undertake there were more fops and fools run mad for her—'Sbud, ſhe was more plagued with them, and more talked of, than a good actreſs with a maidenhead! Why the devil could not ſhe content you?

Love. No, ſirrah; the world to me is a garden ſtocked with all ſorts of fruit, where the greateſt pleaſure we can take, is the variety of taſte. But a wife is an eternal apple-tree: after a pull or two, you are ſure to ſet your teeth on edge.

Snap. And yet I warrant you grudged another man a bit of her, tho' you valued her no more than you would a half-eaten pippin, that had lain a week ſunning in a parlour-window—But ſee, Sir, who's this? For methinks I long to meet with an old acquaintance.

Love. Ha! 'egad, he looks like one, and may be neceſſary, as the caſe ſtands with me.

Snap. Pray heaven, he do but invite us to dinner!

Enter Young Worthy.

Love. Dear Worthy! let me embrace thee. The ſight of an old friend warms me beyond that of a new miſtreſs.

Y. Wor. 'Sdeath! what bully's this? [*Aſide.*] Sir, your pardon; I don't know you.

Love.

Love. Faith, Will, I am a little out of repairs at present; but I am all that's left of honeſt Ned Loveleſs.

Y. Wor. Loveleſs! I am amazed; What means this metamorphoſis?——Faith, Ned, I am glad to find thee among the living, however. How long haſt thou been in town?

Love. About three days. But, pr'ythee, Will, how goes the world?

Y. Wor. Why, like a bowl, it runs on at the old rate; intereſt is ſtill the jack it aims at; and while it rolls, you know, it muſt of neceſſity be often turned upſide down. But I doubt, friend, you have bowled out of the green, have lived a little too faſt, [*Surveying his dreſs.*] like one that hath loſt all his ready money, and is forced to be an idle ſpectator. Pr'ythee, what brought thee at laſt to England?

Love. Why, my laſt hopes, faith, which were to perſuade Sir William Wiſewou'd (if he be alive) to whom I mortgaged my eſtate, to let me have five hundred pounds more upon it, or elſe to get ſome honeſt friend to redeem the mortgage, and ſhare the overplus. Beſides, I thought that London might now be a place of uninterrupted pleaſure; for I hear my wife is dead. And, to tell you the truth, 'twas the ſtaleneſs of her love was the main cauſe of my going over.

Y. Wor. His wife dead! Ha! I'm glad he knows no other. I won't undeceive him, leſt the rogue ſhould go and rifle her of what ſhe has. [*Aſide.*] Yes, faith, I was at her burial, and ſaw her take poſſeſſion of her long home; and am ſorry to tell you, Ned, ſhe died with grief; your wild courſes broke her heart.

Love. Why, faith, ſhe was a good-natured fool, that's the truth on't. Well, reſt her ſoul.

Snap. Now, Sir, you are a ſingle man indeed; for you have neither wife nor eſtate.

Y. Wor. But how haſt thou improved thy money beyond ſea? What haſt thou brought over?

Love. Oh, a great deal of experience.

Y. Wor. And no money?

Snap. Not a ſouſe, faith, Sir, as my belly can teſtify.

Love. But I have a great deal more wit than I had.

Snap. Not enough to get your eſtate again, or to know

where we ſhall dine to-day—Oh, Lord, he don't aſk us yet! [*Aſide.*]

Y. Wor. Why, your rogue's witty, Ned. Where didſt thou pick him up?

Love. Don't you remember Snap, formerly your pimp in ordinary? But he is much improved in his calling, I aſſure you, Sir.

Y. Wor. I don't doubt it, conſidering who has been his maſter.

Snap. Yes, Sir, I was an humble ſervant of yours, and am ſtill, Sir, and ſhould be glad to ſtand behind your chair at dinner, Sir. [*Bows.*

Y. Wor. Oh, Sir, that you may do another time; but to-day I'm engaged upon buſineſs; however, there's a meal's meat for you. [*Throws him a guinea.*

Snap. Bleſs my eye-ſight! a guinea!—Sir, is there e'er a whore you would have kick'd? Any old bawd's windows you would have broken? 'Shall I beat your 'taylor for diſappointing you?' If you have occaſion, you may command your humble ſervant.

Y. Wor. Sweet Sir, I am obliged to you; but at preſent I am ſo happy as to have no occaſion for your aſſiſtance. But, hark you, Ned; pr'ythee, what haſt thou done with thy eſtate?

Love. I pawn'd it to buy pleaſure; that is, old wine, young whores, and the converſation of brave fellows, as mad as myſelf. Pox! if a man hath appetites, they are torments, if not indulged. 'I ſhall never complain, as 'long as I have health and vigour. And as for my po-'verty, why the devil ſhould I be aſhamed of that, ſince 'a rich man won't bluſh at his knavery?'

Y. Wor. Faith, Ned, I'm as much in love with wickedneſs as thou canſt be; but I am for having it at a cheaper rate than my ruin. 'Don't it grate you a little, to ſee 'your friends bluſh for you?

'*Love.* 'Tis very odd, that people ſhould be more 'aſhamed of others faults than their own. I never yet 'could meet with a man that offered me counſel, but had 'more occaſion for it himſelf.

'*Y. Wor.* So far you may be in the right; for indeed 'good counſel is like a home jeſt, which every buſy fool 'is offering to his fellow, and yet won't take it himſelf.

'*Love.*

'*Love.* Right. Thus have I known a jolly, red-'nosed parson, at three o'clock in the morning, belch 'out invectives against late hours and hard drinking; 'and a canting, hypocritical sinner protest against forni-'cation, when the rogue was himself just crawling out 'of a flux.

'*Y. Wor.* Tho' these are truths, friend, yet I don't see 'any advantage you can draw from them.' But, pr'y-thee, how wilt thou live, now all your money's gone?

Love. Live! How dost thou live? Thou art but a younger brother, I take it.

Y. Wor. Oh, very well, Sir; tho' faith, my father left me but three thousand pounds, one of which I gave for a place at court, that I still enjoy; the other two are gone after pleasure, as thou say'st. But, besides this, I am supplied by the continual bounty of an indulgent brother. Now, I am loth to load his good-nature too much, and therefore have e'en thought fit, like the rest of my raking brotherhood, to purge out my wild humours with matrimony. By the way, I have taken care to see the dose well sweetened with a swingeing portion.

Love. Ah, Will! you'll find marrying to cure lewdness, is like surfeiting to cure hunger; 'for all the conse-'quence is, you loath what you surfeit on, and are only 'chaste to her you marry.' But, pr'ythee, friend, what is thy wife that must be?

Y. Wor. 'Why, faith, since I believe the matter is too 'far gone for any man to postpone me, (at least, I am 'sure thou wilt not do me an injury, to do thyself no 'good) I'll tell thee.' You must know, my mistress is the daughter of that very knight to whom you mortgaged your estate, Sir William Wisewou'd.

Love. Why, she's an heiress, and has a thousand pounds a year in her own hands, if she be of age. But I suppose the old man knows nothing of your intentions. Therefore, pr'ythee, how have you had opportunities of promoting your love?

Y. Wor. Why, thus: you must know, Sir William being very well acquainted with the largeness of my brother's estate, designs his daughter for him; and to encourage his passion, offers him, out of his own pocket, the additional blessing of five thousand pounds. This of-

fer, my brother, knowing my inclination, ſeems to embrace; but at the ſame time is really in love with his niece, who lives with him in the ſame houſe. And therefore, to hide my deſign from the old gentleman, I pretend viſits to his daughter, as an interceſſor for my brother only; and thus he has given me daily opportunities of advancing my own intereſt; nay, and I have ſo contrived it, that I deſign to have the 5000l. too.

Love. How is that poſſible, ſince I ſee no hopes of the old man's conſent for you?

Y. Wor. Have a day's patience, and you'll ſee the effects on't. In a word, 'tis ſo ſure, that nothing but delays can hinder my ſucceſs; therefore I am very earneſt with my miſtreſs, that to-morrow may be the day. But, a pox on't, I have two women to prevail with; for my brother quarrels every other day with his miſtreſs; and while I am reconciling him, I loſe ground in my own amour.

Love. Why, has not your miſtreſs told you her mind yet?

Y. Wor. She will, I ſuppoſe, as ſoon as ſhe knows it herſelf; for within this week ſhe has changed it as often as her linen, and keeps it as ſecret too; for ſhe would no more own her love before my face, than ſhe would ſhift herſelf before my face.

Love. Pſhaw! ſhe ſhews it the more by ſtriving to conceal it.

Y. Wor. Nay, ſhe does give me ſome proofs indeed; for ſhe will ſuffer nobody but herſelf to ſpeak ill of me, is always uneaſy till I am ſent for, never pleaſed when I am with her, and ſtill jealous when I leave her.

Love. Well, ſucceſs to thee, Will. 'I will ſend the 'fiddles to releaſe thee from your firſt night's labour.'

Y. Wor. 'But, hark you; have a care of diſobliging 'the bride, tho'.'——Ha! yonder goes my brother. I am afraid his walking ſo early proceeds from ſome diſturbance in his love; I muſt after, and ſet him right. Dear Ned, you'll excuſe me. Shall I ſee you at Almack's between five and ſix this afternoon?

Love. With all my heart. But, d'ye hear? Canſt not thou lend me the fellow to that ſame guinea you gave my man? 'I'll give you my bond, if you miſtruſt me.'

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Oh, Sir, your neceſſity is obligation enough. There 'tis, and all I have, faith; when I ſee you at night, you may command me farther. Adieu. At ſix at fartheſt. [*Exit.*

Love. Without fail—So, now, raſcal, you are hungry, are you? Thou deſerveſt never to eat again. Rogue! grumble before fortune had quite forſaken us!

Snap. Ah, dear Sir! the thoughts of eating again have ſo tranſported me, I am reſolved to live and die with you.

Love. Look ye, ſirrah, here's that will provide us with a dinner, and a brace of whores into the bargain; 'at 'leaſt, as * guineas and whores go now.'

Snap. Ah, good Sir, no whores before dinner, I beſeech you.

Love. Well, for once I'll take your advice; for, to ſay the truth, a man is as unfit to follow love with an empty ſtomach, as buſineſs with an empty head: therefore I think a bit and a bottle won't be amiſs firſt.

The God of Wine and Love were ever friends;
For by the help of Wine Love gains his ends.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Elder Worthy *with a letter.*

El. Wor. How hard is it to find that happineſs which our ſhort-ſighted paſſions hope from women! 'tis not 'their cold diſdain or cruelty ſhould make a faithful lo-'ver curſe his ſtars, that is but reaſonable; 'tis the ſha-'dow in our pleaſure's picture: without it love could 'ne'er be heightened. No, 'tis their pride, and vain de-'ſire of many lovers, that robs our hope of its imagined 'rapture.' The blind are only happy; for if we look thro' reaſon's never-erring perſpective, we then ſurvey their ſouls, and find the rubbiſh we were chaffering for. And ſuch I find Hillaria's mind is made of. This letter is an order for the knocking off my fetters, and I'll ſend it her immediately.

Enter Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. 'Morrow, brother. [*Seeing the letter.*] What, is your fit return'd again? What beau's box now has Hillaria taken ſnuff from? What fool has led her from the

* *Guineas went then at* 30*s.*

box to her coach? What fop has she suffered to read a play or a novel to her? or whose money has she indiscreetly won at basset?—Come, come, let's see the ghastly wound she has made in your quiet that I may know how much claret to prescribe you.

El. Wor. I have my wound and cure from the same person, I'll assure you; the one from Hillaria's wit and beauty, and the other from her pride and vanity.

Y. Wor. That's what I could never yet find her guilty of. Are you angry at her loving you?

El. Wor. I am angry at myself, for believing she ever did.

Y. Wor. Have her actions spoke the contrary? Come, you know she loves.

El. Wor. Indeed she gave a great proof on't last night here in the Park, by fastening on a fool, and caressing him before my face, when she might have so easily avoided him.

Y. Wor. What! and I warrant, interrupted you in the middle of your sermon; for I don't question but you were preaching to her. But, pr'ythee, who was the fool she fastened upon?

El. Wor. One that Heaven intended for a man; but the whole business of his life is to make the world believe he is of another species. 'A thing that affects 'mightily to ridicule himself, only to give others a kind 'of necessity of praising him. I can't say he's a slave to 'any new fashion, for he pretends to be master of it; 'and is ever reviving some old, or advancing some new 'piece of foppery; and tho' it don't take, is still as well 'pleased, because it then obliges the town to take the 'more notice of him. He's so fond of a public reputation, that he is more extravagant in his attempts to gain 'it, than the fool that fired Diana's temple to immortalize his name.'

Y. Wor. You have said enough to tell me his name is Sir Novelty Fashion.

El. Wor. The same. But that which most concerns me, he has the impudence to address Hillaria, and she vanity enough not to discard him.

Y. Wor. Is this all? Why, thou art as hard to please in a wife, as thy mistress in a new gown. How many wo-

men

men have you took in hand, and yet can't pleaſe yourſelf at laſt!

El. Wor. I had need to have the beſt goods, when I offer ſo great a price as marriage for them. Hillaria has ſome good qualities, but not enough to make a wife of.

Y. Wor. She has beauty.

El. Wor. Granted.

Y. Wor. And money.

El. Wor. Too much; enough to ſupply her vanity.

Y. Wor. She has ſenſe.

El. Wor. Not enough to believe I am no fool.

Y. Wor. She has wit.

El. Wor. Not enough to deceive me.

Y. Wor. Why, then you are happy, if ſhe can't deceive you.

El. Wor. Yet ſhe has folly enough to endeavour it. I'll ſee her no more, and this ſhall tell her ſo.

Y. Wor. Which in an hour's time you'll repent, as much as ever——

El. Wor. As ever I ſhould marrying her.

Y. Wor. You'll have a damn'd ſneaking look, when you are forced to aſk her pardon for your ungenerous ſuſpicion, and lay the fault upon exceſs of love.

El. Wor. I am not ſo much in love as you imagine.

Y. Wor. Indeed, Sir, you are in love, and that letter tells her ſo..

El. Wor. Read it; you'll find it to the contrary.

Y. Wor. Pr'ythee, I know what's in it better than thou doſt. You ſay, 'tis to take your leave of her; but I ſay, 'tis in hopes of a kind, excuſive anſwer. But, faith, you miſtake her and yourſelf too; ſhe is too high-ſpirited, not to take you at your word; and you are too much in love, not to aſk her pardon.

El. Wor. Well, then, I'll not be too raſh, but will ſhew my reſentment in forbearing my viſits.

Y. Wor. Your viſits! Come, I ſhall ſoon try what a man of reſolution you are—for yonder ſhe comes. Now, let's ſee if you have power to move.

El. Wor. I'll ſoon convince you of that—Farewel.

[*Exit* El. Wor.

Y. Wor. Ha! gone! I don't like that. I am ſorry to find him ſo reſolute. But I hope Hillaria has taken too

faſt hold of his heart, to let this fit ſhake him off. I muſt to her, and make up this breach; for while his amour ſtands ſtill, I have no hopes of advancing my own. [*Exit.*

Enter Hillaria, Narciſſa, *and* Amanda *in mourning.*

Hil. Well, dear Amanda, thou art the moſt conſtant wife I ever heard of, not to ſhake off the memory of an ill huſband, after eight or ten years abſence; nay, to mourn, for ought you know, for the living too, and ſuch a huſband, that, tho' he were alive, would never thank you for it. Why d'ye perſiſt in ſuch a hopeleſs grief?

Am. Becauſe 'tis hopeleſs. For if he be alive, he is dead to me. His dead affections not virtue itſelf can e'er retrieve. Would I were with him, tho' in his grave!

Hil. In my mind, you are much better where you are. The grave!—Young widows uſe to have warmer wiſhes. But, methinks, the death of a rich old uncle ſhould be a cordial to your ſorrows.

Am. That adds to them; for he was the only relation I had left, and was as tender of me as the neareſt. He was a father to me.

Hil. He was better than ſome fathers to you; for he died juſt when you had occaſion for his eſtate.

Nar. 'I have an old father, and, the deuce take me, 'I think he only lives to hinder me of my occaſions; 'but, Lord' bleſs me, Madam! how can you be unhappy with two thouſand pounds a year in your own poſſeſſion?

Hil. For my part, the greateſt reaſon I think you have to grieve is, that you are not ſure your huſband's dead; for, were that confirmed, then, indeed, there were hopes that one poiſon might drive out another. You might marry again.

Am. All the comfort of my life is, that I can tell my conſcience, I have been true to virtue.

Hil. And to an extravagant huſband, that cares not a farthing for you. But come, let's leave this unſeaſonable talk, and, pray, give me a little of your advice. What ſhall I do with this Mr. Worthy? Would you adviſe me to make a huſband of him?

Am. I am but an ill judge of men; the only one I thought myſelf ſecure of, moſt cruelly deceived me.

Hil.

Hil. A losing gameſter is fitteſt to give warning. What d'ye think of him?

Am. Better than of any man I know. I read nothing in him, but what is ſome part of a good man's character.

Hil. He's jealous.

Am. He's a lover.

Hil. He taxes me with a fool.

Am. He would preſerve your reputation; and a fool's love only ends in the ruin of it.

Hil. Methinks he's not handſome.

Am. He's a man, Madam.

Hil. Why, then, even let him make a woman of me.

Nar. Pray, Madam, what d'ye think of his brother? [*Smiling.*

Am. I would not think of him.

Nar. Oh, dear! why, pray?

Am. He puts me in mind of a man too like him, one that had beauty, wit, and falſhood.

Nar. You have hit ſome part of his character I muſt confeſs, Madam; but as to his truth, I'm ſure he loves only me.

Am. I don't doubt but he tells you ſo; nay, and ſwears it too.

Nar. Oh, Lord, Madam! I hope I may without vanity believe him.

Am. But you will hardly, without magic, ſecure him.

Nar I ſhall uſe no ſpells or charms, but this poor face, Madam.

Am. And your fortune.

Nar. Senſeleſs malice! [*Aſide.*] I know he'd marry me without a groat.

Am. Then he's not the man I take him for.

Nar. Why, pray, what do you take him for?

Am. A wild young fellow, that loves every thing he ſees.

Nar. He never loved you yet. [*Peeviſhly.*

Am. I hope, Madam, he never ſaw any thing in me to encourage him.

Nar. In my conſcience, you are in the right on't, Madam; I dare ſwear he never did, nor e'er would, tho' he gazed till doom's-day.

Am.

Am. I hope, Madam, your charms will prevent his putting himself to the trial, and I wish he may never—

Nar. Nay, dear Madam, no more railing at him, unless you would have me believe you love him.

Hil. Indeed, ladies, you are both in the wrong; you, cousin, in being angry at what you desired, her opinion of your lover; and you, Madam, for speaking truth against the man she resolves to love.

Nar. Love him! Pr'ythee, cousin, no more of that old stuff!

Hil. Stuff! Why, don't you own you are to marry him this week?—Here he comes; I suppose you'll tell him another thing in his ear.

Enter Young Worthy.

Mr. Worthy, your servant; you look with the face of business. What's the news, pray?

Y. Wor. Faith, Madam, I have news for you all, and private news too; but that of the greatest consequence is with this lady. Your pardon, ladies; I'll whisper with you all, one after another.

Nar. Come, cousin, will you walk? The gentleman has business; we shall interrupt him.

Hil. Why, really, cousin, I don't say positively you love Mr. Worthy; but, I vow, this looks very like jealousy.

Nar. Pish! Lord, Hillaria, you are in a very odd humour to-day. But to let you see I have no such weak thoughts about me, I'll wait as unconcerned as yourself. I'll rattle him. [*Aside.*

Am. Not unpleasing, say you? Pray, Sir, unfold yourself, for I have long despaired of welcome news.

Y. Wor. Then, in a word, Madam, your husband Mr. Loveless, is in town, and has been these three days; I parted with him an hour ago.

Am. In town! You amaze me; For Heaven's sake, go on.

Y. Wor. Faith, Madam, considering Italy and those parts have furnished him with nothing but an improvement of that lewdness he carried over, I can't properly give you joy of his arrival. Besides, he is so very poor, that you would take him for an inhabitant of that country. And when I confirmed your being dead, he only

ſhook his head, and called you good-natured fool, or to that effect; nay, though I told him his unkindneſs broke your heart.

Am. Barbarous man! not ſhed a tear upon my grave? But why did you tell him I was dead?

Y. Wor. Becauſe, Madam, I thought you had no mind to have your houſe plundered; and for another reaſon, which, if you dare liſten to me, perhaps you'll not diſlike: in a word, 'tis ſuch a ſtratagem, that will either make him aſhamed of his folly, or in love with your virtue.

Am. Can there be a hope, when ev'n my death cou'd not move him to a relenting ſigh? Yet, pray inſtruct me, Sir.

Y. Wor. You know, Madam, 'twas not above four or five months after you were married, but, (as moſt young huſbands do) he grew weary of you. Now, I am confident, 'twas more an affectation of being faſhionably vicious, than any reaſonable diſlike he could either find in your mind or perſon: therefore cou'd you, by ſome artifice, paſs upon him as a new miſtreſs, I am apt to believe you wou'd find none of the wonted coldneſs in his love, 'but a younger heat and fierce deſire.'

Am. Suppoſe this done; what could be the conſequence?

Y. Wor. Oh, your having then a juſt occaſion to reproach him with his broken vows, 'and to let him ſee 'the weakneſs of his deluded fancy, which even in a wife, 'while unknown, cou'd find thoſe real charms, which his 'blind, ungrateful lewdneſs would ne'er allow her to be 'miſtreſs of. After this, I'd have you ſeem freely to re'ſign him to thoſe fancied raptures, which he denied 'were in a virtuous woman:' who knows but this, with a little ſubmiſſive eloquence, may ſtrike him with ſo great a ſenſe of ſhame, as may reform his thoughts, and fix him yours?

'*Am.* You have reviv'd me, Sir; but how can I aſſure 'myſelf he'll like me as a miſtreſs?

'*Y. Wor.* From your being a new one——Leave 'the management of all to me: I have a trick ſhall draw 'him to your bed; and when he's there, faith, ev'n let 'him cuckold himſelf: I'll engage he likes you as a mi-

'ſtreſs,

'ſtreſs, though he could not as a wife. At leaſt, ſhe'll 'have the pleaſure of knowing the difference between a 'huſband and a lover, without the ſcandal of the former.

'[*Aſide.*'

Am. You have obliged me, Sir; if I ſucceed, the glory ſhall be yours.

Y. Wor. I'll wait on you at your lodgings, and conſult how I may be farther ſerviceable to you: but you muſt put this in ſpeedy execution, leſt he ſhould hear of you, and prevent your deſign; in the mean time, 'tis a ſecret to all the world but yourſelf and me.

Am. I'll ſtudy to be grateful, Sir.

Y. Wor. Now for you, Madam. [*To* Hillaria.

Nar. So! I am to be laſt ſerv'd: very well. [*Aſide.*

Y. Wor. My brother, Madam, confeſſes he ſcattered ſome rough words laſt night; and I take the liberty to tell you, you gave him ſome provocation.

Hil. That may be; but I'm reſolv'd to be miſtreſs of my actions before marriage, and no man ſhall uſurp a power over me, till I give it him.

Y. Wor. At leaſt, Madam, conſider what he ſaid as the effects of an impatient paſſion; and give him leave this afternoon to ſet all right again.

Hil. Well, if I don't find myſelf out of order after dinner, perhaps I may ſtep into the garden: but I won't promiſe you neither.

Y. Wor. I dare believe you without it.—Now, Madam, I am your humble ſervant. [*To* Nar.

Nar. And every body's humble ſervant. [*Walks off.*

Y. Wor. Why, Madam, I am come to tell you——

Nar. What ſucceſs you had with that lady, I ſuppoſe —I don't mind intrigues, Sir.

Y. Wor. I like this jealouſy, however, though I ſcarce know how to appeaſe it. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis buſineſs of moment, Madam, and may be done in a moment.

Nar. Yours is done with me, Sir; but my buſineſs is not ſo ſoon done as you imagine.

Y. Wor. In a word, I have very near reconciled my brother and your couſin, and I don't doubt but to-morrow will be the day; if I were but as well aſſured of your conſent for my happineſs too——

Nar.

Nar. Firſt tell me your diſcourſe with that lady; and afterwards, if you can, look me in the face—Oh, are you ſtudying, Sir?

Y. Wor. 'Sdeath! I muſt not truſt her with it; ſhe'll tell it the whole town for a ſecret——Pox! ne'er a lie? [*Aſide.*

Nar. You ſaid it was of the greateſt conſequence too.

Y. Wor. A good hint, faith. [*Aſide*] Why, Madam, ſince you will needs force it from me, 'twas to deſire her to advance my intereſt with you: but all my intreaties could not prevail; for ſhe told me, I was unworthy of you: was not this of conſequence, Madam?

Nar. Nay, now I muſt believe you, Mr. Worthy, and I aſk your pardon; for ſhe was juſt railing againſt you for a huſband before you came.

Y. Wor. Oh! Madam, a favoured lover, like a good poem, for the malice of ſome few, makes the generous temper more admire it.

Nar. Nay, what ſhe ſaid, I muſt confeſs, had much the ſame effect, as the coffee-criticks ridiculing Prince Arthur; for I found a pleaſing diſappointment in my reading you; and till I ſee your beauties equalled, I ſhan't diſlike you for a few faults.

Y. Wor. Then, ſince you have bleſt me with your good opinion, let me beg of you, before theſe ladies, to complete my happineſs to-morrow. Let this be the laſt night of your lying alone.

Nar. What d'ye mean?

Y. Wor. To marry you to-morrow, Madam.

Nar. Marry me! Who put that in your head?

Y. Wor. Some encouragement which my hopes have form'd, Madam.

Nar. Hopes! Oh, inſolence! 'D'ye think I can be 'moved to love a man, to kiſs, and toy with him, and ſo 'forth?

'*Y. Wor.* I'gad, I find nothing but downright impu-'dence will do with her. [*Aſide.*] No, Madam, 'tis the 'man muſt kiſs, and toy with you, and ſo forth. Come, 'my dear angel, pronounce the joyful word, and draw the 'ſcene of my eternal happineſs. Ah! methinks I'm 'there already, eager and impatient of approaching bliſs! 'Juſt laid within the bridal-bed; our friends retired; 'the

'the curtains close drawn around us; no light but Cæ-
'lia's eyes; no noise but her soft trembling words, and
'broken sighs, that plead in vain for mercy. And now a
'trickling tear steals down her glowing cheek, which
'tells the happy lover at length she yields; yet vows
'she'd rather die; but still submits to the unexperienc'd
'joy. [*Embracing her.*

'*Hil.* What raptures, Mr. Worthy!'

Y. Wor. Only the force of love in imagination, Madam.

Nar. O Lord! dear cousin, and Madam, let's be gone! I vow he grows rude. Oh, for heaven's sake! I shan't shake off my fright these ten days. O Lord! I will not stay——Begone; for I declare I loath the sight of you. [*Exit.*

Y. Wor. I hope you'll stand my friend, Madam.

Hil. I'll get her into the garden after dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Y. Wor. I find there's nothing to be done with my lady before company; 'tis a strange affected piece—But there's no fault in her thousand pounds a year, and that's the loadstone that attracts my heart———The wise and grave may tell us of strange chimeras called virtues in a woman, and that they alone are the best dowry; but, faith, we younger brothers are of another mind.

Women are chang'd from what they were of old:
Therefore let lovers still this maxim hold,
She's only worth, that brings her weight in gold.

[*Exit.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

The SCENE, *a Garden belonging to* Sir William Wisewou'd's *House.*

Enter Narcissa, Hillaria, *and* Sir Novelty Fashion.

HILLARIA.

OH! for heaven's sake! no more of this gallantry, Sir Novelty: for I know you say the same to every woman you see.

Sir

Sir Nov. Every one that ſees you, Madam, muſt ſay the ſame. Your beauty, like the rack, forces every beholder to confeſs his crime—of daring to adore you.

Nar. Oh! I han't patience to hear all this. If he be blind, I'll open his eyes. [*Aſide.*] I vow, Sir Novelty, you men of amour are ſtrange creatures: you think no woman worth your while, unleſs you walk over a rival's ruin to her heart: I know nothing has encouraged your paſſion to my couſin more than her engagement to Mr. Worthy.

Hil. Poor creature! Now is ſhe angry ſhe ha'n't the addreſs of a fop I nauſeate. [*Aſide.*

Sir Nov. Oh, Madam! as to that I hope the lady will eaſily diſtinguiſh the ſincerity of her adorers. Though I muſt allow, Mr. Worthy is infinitely the handſomer perſon.

Nar. O fie! Sir Novelty, make not ſuch a prepoſterous compariſon.

Sir Nov. Oh, Gad! Madam, there's no compariſon.

Nar. Pardon me, Sir, he's an unpoliſhed animal.

Sir Nov. Why, does your ladyſhip really think me tolerable.

Hil. So! ſhe has ſnapt his heart already. [*Aſide.*

Sir Nov. Pray, Madam, how do I look to-day?—What, curſedly? I'll warrant; 'with a more helliſh 'complexion than a ſtale actreſs in a morning.'—I don't know, Madam:—'Tis true—the town does talk of me indeed;—but the devil take me, in my mind, I am a very ugly fellow.

Nar. Now you are too ſevere, Sir Novelty.

Sir Nov. Not I, burn me:—for heaven's ſake deal freely with me, Madam; and if you can, tell me—one tolerable thing about me.

Hil. 'Twould poſe me, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Nar. Oh, Sir Novelty! this is unanſwerable; 'tis hard to know the brighteſt part of a diamond.

Sir Nov. You'll make me bluſh, ſtop my vitals, Madam.—I'gad, I always ſaid ſhe was a woman of ſenſe. Strike me dumb, I am in love with her.—I'll try her farther. [*Aſide.*] But, Madam, is it poſſible I may vie with Mr. Worthy?—Not that he is any rival of mine, Ma-

dam; for I can assure you, my inclinations lie where, perhaps, your ladyship little thinks.

Hil. So! now I am rid of him. [*Aside.*

Sir Nov. But, pray tell me, Madam: for I really love a severe critick: I am sure you must believe he has a more happy genius in dress: for my part, I am but a sloven.

Nar. He is a genius unsufferable! Why he dresses worse than a captain of the militia: but you, Sir Novelty, are a true original, the very pink of fashion: I'll warrant you there's not a milliner in town but has got an estate by you.

Sir Nov. I must confess, Madam, I am for doing good to my country: for you see this suit, Madam——I suppose you are not ignorant what a hard time the ribband weavers have had since the late mourning: now my design is to set the poor rogues up again, by recommending this sort of trimming: 'the fancy is pretty well for 'second mourning.'——By the way, Madam, I had fifteen hundred guineas laid in my hand, as a gratuity to encourage it: but, i'gad, I refused them, being too well acquainted with the consequence of taking a bribe in a national concern.

Hil. A very charitable fashion, indeed, Sir Novelty! But how if it should not take?

Nar. Ridiculous! Take! I warrant you in a week the whole town will have it; though perhaps Mr. Worthy will be one of the last of them: he's a mere Valet de Chambre to all fashions; and never is in any till his betters have left them off.

Sir Nov. Nay, Gad, now I must laugh; for the devil take me, if I did not meet him, not above a fortnight ago, in a coat with buttons no bigger than nutmegs.

'*Hil.* There, I must confess, you out-do him, Sir No-'velty.

'*Sir Nov.* Oh, dear Madam, why mine are not above 'three inches diameter.

'*Hil.* But methinks, Sir Novelty, your sleeve is a lit-'tle too extravagant.

'*Sir Nov.* Nay, Madam, there you wrong me; mine 'does but reach my knuckles, but my Lord Overdo's 'cover his diamond ring.

'*Hil.* Nay, I confeſs the faſhion may be very uſeful to 'you gentlemen that make campaigns: for ſhould you 'unfortunately loſe an arm, or ſo, that ſleeve might be 'very convenient to hide the defect on't.

'*Sir Nov.* Hah! I think your ladyſhip's in the right 'on't, Madam. [*Hiding his hand in his ſleeve.*

'*Nar.* Oh! ſuch an air! ſo becoming a negligence— 'Upon my ſoul, Sir Novelty, you'll be the envy of the '*beau monde.*'

Hil. Mr. Worthy! a good fancy were thrown away upon him; but you, Sir, are an ornament to your clothes.

Sir Nov. Then your ladyſhip really thinks they are—*bien entendue?*

Hil. A merveille, Monſieur.

Sir Nov. She has almoſt as much wit as her couſin. [*Aſide.*] I muſt confeſs, Madam, this coat has had an univerſal approbation; for this morning I had all the eminent taylors in town at my levee, earneſtly petitioning for the firſt meaſure of it: now, Madam, if you thought it would oblige Mr. Worthy, I would let his taylor have it before any of them.

Nar. See, here he comes, and the deuce take me, I think 'twould be a great piece of good-nature; for I declare he looks as rough as a Dutch corporal ——Pr'ythee, Sir Novelty, let's laugh at him.

Sir Nov. O Gad! no, Madam, that were too cruel; why, you know he can't help it.—Let's take no notice of him.

Hil. Wretched coxcomb! [*Aſide.*

Enter Elder Worthy.

El. Wor. I find my reſolution is but vain, my feet have brought me hither againſt my will: but ſure I can command my tongue, which I'll bite off ere it ſhall ſeek a reconciliation. Still ſo familiar there! But 'tis no matter, I'll try if I can wear indifference, and ſeem as careleſs in my love as ſhe is of her honour, which ſhe can never truly know the worth of, while ſhe perſiſts to let a fool thus play with it. [*Aſide.*] Ladies, your humble ſervant.

Hil. Now I can't forbear fretting his ſpleen a little. [*Aſide.*] Oh, Mr. Worthy! we are admiring Sir Novelty,

and his new ſuit. Did you ever ſee ſo ſweet a fancy? He is as full of variety as a good play.

El. Wor. He's a very pleaſant comedy, indeed, Madam; and dreſſed with a great deal of good ſatire; and, no doubt, may oblige both the ſtage and the town, eſpecially the ladies.

Hil. So! There's for me—— [*Aſide.*

Sir Nov. O Gad! Nay, pr'ythee, Tom, you know my humour——Ladies (ſtop my vitals) I don't believe there are five hundred in town that ever took any notice of me.

El. Wor. Oh, Sir, there are ſome that take ſo much notice of you, that the town takes notice of them for't.

Hil. It works rarely. [*Aſide.*

Sir Nov. How of them, Tom, upon my account? O Gad, I wou'd not be the ruin of any lady's reputation, for the world. Stop my vitals, I'm very ſorry for't. Pr'ythee, name but one that has a favourable thought of me, and to convince you that I have no deſign upon her, I'll inſtantly viſit her in an unpowdered periwig.

El. Wor. Nay, ſhe I mean is a woman of ſenſe too,

Sir Nov. Phoo! Pr'ythee, pox, don't banter me: 'tis impoſſible! What can ſhe ſee in me?

El. Wor. Oh, a thouſand taking qualities. This lady will inform you—Come, I'll introduce you. [*Pulls him.*

Sir Nov. O Gad, no. Pr'ythee——hark you in your ear——I am off of her; demme, if I ben't: I am, ſtop my vitals——

El. Wor. Wretched rogue! [*Aſide.*] Pſhaw, no matter? I'll reconcile you. Come, Madam.

Hil. Sir.

El. Wor. This gentleman humbly begs to kiſs your hand.

Hil. He needs not your recommendation, Sir.

El. Wor. True; a fool recommends himſelf to your ſex, and that's the reaſon men of common ſenſe live unmarried.

Hil. A fool without jealouſy, is better than a wit with ill-nature.

El. Wor. A friendly office, ſeeing your fault, is ill-nature.

Hil.

Hil. Believing more than we have, is pitiful.—You know I hate this wretch, loath, and ſcorn him.

El. Wor. Fools have a ſecret art of pleaſing women: if he did not delight you, you would not hazard your reputation by encouraging his love.

Hil. Dares he wrong my reputation?

El. Wor. He need not; the world will do it for him, while you keep him company.

Hil. I dare anſwer it to the world.

El. Wor. Then why not to me?

Hil. To ſatisfy you, were a fondneſs I never ſhould forgive myſelf.

El. Wor. To perſiſt in it, is what I'll never forgive.

Hil. Inſolence! Is it come to this? Never ſee me more.

El. Wor. I have loſt the ſight of you already; there hangs a cloud of folly between you and the woman I once thought you. [*As* Hillaria *is going off,*

Enter Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. What to ourſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ceaſing, does the purpoſe loſe,

Madam, therefore, pray let me engage you to ſtay a little till your reſentment is over, that you may ſee whether you have reaſon to be angry, or no.

Sir Nov. [*To* Nar.] Pray, Madam, who is that gentleman?

Nar. Mr. Worthy's brother, Sir; a gentleman of no mean parts, I can aſſure you.

Sir Nov. I don't doubt it, Madam.—He has a very good periwig.

Hil. To be jealous of me with a fool, is an affront to my underſtanding.

Y. Wor. Tamely to reſign your reputation to the mercileſs vanity of a fool, were no proof of his love.

Hil. 'Tis queſtioning my conduct.

Y. Wor. Why, you let him kiſs your hand laſt night before my face.

Hil. The fool diverted me, and I gave him my hand, as I would lend my money, fan, or handkerchief to a legerdemain, that I might ſee him play all his tricks over.

Y. Wor. O, Madam, no juggler is ſo deceitful as a fop; for while you look his folly in the face, he ſteals away your reputation with more eaſe than the other picks your pocket.

Hil. Some fools indeed are dangerous.

Y. Wor. I grant you, your deſign is only to laugh at him; but that's more than he finds out: therefore you muſt expect he will tell the world another ſtory; and 'tis ten to one but the conſequence makes you repent your curioſity.

Hil. You ſpeak like an oracle: I tremble at the thoughts on't.

Y. Wor. Here's one ſhall reconcile your fears—— Brother, I have done your buſineſs: Hillaria is convinced of her indiſcretion, and has a pardon ready for your aſking it.

El. Wor. She's the criminal; I have no occaſion for it.

Y. Wor. See, ſhe comes toward you; give her a civil word at leaſt.

Hil. Mr. Worthy, I'll not be behind-hand in the acknowledgment I owe you: I freely confeſs my folly, and forgive your harſh conſtruction of it: nay, I'll not condemn your want of good-nature, in not endeavouring (as your brother has done) by mild arguments to convince me of my error.

El. Wor. Now you vanquiſh me! I bluſh to be outdone in generous love! I am your ſlave, diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe.

Hil. No more; from this hour be you the maſter of my actions, and my heart.

El. Wor. This goodneſs gives you the power, and I obey with pleaſure.

Y. Wor. So! I find I han't preached to no purpoſe. Well, Madam, if you find him guilty of love, e'en let tomorrow be his execution-day; make a huſband of him, and there's the extent of love's law.

El. Wor. Brother, I am indebted to you.

Y. Wor. Well, I'll give you a diſcharge, if you'll but leave me half an hour in private with that lady.

Hil. How will you get rid of Sir Novelty?

Y. Wor. I warrant you; leave him to me.

Hil. Come, Mr. Worthy, as we walk, I will inform you how I intend to ſacrifice that wretch to your laughter.

'*El. Wor.* Not, Madam, that I want revenge on ſo 'contemptible a creature: but I think you owe this 'juſtice to yourſelf, to let him ſee (if poſſible) you never 'took him for any other than he really is.

'*Y. Wor.* Well! Pox on your politicks: pr'ythee 'conſider of them within.

'*Hil.* We'll obey you, Sir.'

[*Exeunt* Elder Worthy *and* Hillaria.

Y. Wor. Pray give me leave to beg a word in private with you, Sir, if you pleaſe.

[*To* Sir Novelty, *who is taking ſnuff.*

Sir Nov. Ay, Sir, with all my heart.

Y. Wor. Sir——

Sir Nov. Nay, 'tis right, I'll aſſure you. [*Offering his box.*

Y. Wor. Ay, Sir—but now the lady wou'd be alone.

Sir Nov. Sir.

Y. Wor. The lady would be alone, Sir.

Sir Nov. I don't hear her ſay any ſuch thing.

Y. Wor. Then I tell you ſo, and I would adviſe you to believe me.

Sir Nov. I ſhall not take your advice, Sir: but if you really think the lady would be alone, why—you had beſt leave her.

Y. Wor. In ſhort, Sir, your company is very unſeaſonable at preſent.

Sir Nov. I can tell you, Sir, if you have no more wit than manners, the lady will be but ſcurvily entertained.

Nar. Oh, fie, gentlemen! no quarrelling before a woman, I beſeech you. Pray let me know the buſineſs.

Sir Nov. My buſineſs is love, Madam.

Nar. And yours, Sir?

Y. Wor. What I hope you are no ſtranger to, Madam. As for that ſpark, you need take no care of him: for if he ſtays much longer, I will do his buſineſs myſelf.

Nar. Well, I vow, love's a pleaſant thing, when the men come to cutting of throats once. O Gad! I'd fain have them fight a little——Methinks Narciſſa would ſound ſo great in an expiring lover's mouth——Well, I

am

am resolved Sir Novelty shall not go yet; for I will have the pleasure of hearing myself praised a little; though I don't marry this month for't. [*Aside.*] Come, gentlemen, since you both say love's your business, e'en plead for yourselves; and he that speaks the greatest passion, shall have the fairest return.

Y. Wor. Oh, the devil! now is she rapt with the hopes of a little flattery. There's no remedy but patience. 'S'death! What a piece have I to work upon? [*Aside.*'

Nar. Come, gentlemen, one at a time. Sir Novelty, what have you to say to me?

Sir Nov. In the first place, Madam, I was the first person in England that was complimented with the name of beau, which is a title I prefer before right honourable: for that may be inherited; but this I extorted from the whole nation, by my surprising mien, and unexampled gallantry.

Nar. So, Sir.

Sir Nov. Then another thing, Madam: it has been observed, that I have been eminently successful in those fashions I have recommended to the town; and I don't question but this very suit will raise as many ribband-weavers, as ever the clipping or melting trade did goldsmiths.

Nar. Pish! What does the fool mean! he says nothing of me yet. [*Aside.*

Sir Nov. 'In short, Madam, the cravat-string, the garter, the sword-knot, the centurine, bardash, the steinkirk, the large button, the long sleeve, the plume, and full peruke, were all created, cry'd down, or revived by me:' in a word, Madam, there has never been any thing particularly taking or agreeable for these ten years past, but your humble servant was the author of it.

Y. Wor. Where the devil will this end? [*Aside.*

Nar. This is all extravagant, Sir Novelty: but what have you to say to me, Sir?

Sir Nov. I'll come to you presently, Madam, I have just done: then you must know, my coach and equipage are as well known as myself; and since the conveniency of two play-houses, I have a better opportunity of shewing

ing them: for between every act—Whisk—I am gone from one to the other: Oh! what pleasure 'tis, at a good play, to get out before half an act's done?

Nar. Why at a good play?

Sir Nov. O, Madam, it looks particular, and gives the whole audience an opportunity of turning upon me at once: 'Then do they conclude I have some extra-'ordinary business, or a fine woman to go to at least: 'and then again, it shews my contempt of what the 'dull town think their chief diversion: but if I do stay 'a play out, I always sit with my back to the stage.

'*Nar.* Why so, Sir?

'*Sir Nov.* Then every one will imagine I have been 'tired with it before: or that I am jealous who talks to 'who in the King's box.' And thus, Madam, do I take more pains to preserve a public reputation, than ever any lady took, after the small-pox, to recover her complexion.

Nar. Well, but to the point. What have you to say to me, Sir Novelty?

'*Y. Wor.* Now does she expect some compliment shall 'out-flatter her glass. [*Aside.*'

Sir Nov. To you, Madam?—Why, I have been saying all this to you.

Nar. To what end, Sir?

Sir Nov. Why, all this I have done for your sake.

Nar. What kindness is it to me?

Sir Nov. Why, Madam, don't you think it more glory to be beloved by one eminently particular person, whom all the town knows and talks of, than to be adored by five hundred dull souls that have lived *incognito*?

Nar. That I must confess, is a prevailing argument: but still you ha'n't told me, why you love me.

Y. Wor. That's a task he has left for me, Madam.

Sir Nov. 'Tis a province I never undertake, I must confess: I think 'tis sufficient, if I tell a lady why she should love me.

Nar. Hang him! he's too conceited: he's so in love with himself, he won't allow a woman the bare comfort of a cold compliment. [*Aside.*] Well, Mr. Worthy.

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Why, Madam, I have obſerved ſeveral particular qualities in your ladyſhip, that I have perfectly adored you for; as the majeſtic roſe of your head;——your obliging low courteſy;——your ſatyrical ſmile;—your bluſhing laugh;—your demure look;—'the careleſs tie of your hood'—the genteel flirt of your fan;—the deſigned accident in your letting it fall, and your agreeble manner of receiving it from him that takes it up.

[*What he ſpeaks, ſhe imitates in dumb ſhew. They both offer to take up her fan; and in ſtriving* Y. Worthy *puſhes* Sir Novelty *on his back.*

Sir Nov. [*Adjuſting himſelf*] I hope your ladyſhip will excuſe my diſorder, Madam——How now!

Enter a Footman to Sir Novelty.

Foot. Oh, Sir! Mrs. Flareit——

Sir Nov. Ha! ſpeak lower. What of her?

Foot. By ſome unlucky accident has diſcovered your being here, and raves like a mad woman. She's at your lodging, Sir, and had broke you above forty pounds worth of china before I came away. She talk'd of following you hither; and if you don't make haſte, I'm afraid will be here, before you can get through the houſe, Sir.

Sir Nov. This woman's certainly the devil; her jealouſy is implacable; I muſt get rid of her, though I give her more for a ſeparate maintenance, than her conſcience demanded for a ſettlement before enjoyment.—See the coach ready; and if you meet her, be ſure you ſtop her with ſome pretended buſineſs, 'till I'm got away from hence.—Madam, I aſk your ladyſhip ten thouſand pardons; there's a perſon of quality expects me at my lodging, upon extraordinary buſineſs.

Nar. What, will you leave us, Sir Novelty?

Sir Nov. As unwillingly as the ſoul the body; but this is an irreſiſtible occaſion.——Madam, your moſt devoted ſlave.—Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.——Madam, I kiſs your hand.——O Gad, no farther, dear Sir; upon my ſoul I won't ſtir if you do——

[Y. Worthy *ſees him to the door.*

[*Exit* Sir Novelty.

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Nay then, Sir, your humble ſervant. So! this was a lucky deliverance.

Nar. I overheard the buſineſs.—You ſee, Mr. Worthy, a man muſt be a ſlave to a miſtreſs ſometimes, as well as a wife; yet all can't perſuade your ſex to a favourable opinion of poor marriage.

Y. Wor. I long, Madam, for an opportunity to convince you of your error; and therefore give me leave to hope to-morrow you will free me from the pain of farther expectation, and make a huſband of me.—Come, I'll ſpare your bluſhes, and believe I have already named the day.

Nar. Had not we better conſider a little?

Y. Wor. No, let's avoid conſideration, 'tis an enemy both to love and courage: they that conſider much, live to be old batchelors, and young fighters. No, no; we ſhall have time enough to conſider after marriage—

'But why are you ſo ſerious?

'*Nar.* Not but I do conſent to-morrow ſhall be the 'day, Mr. Worthy; but I am afraid you have not loved 'me long enough to make our marriage be the town-talk: 'for 'tis the faſhion now to be the town-talk; and you 'know, one had as good be out of the world, as out of the 'faſhion.

'*Y. Wor.* I don't know, Madam, what you call town-'talk; but it has been in the news-letters above a fort-'night ago, that we were already married. Beſide, the 'laſt ſong I made of you, has been ſung at the muſick-'meeting: and you may imagine, Madam, I took no 'little care to let the ladies and the beaus know who 'twas made on.

'*Nar.* Well, and what ſaid the ladies?

'*Y. Wor.* What was moſt obſervable, Madam, was, that 'while it was ſinging, my Lady Manlove went out in 'a great paſſion.

'*Nar.* Poor, jealous animal! On my conſcience, that 'charitable creature has ſuch a fund of kind compliance 'for all young fellows, whoſe love lies dead upon their 'hands, that ſhe has been as great a hindrance to us vir-'tuous women, as ever the Bank of England was to the 'city goldſmiths.

'*Y. Wor.*

'*Y. Wor.* The reaſon of that is, Madam, becauſe you 'virtuous ladies pay no intereſt; I muſt confeſs the 'principal, our health, is a little ſecure with you.

'*Nar.* Well; and is not that an advantage worth en-'tering into bonds for? Not, but I vow, we virtuous 'devils do love to inſult a little; and to ſay truth, it 'looks too credulous and eaſy in a woman, to encourage 'a man before he has ſighed himſelf to a ſkeleton.

'*Y. Wor.* But, Heaven be thanked, we are pretty even 'with you in the end; for the longer you hold us off 'before marriage, the ſooner we fall off after it.'

Nar. What, then you take marriage to be a kind of Jeſuit's powder, that infallibly cures the fever of love?

Y. Wor. 'Tis indeed a Jeſuit's powder, for the prieſts firſt invented it; and only abſtained from it, becauſe they knew it had a bitter taſte; then gilded it over with a pretended bleſſing, and ſo palm'd it upon the unthinking laity.

Nar. Pr'ythee don't ſcrew your wit beyond the compaſs of good manners——D'ye think I ſhall be tuned to matrimony by your railing againſt it? If you have ſo little ſtomach to it, I'll ev'n make you faſt a week longer.

Y. Wor. Ay, but let me tell you, Madam, 'tis no policy to keep a lover at a thin diet, in hopes to raiſe his appetite on the wedding night; for then

We come like ſtarving beggars to a feaſt,
Where, unconfin'd, we feed with eager haſte,
Till each repeated morſel palls the taſte.
Marriage gives prodigals a boundleſs treaſure,
Who ſquander that, which might be laſting pleaſure.
And women think they ne'er have over-meaſure.

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

The SCENE, *Sir* William Wiſewou'd's *Houſe.*

Enter Amanda *and* Hillaria, *meeting.*

AMANDA.

MY dear, I have news for you.

Hil. I gueſs at it, and fain would be ſatisfied of the particulars. Your huſband is returned, and, I hear, knows nothing of your being alive. Young Worthy has told me of your deſign upon him.

Am. 'Tis that I wanted your advice in: what think you of it?

Hil. Oh! I admire it: next to forgetting your huſband, 'tis the beſt counſel was ever given you; for under the diſguiſe of a miſtreſs, you may now take a fair advantage of indulging your love; and the little experience you have had of it already, has been juſt enough not to let you be afraid of a man.

Am. Will you never leave your mad humour?

Hil. Not till my youth leaves me: why ſhould women affect ignorance among themſelves? When we converſe with men, indeed, modeſty and good-breeding oblige us not to underſtand what, ſometimes, we can't help thinking of.

Am. Nay, I don't think the worſe of you for what you ſay: for 'tis obſerved, that a bragging lover, and an over-ſhy lady, are the fartheſt from what they would ſeem; the one is as ſeldom known to receive a favour, as the other to reſiſt an opportunity.

Hil. Moſt women have a wrong ſenſe of modeſty, as ſome men of courage; if you don't fight with all you meet, or run from all you ſee, you are preſently thought a coward, or an ill woman.

Am. You ſay true; and 'tis as hard a matter, now-a-days, for a woman to know how to converſe with men, as for a man to know when to draw his ſword: for many times both ſexes are apt to over-act their parts. 'To 'me the rules of virtue have been ever ſacred; and I 'am loth to break them by an unadviſed undertaking:'

therefore, dear Hillaria, help me, for I am at a loſs.—Can I juſtify, think you, my intended deſign upon my huſband?

Hil. As how, pr'ythee?

'*Am.* Why, if I court and conquer him as a miſtreſs, 'am not I acceſſary to his violating the bonds of mar-'riage? For though I am his wife, yet while he loves 'me not as ſuch, I encourage an unlawful paſſion; and 'though the act be ſafe, yet his intent is criminal: how 'can I anſwer this?

'*Hil.* Very eaſily; for if he don't intrigue with you, 'he will with ſomebody elſe in the mean time; and I 'think you have as much right to his remains as any 'one.

'*Am.* Ay, but I am aſſured the love he will pretend 'to me is vicious: and 'tis uncertain that I ſhall prevent 'his doing worſe elſewhere.

'*Hil.* 'Tis true, a certain ill ought not to be done for 'an uncertain good. But then again, of two evils, chuſe 'the leaſt; and ſure 'tis leſs criminal to let him love you 'as a miſtreſs, than to let him hate you as a wife. If 'you ſucceed, I ſuppoſe you will eaſily forgive your 'guilt in the undertaking.

'*Am.* To ſay truth, I find no argument yet ſtrong 'enough to conquer my inclination to it. But is there 'no danger, think you, of his knowing me?

'*Hil.* Not the leaſt, in my opinion: in the firſt place, 'he confidently believes you are dead: then he has not 'ſeen you theſe eight or ten years: beſides, you were 'not above ſixteen when he left you: this, with the al-'teration the ſmall-pox has made on you (though not for 'the worſe) I think, are ſufficient diſguiſes to ſecure you 'from his knowledge.

'*Am.* Nay, and to this I may add, the conſiderable 'amendment of my fortune; for when he left me, I had 'only my bare jointure for a ſubſiſtence; beſides, my 'ſtrange manner of receiving him.——

'*Hil.* That's what I would fain be acquainted with.

'*Am.* I expect farther inſtructions from Mr. Worthy 'every moment; then you ſhall know all, my dear.

'*Hil.* Nay, he will do you no ſmall ſervice: for a 'thief is the beſt thief-catcher.

'*Enter a Servant to* Amanda.

'*Serv.* Madam, your ſervant is below, who ſays young 'Mr.

'Mr. Worthy's man waits at your lodgings with earneſt 'buſineſs from his maſter.

'*Am.* 'Tis well.—Come, my dear, I muſt have your 'aſſiſtance too.

'*Hil.* With all my heart; I love to be at the bottom 'of a ſecret; for they ſay, the confidant of an amour 'has ſometimes more pleaſure in the obſervation, than 'the parties concerned in the enjoyment.' But, methinks, you don't look with a good heart upon the buſineſs.

Am. I can't help a little concern in a buſineſs of ſuch moment: for though my reaſon tells me my deſign muſt proſper, yet my fears ſay 'twere happineſs too great.—Oh! to reclaim the man I'm bound by Heaven to love, to expoſe the folly of a roving mind, in pleaſing him with what he ſeemed to loath, were ſuch a ſweet revenge for ſlighted love, ſo vaſt a triumph of rewarded conſtancy, as might perſuade the looſer part of womankind even to forſake themſelves, and fall in love with virtue.

Re-enter the Servant to Hillaria.

Serv. Sir Novelty Faſhion is below in his coach, Madam, and enquires for your Ladyſhip, or Madam Narciſſa.

Hil. You know my couſin is gone out with my Lady Tattle-tongue: I hope you did not tell him I was within.

Serv. No, Madam, I did not know if your Ladyſhip would be ſpoke with, and therefore came to ſee.

Hil. Then tell him I went with her.

Serv. I ſhall, Madam. [*Exit Servant.*

Hil. You muſt know, my dear, I have ſent to that fury, Mrs. Flareit, whom this Sir Novelty keeps, and have ſtung her to ſome purpoſe, with an account of his paſſion for my couſin: I owed him a quarrel, for that he made between Mr. Worthy and me, and I hope her jealouſy will ſeverely revenge it; therefore I ſent my couſin out of the way, becauſe (unknown to her) her name is at the bottom of my deſign.—Here he comes. Pr'ythee, my dear, let's go down the back-ſtairs, and take coach from the garden. —— [*Exeunt* Am. *and* Hill.

Re-enter the Servant, conducting Sir Novelty.

Sir Nov. Both the ladies abroad, ſay you? Is Sir William within?

Serv. Yes, Sir; if you pleaſe to walk in, I'll acquaint him that you expect him here.

Sir Nov. Do ſo, pr'ythee; and in the mean time let me conſider what I have to ſay to him.—Hold—in the firſt place, his daughter is in love with me.——Would I marry her? No; demn it, 'tis mechanical to marrys the woman you love; men of quality ſhould alway marry thoſe they never ſaw——But I hear young Worthy marries her to-morrow; which if I prevent not, will ſpoil my deſign upon her. Let me ſee——I have it——I'll perſuade the old fellow, that I would marry her myſelf; upon which he immediately rejects young Worthy, and gives me free acceſs to her—Good—What follows upon that? Opportunity, importunity, reſiſtance, force, entreaty, perſiſting——Doubting, ſwearing, lying——Bluſhes, yielding, victory, pleaſure——Indifference——Oh! here he comes *in ordine ad*——

Enter Sir William Wiſewou'd.

Sir Wil. Sir Novelty, your ſervant: have you any commands for me, Sir?

Sir Nov. I have ſome propoſals to make, Sir, concerning your happineſs and my own, which, perhaps, will ſurpriſe you. In a word, Sir, I am upon the very brink of matrimony.

Sir Wil. 'Tis the beſt thing you can purſue, Sir, conſidering you have a good eſtate.

Sir Nov. But whom do you think I intend to marry?

Sir Wil. I can't imagine. Dear Sir, be brief, leſt your delay tranſport me into a crime I would avoid, which is impatience. Sir, pray go on.

Sir Nov. In fine, Sir, 'tis your very daughter, the fair Narciſſa.

Sir Wil. Humph—Pray, Sir, how long have you had this in your head?

Sir Nov. Above theſe two hours, Sir.

Sir Wil. Very good! then you ha'n't ſlept upon it.

Sir Nov. No, nor ſhan't ſleep, for thinking on't. Did not I tell you I would ſurprize you?

Sir Wil. Oh! you have indeed, Sir: I am amazed! I am amazed!

Sir Nov. Well, Sir, and what think you of my propoſal?

Sir

Sir Wil. Why truly, Sir, I like it not: but if I did, 'tis now too late; my daughter is diſpoſed of to a gentleman that ſhe and I like very well: at preſent, Sir, I have a little buſineſs: if this be all, your humble ſervant, I am in haſte.

Sir Nov. Demme, what an inſenſib'le blockhead's this! Hold, Sir: d'ye hear?—Is this all the acknowledgment you make, for the honour I deſign'd you?

Sir Wil. Why truly, Sir, 'tis an honour that I am not ambitious of: in plain terms, I do not like you for a ſon-in-law.

Sir Nov. Now you ſpeak to the purpoſe, Sir: but, pr'ythee, what are thy exceptions to me?

Sir Wil. Why, in the firſt place, Sir, you have too great a paſſion for your own perſon, to have any for your wife's: in the next place, you take ſuch an extravagant care in the clothing your body, that your underſtanding goes naked for't: had I a ſon ſo dreſſed, I ſhould take the liberty to call him an egregious fop.

Sir Nov. 'Egad, thou art a comical old gentleman, and I'll tell thee a ſecret: underſtand then, Sir, from me, that all young fellows hate the name of fop, as women do the name of whore; 'but, 'egad, they both 'love the pleaſure of being ſo:' nay, faith, and 'tis as hard a matter for ſome men to be fops, as you call them, as 'tis for ſome women to be whores.

Sir Wil. That's pleaſant, i'faith. Can't any man be a fop, or any woman be a whore, that has a mind to it?

Sir Nov. No, faith, Sir; for let me tell you, 'tis not the coldneſs of my Lady Freelove's inclination, but her age and wrinkles that won't let her cuckold her huſband. And again, 'tis not Sir John Wou'dlook's averſion to dreſs, but his want of a fertile genius, that won't let him look like a gentleman: 'therefore in vindication of 'all well-dreſſed gentlemen, I intend to write a play, 'where my chiefeſt character ſhall be a downright Eng-'liſh booby, that affects to be a beau, without either 'genius or foreign education, and to call it, in imitation 'of another famous comedy, He Wou'd if he Cou'd: 'and now, I think, you are anſwered, Sir.' Have you any exceptions to my birth or family, pray Sir?

Sir Wil. Yes, Sir, I have; you ſeem to be the off-

ſpring of more than one man's labour; for certainly no leſs than a dancing, ſinging, and fencing maſter, with a taylor, milliner, perfumer, peruke-maker, and a French *valet de chambre*, could be at the begetting of you.

Sir Nov. All theſe have been at the finiſhing of me ſince I was made.

Sir Wil. That is, Heaven made you a man, and they have made a monſter of you: and ſo farewel to ye.

[*Is going.*

Sir Nov. Hark ye, Sir: am I to expect no farther ſatisfaction in the propoſals I made you?

Sir Wil. Sir—nothing makes a man loſe himſelf like paſſion: now I preſume you are young, and conſequently raſh upon a diſappointment; therefore, to prevent any difference that may ariſe by repeating my refuſal of your ſuit, I do not think it convenient to hold any farther diſcourſe with you.

Sir Nov. Nay, faith, thou ſhalt ſtay to hear a little more of my mind firſt.

Sir Wil. Since you preſs me, Sir, I will rather bear with, than reſiſt you.

Sir Nov. I doubt, old gentleman, you have ſuch a torrent of philoſophy running through your *pericranium*, that it has waſhed your brains away.

Sir Wil. Pray, Sir, why do you think ſo?

Sir Nov. Becauſe you chuſe a beggarly, unaccountable ſort of a younger brotheriſh rake-hell for your ſon-in-law, before a man of quality, eſtate, good parts and breeding, demme.

Sir Wil. Truly, Sir, I know neither of the perſons to whom theſe characters belong; if you pleaſe to write their names under them, perhaps I may tell you if they be like or no.

Sir Nov. Why then, in ſhort, I would have been your ſon-in-law; and you, it ſeems, prefer young Worthy before me. Now are your eyes open?

Sir Wil. Had I been blind, Sir, you might have been my ſon-in-law; and if you were not blind, you would not think that I deſign my daughter for young Worthy? His brother, I think, may deſerve her.

Sir Nov. Then you are not jealous of young Worthy? Humh!

Sir

Sir Wil. No, really, Sir, nor of you neither.

Sir Nov. Give me thy hand: thou art very happy, ſtop my vitals! for thou doſt not ſee thou art blind—— Not jealous of young Worthy? Ha! Ha!—How now?

Enter Sir Novelty's *Footman, with a Porter.*

Serv. Sir, here's a porter with a letter for your honour.

Porter. I was ordered to give it into your own hand, Sir, and expect an anſwer.

Sir Nov. [*Reads.*] "Excuſe, my dear Sir Novelty, the forced indifference I have ſhewn you, and let me recompenſe your paſt ſufferings with an hour's converſation, after the play, at Roſamond's Pond, where you will find an hearty welcome to the arms of your Narciſſa"—Unexpected happineſs! the arms of your Narciſſa! 'Egad, and when I am there, I'll make myſelf welcome. Faith, I did not think ſhe was ſo far gone neither—But I don't queſtion, there are five hundred more in her condition. —I have a good mind not to go, faith—Yet, hang it, I will too, only to be revenged of this old fellow. Nay, I'll have the pleaſure of making it public too: for I will give her the muſic, and draw all the town to be witneſs of my triumph.——Where is the lady?

[*To the Porter.*

Porter. In a hackney-coach, at the corner of the ſtreet.

Sir Nov. Enough; tell her I will certainly be there.—[*Exit Porter.*] Well, old gentleman, then you are reſolved I ſhall be no kin to you? Your daughter is diſpoſed of! Humh!

Sir Wil. You have your anſwer, Sir; you ſhall be no kin to me.

Sir Nov. Farewel, old philoſophy: and (d'ye hear?) I would adviſe you to ſtudy nothing but the art of patience; you may have an unexpected occaſion for it. Hark you; would it not nettle you damnably, to hear my ſon call you grandfather?

Sir Wil. Sir—notwithſtanding this provocation, I am calm; but were I like other men, a ſlave to paſſion, I ſhould not forbear calling you impertinent. How I ſwell with riſing vexation!——Leave me, leave me; go, Sir, go; get you out of my houſe. [*Angrily.*

Sir

Sir Nov. Oh! have a care of paſſion, dear Diogenes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sir Wil. So! [*Sighing.*] At laſt I have conquered it. Pray, Sir, oblige me with your abſence; [*Taking off his hat.*] I proteſt I am tired with you; pray leave my houſe.

[*Submiſſively.*

Sir Nov. Damn your houſe, your family, your anceſtors, your generation, and your eternal poſterity.

[*Exit.*

Sir Wil. Ah! a fair riddance. How I bleſs myſelf, that it was not in this fool's power to provoke me beyond that ſerenity of temper which a wiſe man ought to be maſter of! How near are men to brutes, when their unruly paſſions break the bounds of reaſon? And of all paſſions, anger is the moſt violent; which often puts me in mind of that admirable ſaying,

He that ſtrives not to ſtem his anger's tide,
Does a wild horſe without a bridle ride.

The SCENE *changes to St.* James's Park.

Enter Young Worthy *and* Loveleſs, *as from the Tavern*; Snap *following.*

Y. Wor. What a ſweet evening it is?—Pr'ythee, Ned, let's walk a little——Look how lovingly the trees are joined, ſince thou wert here, as if Nature had deſigned this walk for the private ſhelter of forbidden love. ' [*Several croſſing the Stage.*] Look, here are ſome for making ' uſe of the conveniency.

' *Love.* But hark ye, friend, are the women as tame ' and civil as they were before I left the town? Can they ' endure the ſmell of tobacco, or vouchſafe a man a ' word with a dirty cravat on?

' *Y. Wor.* Ay, that they will; for keeping is almoſt ' out of faſhion: ſo that now an honeſt fellow, with a ' promiſing back, need not fear a night's lodging for ' bare good fellowſhip.

' *Love.* If whoring be ſo poorly encouraged, methinks ' the women ſhould turn honeſt in their own defence.

' *Y. Wor.* Faith, I don't find there's a whore the leſs ' for it; the pleaſure of fornication is ſtill the ſame; all ' the difference is, lewdneſs is not ſo barefaced as hereto-

' fore.

'fore. Virtue is as much debaſed as our money; for 'maidenheads are as ſcarce as our milled half-crowns; 'and faith, *Dei gratia* is as hard to be found in a girl of 'ſixteen, as round the brim of an old ſhilling.

'*Love.* Well, I find, in ſpite of law and duty, the 'fleſh will get the better of the ſpirit. But I ſee no 'game yet.——Pr'ythee, Will, let's go and take t'other 'bumper to enliven aſſurance, that we may come down-'right to the buſineſs.

'*Y. Wor.* No, no; what we have in our bellies al-'ready, by the help of a little freſh air, will ſoon be in 'our *pericranium*, and work us to a right pitch to taſte 'the pleaſures of the night.

'*Love.* The day thou meaneſt; my day always breaks 'at ſun-ſet. We wiſe fellows, that know the uſe of life, 'know too, that the moon lights men to more pleaſures 'than the ſun: the ſun was meant to dull ſouls of buſi-'neſs, and poor rogues that have a mind to ſave candles.

'*Y. Wor.* Nay, the night was always a friend to plea-'ſure, and that made Diana run a whoring by the light 'of her own horns.

'*Love.* Right; and, pr'ythee, what made Daphne 'run away from Apollo, but that he wore ſo much day-'light about his ears?

'*Y. Wor.* Ha!' Look out, Ned, there's the enemy before you.

Love. Why then, as Cæſar ſaid, Come, follow me.

[*Exit* Loveleſs.

Y. Wor. I hope 'tis his wife, whom I deſired to meet me here, 'that ſhe might take a view of her ſoldier be-'fore ſhe new mounted him.' [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Flareit *and her Maid.*

Maid. I wonder, Madam, Sir Novelty don't come yet: I am ſo afraid he ſhould ſee Narciſſa, and find out the trick of your letter.

Fla. No, no; Narciſſa is out of the way; I am ſure he won't be long; for I heard the hautboys, as they paſſed by me, mention his name: I ſuppoſe, to make the intrigue more faſhionable, he intends to give me the muſic.

Maid. Suppoſe he take you for Narciſſa, what advantage do you propoſe by it?

Fla.

Fla. I ſhall then have a juſt occaſion to quarrel with him for his perfidiouſneſs, and ſo force his pocket to make his peace with me: beſide, my jealouſy will not let me reſt till I am revenged.

Maid. Jealouſy! why, I have often heard you ſay, you loathed him.

Fla. 'Tis my pride, not my love, that makes me jealous.

Maid. See, Madam, here he is, and the muſic with him.

Fla. Put on your maſk, and leave me. [*They maſk.*

Enter Sir Novelty *with the muſic.*

Sir Nov. Here, gentlemen, place yourſelves on this ſpot, and pray oblige me with a trumpet *ſonata*—— 'This taking a man at his firſt word, is a very new way 'of preſerving reputation, ſtop my vitals—— nay, and a 'ſecure one too; for now may we enjoy and grow weary 'of one another, before the town can take any notice of 'us.' [Flareit *making towards him.*] Ha! this muſt be ſhe——I ſuppoſe, Madam, you are no ſtranger to the contents of this letter.

Fla. Dear Sir, this place is too public for my acknowledgment; if you pleaſe to withdraw to a more private conveniency. [*Exeunt.*

[*The muſic prepares to play, and all ſorts of people gather about it.*

Enter at one door Narciſſa, Hillaria, Amanda, Elder Worthy, *and* Young Worthy; *at another,* Loveleſs *and* Snap, *who talk to the maſks.*

E. Wor. What ſay you, ladies, ſhall we walk homewards? It begins to be dark.

Y. Wor. Pr'ythee don't be ſo impatient, it's light enough to hear the muſic, I'll warrant ye.

Am. Mr. Worthy, you promiſed me a ſight I long for: is Mr. Loveleſs among all thoſe?

Y. Wor. That's he, Madam, ſurveying that maſked lady.

Am. Ha! Is't poſſible? Methinks I read his vices in his perſon. Can he be inſenſible, even to the ſmart of pinching poverty? Pray, Sir, your hand—I find myſelf diſordered. It troubles me to think I dare not ſpeak to him after ſo long a ſeparation.

Y. Wor. Madam, your ſtaying here may be dangerous, there-

therefore let me adviſe you to go home, 'and get all 'things in order to receive him. About an hour hence 'will be a convenient time to ſet my deſign a going; till 'then, let me beg you to have a little patience.' Give me leave, Madam, to ſee you to your coach.

Am. I'll not trouble you, Sir; yonder's my couſin Wellbred, I'll beg his protection. [*Exit.*

'[*The muſic plays; after which* Narciſſa *ſpeaks.*

'*Nar.* I vow 'tis very fine, conſidering what dull ſouls 'our nation are; I find 'tis a harder matter to reform 'their manners, than their government or religion.

'*E. Wor.* Since the one has been ſo happily accompliſhed, I know no reaſon why we ſhould deſpair of 'the other; I hope in a little time to ſee our youth re'turn from travel, big with praiſes of their own coun'try. But come, ladies, the muſick's done, I ſuppoſe; 'ſhall we walk?

'*Nar.* Time enough; why, you have no taſte of the 'true pleaſure of the park. I'll warrant you hate as 'much to ridicule others, as to hear yourſelf praiſed: 'for my part, I think a little harmleſs railing is half the 'pleaſure of one's life.

'*E. Wor.* I don't love to create myſelf enemies, by 'obſerving the weakneſs of other people; I have more 'faults of my own than I know how to mend.

'*Nar.* Protect me! how can you ſee ſuch a medley of 'human ſtuff as are here, without venting your ſpleen? '—Why, look there now; is it not comical, to ſee that 'wretched creature there, with her autumnal face, dreſſed 'in all the colours of the ſpring?

'*E. Wor.* Pray, who is ſhe, Madam?

'*Nar.* A thing that won't believe herſelf out of date, 'though ſhe was a known woman at the Reſtoration.

'*Y. Wor.* Oh! I know her, 'tis Mrs. Holdout, one 'that is proud of being an original of faſhionable forni'cation, and values herſelf mightily for being one of 'the firſt miſtreſſes that ever kept her coach publickly in 'England.

'*Hil.* Pray, who's that impudent young fellow there?

'*E. Wor.* Oh, that's an eternal fan-tearer, and a con'ſtant perſecutor of womankind: he had a great mis'fortune lately,

'*Nar.*

'*Nar.* Pray what was it?

'*E. Wor.* Why, impudently preſuming to cuckold a Dutch officer, he had his foreteeth kicked out.

'*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

'*Nar.* There's another too, Mr. Worthy: do you know him?

'*Y. Wor.* That's beau Noiſy; one that brags of favours from my lady, though refuſed by her woman; that ſups with a lord, and borrows his club of his footmen, and beats the watch, and is kicked by his companions; that is one day at court, and the next in gaol; that goes to church without religion, is valiant without courage, witty without ſenſe, and drunk without meaſure.

'*E. Wor.* A very complete gentleman.

'*Hil.* Pr'ythee, couſin, who's that over-ſhy lady there, that won't ſeem to underſtand what that briſk young fellow ſays to her?

'*Nar.* Why that's my lady Slylove: the other ceremonious gentleman is her lover. She is ſo over modeſt, that ſhe makes a ſcruple of ſhifting herſelf before her woman; but afterwards makes none of doing it before her gallant.

'*Y. Wor.* Hang her; ſhe is a jeſt to the whole town; for though ſhe has been the mother of two by-blows, ſhe endeavours to appear as ignorant in all company, as if ſhe did not know the diſtinction of ſexes.

'*Nar.* Look, look, Mr. Worthy, I vow there's the Counteſs of Incog. out of her diſhabille, in a high head, I proteſt!

'*Y. Wor.* 'Tis as great a wonder to ſee her out of a hackney coach, as out of debt, or——

'*Nar.* Or out of countenance.

'*Y. Wor.* That indeed ſhe ſeldom changes; for ſhe is never out of a maſk, and is ſo well known in it, that when ſhe has a mind to be private ſhe goes barefaced.'

Nar. Come, couſin, now let's ſee what monſters the next walk affords.

E. Wor. With all my heart; 'tis in our way home.

Y. Wor. Ladies, I muſt beg your pardon for a moment; yonder comes one I have a little buſineſs with, I'll diſpatch it immediately, and follow you.

Hil. No, no; we'll ſtay for you.

Nar. You may, if you pleaſe, couſin; but I ſuppoſe he will hardly thank you for it.

Hil. What, then you conclude 'tis a woman's buſineſs, by his promiſing a quick diſpatch?

Y. Wor. Madam, in three minutes you ſhall know the buſineſs. If it diſpleaſe you, condemn me to an eternal abſence.

El. Wor. Come, Madam, let me be his ſecurity.

Nar. I dare take your word, Sir.

[*Exeunt* El. Wor. Hil. *and* Nar.

Enter Sly, *Servant to* Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. Well, how goes matters? Is ſhe in readineſs to receive him?

Sly. To a hair, Sir; every ſervant has his cue, and all are impatient till the comedy begins.

Y. Wor. Stand aſide a little, and let us watch our opportunity.

Snap. [*To a Maſk.*] Enquire about half an hour hence for Number two, at the Gridiron.

Maſk. To-morrow, with all my heart; but to-night I am engaged to the chaplain of Colonel Thunder's regiment.

Snap. What will you leave me for a mutton chop? For that's all he'll give you, I'm ſure.

Maſk. You are miſtaken, faith; he keeps me.

Snap. Not to himſelf, I'll engage him: yet he may too, if nobody likes you better than I do. Hark you, child; pr'ythee, when was your ſmock waſhed?

Maſk. Why, doſt thou pretend to freſh linen, that never wore a clean ſhirt, but of thy mother's own waſhing?

[*Goes from him.*

Love. What, no adventure, no game, Snap?

Snap. None, none, Sir; I can't prevail with any, from the point head-cloaths to the Horſe-guard whore.

Love. What a pox! ſure the whores can't ſmell an empty pocket?

Snap. No, no, that's certain, Sir, they muſt ſee it in our faces.

Sly. [*To* Loveleſs.] My dear boy, how is't? 'Egad, I am glad thou art come to town. My Lady expected you above an hour ago, and I am overjoyed I have found

thee. Come, come, come along; she's impatient till she sees you.

Snap. Odsbud, Sir, follow him; he takes you for another.

Love. 'Egad, it looks with the face of an intrigue —— I'll humour him——Well, what shall we go now?

Sly. Odshheart, she longs to see thee; and she's a curious fine creature, ye rogue! such eyes, such lips, and such a tongue between them! Ah, the tip of it will set a man's soul on fire!

Love. The rogue makes me impatient. [*Aside.*

Sly. Come, come, the key, the key, the key, you dear rogue!

Snap. Oh, Lord! the key, the key. [*Aside.*

Love. The key! Why, sh— sh— sh— should yo— yo— you have it?

Sly. Ay, ay, quickly give's it.

Love. Why, what the devil—sure I han't lost it—— Oh, no, Gad, it is not there. What shall we do?

Sly. Oons! ne'er stand fumbling. If you have lost it, we must shoot the lock, I think.

Love. 'Egad, and so we must; for I ha'n't it.

Sly. Come, come along, follow me.

Love. Snap, stand by me, you dog.

Snap. Ay, ay, Sir. [*Exeunt* Sly, Love. *and* Snap.

Y. Wor. Ha, ha! the rogue managed him most dexterously. How greedily he chopp'd at the bait! What the event will be, Heaven knows; but thus far 'tis pleasant; and since he is safe, I'll venture to divert my company with the story. Poor Amanda! thou well deservest a better husband; thou wert never wanting in thy endeavours to reclaim him; and, faith, considering how long a despair has worn thee,

'Twere pity now thy hopes should not succeed;
This new attempt is Love's last shift indeed.

[*Exit.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter Elder Worthy, Young Worthy, Hillaria, *and* Narciſſa.

ELDER WORTHY.

WELL, ladies, I believe 'tis time for us to be walking.

Hil. No, pray, let me engage you to ſtay a little longer. Yonder comes Sir Novelty and his miſtreſs, in purſuance of the deſign I told you of. Pray, have a little patience, and you will ſee the effects on't.

El. Wor. With all my heart, Madam. [*They ſtand aſide.*

Enter Sir Novelty, *embracing* Flareit, *maſked.*

Sir Nov. Generous creature! this is an unexampled condeſcenſion, to meet my paſſion with ſuch early kindneſs. Thus let me pay my ſoft acknowledgments.

[*Kiſſes her hand.*

Hil. You muſt know, he has miſtaken her for another.

Fla. For Heaven's ſake, let me go. If Hillaria ſhould be at home before me, I am ruined for ever.

Nar. Hillaria! What does ſhe mean?

Sir Nov. Narciſſa's reputation ſhall be ever ſafe, while my life and fortune can protect it.

Nar. Oh, Gad! let me go. Does the impudent creature take my name upon her?——I'll pull off her headcloaths.

Hil. Oh, fie, couſin! what an ungenteel revenge would that be! Have a little patience.

Nar. Oh, I am all in a flame!

Fla. But will you never ſee that common creature, Flareit, more?

Sir Nov. Never, never feed on ſuch homely fare, after ſo rich a banquet.

Fla. Nay, but you muſt hate her too

Sir Nov. That I did long ago. 'Tis true, I have 'been led away; but I deteſt a ſtrumpet.' I am informed ſhe keeps a fellow under my noſe; and for that reaſon, I would not make the ſettlement I lately gave her

ſome hopes of. But e'en let her pleaſe herſelf; for now I am wholly yours.

Fla. Oh, now you charm me! But will you love me ever?

Sir Nov. Will you be ever kind?

Fla. Be ſure you never ſee Flareit more.

Sir Nov. When I do, may this ſoft hand revenge my perjury.

Fla. So it ſhall, villain!

[*Strikes him a box on the ear, and unmaſks.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Nov. Flareit! the devil!

Fla. What, will nothing but a maid go down with you, thou miſerable, conceited wretch?—Poh! I'm a homely puſs, a ſtrumpet, not worth your notice! Devil, I'll be revenged.

Sir Nov. Damn your revenge; I'm ſure I feel it.

[*Holding his cheek.*

Nar. Really, Sir Novelty, I am obliged to you for your kind thoughts of me, and your extraordinary care of my reputation.

Sir Nov. 'Sdeath, ſhe's here!—Expoſed to half the town!——Well, I muſt brazen it out however.

[*Walks unconcerned.*

Fla. What, no pretence, no evaſion now?

Sir Nov. There's no occaſion for any, Madam.

Fla. Come, come, ſwear you knew me all this while.

Sir Nov. No, faith, Madam, I did not know you; for if I had, you would not have found me ſo furious a lover.

Fla. Furies and hell! dares the monſter own his guilt? This is beyond all ſufferance. Thou wretch! thou thing! thou animal! that I (to the everlaſting forfeiture of my ſenſe and underſtanding) have made a man; for till thou kneweſt me, 'twas doubted if thou wert of human kind. And doſt thou think I'll ſuffer ſuch a worm as thee to turn againſt me? No, when I do, may I be curſed to thy embraces all my life, and never know a joy beyond thee.

Sir Nov. Wh—wh—wh—what will your Ladyſhip's fury do, Madam? [*Smiling.*

Fla. Only change my lodging, Sir.

Sir

Sir Nov. I ſhall keep mine, Madam, that you may know where to find me when your fury is over. You ſee I am good-natured. [*Walks by her.*

Fla. This bravery's affected. I know he loves me; and I'll pierce him to the quick. I have yet a ſurer way to fool him. [*Aſide.*

Hil. Methinks the knight bears it bravely.

Nar. I proteſt, the lady weeps.

Y. Wor. She knows what ſhe does, I'll warrant you.

El. Wor. Ay, ay, the fox is a better politician than 'the lion.'

Fla. [*With tears in her eyes.*] Now, woman. [*Aſide.*] Sir Novelty, pray, Sir, let me ſpeak with you.

Sir Nov. Ay, Madam.

Fla. Before we part (for I find I have irrecoverably loſt your love) let me beg of you, that from this hour, you ne'er will ſee me more, or make any new attempts to deceive my eaſy temper: for I find my nature's ſuch, I ſhall believe you, tho' to my utter ruin.

Sir Nov. Pray, Heaven, ſhe be in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Fla. One thing more, Sir—Since our firſt acquaintance you have received ſeveral letters from me; I hope you will be ſo much a gentleman as to let me have them again. Thoſe I have of yours ſhall be returned to-morrow morning. And now, Sir, wiſhing you as much happineſs in her you love, as you once pretended I could give you, I take of you my everlaſting leave. Farewel; and may your next miſtreſs love you till I hate you. [*Is going.*

Sir Nov. So, now muſt I ſeem to perſuade her. [*Aſide.*] Nay, pr'ythee, my dear! why do you ſtruggle ſo? Whither would you go?

Fla. Pray, Sir, give me leave to paſs; I can't bear to ſtay. [*Crying.*

Sir Nov. What is't that frightens you?

Fla. Your barbarous uſage. Pray, let me go.

Sir Nov. Nay, if you are reſolved, Madam, I won't preſs you againſt your will. Your humble ſervant; [*Leaves her.*] and a happy riddance, ſtop my vitals! [*Aſide.*

[Flareit *looks back.*

Fla. Ha! not move to call me back! So unconcern'd! Oh, I could tear my fleſh, ſtab every feature in this dull decaying face, that wants a charm to hold him! Damn

him, I loath him too! But shall my pride now fall from such an height, and bear the torture unrevenged? No, my very soul's on fire; and nothing but the villain's blood shall quench it. Devil, have at thee.

[*Snatches* Young Worthy's *sword, and runs at him.*

Y. Wor. Have a care, Sir.

Sir Nov. Let her alone, gentlemen; I'll warrant you.

[*Draws, and stands upon his guard.*

[Y. Worthy *takes the sword from her, and holds her.*

Fla. Prevented! Oh, I shall choak with boiling gall! Oh! Oh! humph!—Let me go; I'll have his blood, his blood, his blood!

Sir Nov. Let her come, let her come, gentlemen.

Fla. Death and vengeance! am I become his sport? He's pleased, and smiles to see me rage the more; but he shall find no fiend in hell can match the fury of a disappointed woman. Scorned, slighted, dismissed without a parting pang! Oh, torturing thought! May all the racks mankind e'er gave our easy sex, neglected love, decaying beauty, and all the dotage of undone desire light on me, if e'er I cease to be the eternal plague of his remaining life; nay, after death,

When his black soul lies howling in despair,
I'll plunge to hell, and be his torment there. [*Exit.*

El. Wor. Sure, Sir Novelty, you ne'er loved this lady, if you are so indifferent at parting.

Sir Nov. Why, faith, Tom, to tell you the truth, her jealousy has been so troublesome and so expensive to me of late, that I have these three months sought an opportunity to leave her; but, faith, I had always more respect to my life, than to let her know it before.

Hil. Methinks, Sir Novelty, you had very little respect to her life, when you drew upon her.

Sir Nov. Why, what would you have had me done, Madam? Complimented her with my naked bosom? No, no. Look ye, Madam, if she had made any advances, I could have disarmed her in second at the very first pass—But come, ladies; as we walk, I'll beg your judgments in a particular nice fancy that I intend to appear in the very first week the court is quite out of mourning.

El. Wor. With all my heart, Sir Novelty. 'Come, 'ladies, I think 'twere a charity not to keep you up any 'longer.

'longer.'—[*To his Servants.*] See the coach is ready at St. James's Gate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Amanda's *House.*

Enter two Servants.

'1 *Ser.* Come, come, make haste. Is the supper and 'the music ready?

'2 *Ser.* It is, it is. Well, is he come?

'1 *Ser.* Ay, ay; I came before, to tell my Lady the 'news. The rogue, Sly, managed him rarely; he has 'been this half hour pretending to pick the lock of the 'garden door. Well, poor lady! I wish her good luck 'with him; for she's certainly the best mistress living. 'Hark ye, is the wine strong, as she ordered? Be sure 'you ply him home; for he must have two or three 'bumpers, to qualify him for her design. See, here he 'comes; away to your post. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveless *conducted by* Sly, Snap *stealing after him.*

Love. Where the devil will this fellow lead me?—Nothing but silence and darkness!——Sure the house is haunted, and he has brought me to face the spirit at his wonted hour.

Sly. There, there—in, in—Slip on your night-gown, and refresh yourself. In the mean time, I'll acquaint my Lady that you are here. [*Exit.*

Love. Snap!

Snap. Ay, ay, Sir; I'll warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an anti-chamber; a table and a light; a night-gown and peruke lying by.*

Enter Loveless *and* Snap.

Love. Ha! what sweet lodgings are here! Where can this end?

Snap. 'Egad, Sir, I long to know—Pray Heaven we are not deluded hither to be starved. Methinks, I wish I had brought the remnants of my dinner with me.

Love. Hark! I hear somebody coming. Hide yourself, rascal; I would not have you seen.

Snap. Well, Sir, I'll line this trench, in case of your being in danger. [*Gets under the table.*

'*Love.* Ha! this night-gown and peruke don't lie 'here

'here for nothing. I'll make myſelf agreeable. I have 'baulked many a woman in my time, for want of a clean 'ſhirt. [*Puts them on.*'

Enter Servants with a ſupper; after them a Man and Woman.

Love. Ha! a ſupper! Heaven ſend it be no viſion. If the meat be real, I ſhall believe the lady may prove fleſh and blood. Now am I damnably puzzled to know whether this be ſhe or not. [*Aſide.*] Madam—— [*Bows.*

Wom. Sir, my Lady begs your pardon for a moment.

Love. Humph, her Lady—Good. [*Aſide.*

Wom. She's unfortunately detained by ſome female viſitors, which ſhe will diſpatch with all the haſte imaginable. In the mean time, be pleaſed to refreſh yourſelf with what the houſe affords. Pray, Sir, ſit down.

Love. Not alone; Madam, you muſt bear me company.

Wom. To oblige you, Sir, I'll exceed my commiſſion.

Snap. [*Under the table.*] Was there ever ſo unfortunate a dog? What the devil put it into my head to hide myſelf before ſupper? Why, this is worſe than being lock'd into a cloſet, while another man's a-bed with my wife. I ſuppoſe my maſter will take as much care of me too, as I ſhould of him, if I were in his place.

Wom. Sir, my humble ſervice to you. [*Drinks.*

Love. Madam, your humble ſervant; 'I'll pledge 'you.' Snap, when there's any danger, I'll call you. In the mean time, lie ſtill, d'ye hear? [*Aſide to* Snap.

Snap. 'Egad, I'll ſhift for myſelf then. [*Snatches a flaſk unſeen.*] So, now I am arm'd; defiance to all danger.

Love. Madam, your Lady's health.

Snap. Ay, ay, let it go round, I ſay. [*Drinks.*

Wom. Why, really, Sir, my Lady's very happy that ſhe has got looſe from her relations; for they were always teazing her about you. But ſhe defies them all now. Come, Sir, to both your wiſhes. [*Drinks.*

Love. Give me a glaſs; methinks this health inſpires me. My heart grows lighter for the weight of the wine. Here, Madam—Proſperity to the man that ventures moſt to pleaſe her.

Wom. What think you of a ſong to ſupport this gaiety?

Love.

Love. With all my heart. [*A Song here.*] You have obliged me, Madam——'Egad, I like this girl. She takes off her glaſs ſo feelingly, I am half perſuaded ſhe's of a thirſty love. If her Lady don't make a little haſte, I find I ſhall preſent my humble ſervice to her. [*Aſide.*

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Amanda's *Woman.*

Wom. Sir, I aſk your pardon; my Lady has ſome commands for me. I will return immediately. [*Exit.*

Love. Your ſervant——Methinks this is a new method of intriguing.

Snap. Pray Heaven it be new; for the old way commonly ended in a good beating. But a pox of danger, I ſay; and ſo, here's good luck to you, Sir.

Love. Take heed, rogue, you don't get drunk, and diſcover yourſelf.

Snap. It muſt be with a freſh flaſk then; for this is expired, *ſupernaculum.*

Love. Lie cloſe, you dog; I hear ſomebody coming. I am impatient till I ſee this creature. This wine has armed me againſt all thoughts of danger. Pray Heaven ſhe be young; for then ſhe can't want beauty. Ha! here ſhe comes. Now, never-failing impudence, aſſiſt me.

Enter Amanda, *looſely dreſſed.*

Am. Where's my love? Oh, let me fly into his arms, and live for ever there!

Love. My life! my ſoul! [*Runs and embraces her.*] By Heaven, a tempting creature! Melting, ſoft, and warm, as my deſire—'Oh, that I could hide my face for 'ever, thus, that, undiſcovered, I might reap the harveſt 'of a ripe deſire, without the lingering pains of growing 'love.'

Am. Look up, my Lord, and bleſs me with a tender look; and let my talking eyes inform thee how I have languiſhed for thy abſence.

Love. Let's retire, and chaſe away our fleeting cares with the raptures of untired love.

Am. Bleſs me! your voice is ſtrangely altered——Ha! defend me! Who's this? Help, help! within there!

Love. So, I am diſcovered. A pox on my tattling, that I could not hold my tongue, till I got to her bedchamber.

Enter

Enter Sly, *and other Servants.*

Sly. Did your Ladyſhip call help, Madam? What's the matter?

Am. Villain! ſlave! who's this? What ruffian have you brought here?——'Dog, I'll have you murdered.' [Sly *looks in his face.*

Sly. Bleſs me! Oh, Lord! Dear Madam, I beg your pardon. As I hope to be ſaved, Madam, 'tis a miſtake; I took him for Mr. ——

Am. Be dumb, eternal blockhead!—Here, take this fellow, toſs him in a blanket, and let him be turned out of my doors immediately.

Sly. Oh, pray, dear Madam! for Heaven's ſake; I am a ruined man——

Snap. Ah, Snap! what will become of thee? Thou art fallen into the hands of a tygreſs that has loſt her whelp. I have no hopes, but in my maſter's impudence; Heaven ſtrengthen it.

Am. 'I'll hear no more; away with him.' [*Exeunt the Servants with* Sly.] Now, Sir, for you. I expected——

Love. A man, Madam, did you not?

Am. Not a ſtranger, Sir; but one that has a right and title to that welcome, which, by miſtake, has been given to you.

Love. Not an huſband, I preſume. He would not have been ſo privately conducted to your chamber, and in the dark too.

Am. Whoever it was, Sir, is not your buſineſs to examine. But, if you would have civil uſage, pray, begone.

Love. To be uſed civilly, I muſt ſtay, Madam. There can be no danger in ſo fair a creature.

Am. I doubt you are mad, Sir.

Love. While my ſenſes have ſuch luſcious food before them, no wonder if they are in ſome confuſion, each ſtriving to be foremoſt at the banquet; and ſure my greedy eyes will ſtarve the reſt. [*Approaching her.*

Am. Pray, Sir, keep your diſtance, leſt your feeling too be gratified.

Snap. Oh, Lord! Would I were a hundred leagues off at ſea.

Love. Then briefly thus, Madam—Know, I like and love

love you. Now, if you have so much generosity as to let me know what title my pretended rival has to your person, or your inclinations; perhaps the little hopes I then may have of supplanting him may make me leave your house: if not, my love shall still pursue you, tho' to the hazard of my life, which I shall not easily resign, while this sword can guard it.

Am. Oh, were this courage shewn but in a better cause, how worthy were the man that own'd it! [*Aside.*] What is it, Sir, that you purpose, by this unnecessary trifling? Know, then, that I did expect a lover, a man, perhaps more brave than you; one that, if present, would have given you a shorter answer to your question.

Love. I am glad to hear he's brave, however; it betrays no weakness in your choice. But if you'd still preserve or raise the joys of love, remove him from your thoughts a moment, and in his room receive a warmer heart; a heart which must admire you more than he, because my passion's of a fresher date.

Am. What d'ye take me for?

Love. A woman, and the most charming of your sex; one whose pointed eyes declare you form'd for love; 'and tho' your words are flinty, your very look and motion all confess there's a secret fire within you, which 'must sparkle, when the steel of love provokes it.'—— Come, now, pull away your hand, to make me hold it faster.

'*Am.* Nay, now you are rude, Sir.

'*Love.* If love be rudeness, let me be impudent; 'when we are familiar, rudeness will be love. No woman ever thought her lover rude, after she had once 'granted him the favour.'

Am. Pray, Sir, forbear.

Love. How can I, when my desire's so violent? Oh, let me snatch the rosy dew from those distilling lips! and as you see your power to charm, so chide me with your pity. Why do you thus cruelly turn away your face? I own the blessing's worth an age's expectation; but if refused till merited, 'tis esteemed a debt. Would you oblige your lover, let loose your early kindness.

Am. I shall not take your counsel, Sir, while I know a woman's early kindness is as little sign of her generosity,

as

as her generosity is a sign of her discretion. Nor would I have you believe I am so ill provided for, that I need listen to any man's first addresses.

Love. Why, Madam, would you not drink the first time you had a thirst?

Am. Yes; but not before I had.

Love. If you can't drink, yet you may kiss the cup; and that may give you inclination.

Am. Your pardon, Sir; I drink out of nobody's glass but my own. As the man I love confines himself to me, so my inclination keeps me true to him.

Love. That's a cheat imposed upon you by your own vanity; for, when your back's turned, your very chamber-maid sips of your leavings, and becomes your rival. Constancy in love is all a cheat; women of your understanding know it. The joys of love are only great when they are new; and to make them lasting, we must often change.

Am. Suppose 'twere a fresh lover I now expected.

Love. Why, then, Madam, your expectation's answered, for, I must confess, I don't take you for an old acquaintance, tho' somewhere I have seen a face not much unlike you. 'Come, your arguments are vain; for they 'are so charmingly delivered, they but inspire me the 'more, as blows in battle raise the brave man's courage.' Come, every thing pleads for me, your beauty, wit, time, place, opportunity, and my own excess of burning passion.

Am. Stand off, distant as the globes of heaven and earth, that, like a falling star, I may shoot with greater force into your arms, and think it Heaven to lie expiring there. [*Runs into his arms.*

Snap. Ha, ha, ha! rogue, the day's our own.

Love. Thou sweetest, softest creature Heaven e'er form'd! 'Thus let me twine myself about thy beauteous 'limbs, till, struggling with the pangs of painful bliss, 'motionless and mute, we yield to conquering love; 'both vanquish'd, and both victors.

'*Am.* Can all this heat be real? Oh, why has hateful vice such power to charm, while poor abandoned 'virtue lies neglected? [*Aside.*

'*Love.* Come, let us surfeit on our new-born raptures;

'let's waken sleeping nature with delight, till we may 'justly say, Now, now we live!

'*Am.* Come on; let's indulge the transports of our 'present bliss, and bid defiance to our future change of 'fate. Who waits there?

'*Enter* Amanda's *Woman.*

'Bring me word immediately, if my apartment's ready, 'as I ordered it. Oh, I am charmed! I have found the 'man to please me now; one that can, and dares main-'tain the noble rapture of a lawless love. I own myself 'a libertine, a mortal foe to that dull thing call'd virtue, 'that mere disease of sickly nature. Pleasure's the end 'of life; and while I'm mistress of myself and fortune, 'I will enjoy it to the height. Speak freely, then, (not 'that I love, like other women, the nauseous pleasure 'of a little flattery) but answer me, like a man that scorns 'a lie: Does my face invite you, Sir? May I, from 'what you see of me, propose a pleasure to myself in 'pleasing you?

'*Love.* By Heaven, you may. I have seen all the 'beauties that the sun shines on, but never saw the sun 'out-shin'd before. I measured half the world in search 'of pleasure; but not returning home, had ne'er been 'happy.

'*Am.* Spoken like the man I wished might love me!— 'Pray Heaven his words prove true. [*Aside.*] Be sure 'you never flatter me; and when my person tires you, 'confess it freely. For change whenever you will, I'll 'change as soon. But while we chance to meet, still 'let it be with raging fire; no matter how soon it dies, 'provided, the small time it lasts, it burns the fiercer.

'*Love.* Oh, would the blinded world, like us, agree to 'change, how lasting might the joys of love be! For 'thus, beauty, tho' stale to one, might somewhere else 'be new; and while this man were bless'd in leaving 'what he loathed, another were new bless'd in receiving 'what he ne'er enjoyed.

'*Re-enter* Amanda's *Woman.*

'*Wom.* Madam, every thing is according to your 'order.'

'*Love.*' Oh, lead me to the scene of insupportable de-'light! rack me with pleasures never known before, 'till

'I lie gasping with convulsive passion.' This night let us be lavish to our unbounded wishes;

Give all our stock at once to raise the fire,
And revel to the height of loose desire.

[*Exeunt* Loveless *and* Amanda.

Wom. Ah, what a happy creature's my Lady now! There's many an unsatisfied wife about town would be glad to have her husband as wicked as my master, upon the same terms my Lady has him. 'Few women, I'm afraid, would 'grudge an husband the laying out his stock of love, that 'could receive such considerable interest for it.' Well, now shan't I take one wink of sleep, for thinking how they'll employ their time to-night. Faith, I must listen, if I were to be hanged for it. [*Listens at the door.*

Snap. So; my master's provided for; therefore it's time for me to take care of myself. I have no mind to be locked out of my lodgings. I fancy there's room for two in the maid's bed, as well as my Lady's. This same flask was plaguy strong wine; I find I shall storm, if she don't surrender fairly. By your leave, damsel.

Wom. Bless me! who's this? Oh, Lord! what would you have? Who are you?

Snap. One that has a right and title to your body; my master having already taken possession of your Lady's.

Wom. Let me go, or I'll cry out.

Snap. Ye lie; ye dare not disturb your Lady. But the better to secure you, thus I stop your mouth.

[*Kisses her.*

Wom. Humph—Lord bless me! is the devil in you, tearing one's things?

Snap. Then shew me your bed-chamber.

Wom. The devil shall have you first.

Snap. A' shall have both together then. Here will I fix, [*Takes her about the neck.*] just in this posture, till to-morrow morning. In the mean time, when you find your inclinations stirring, pr'ythee, give me a call; for at present I am very sleepy. [*Seems to sleep.*

Wom. Foh! how he stinks! Ah, what a whiff was there! The rogue's as drunk as a sailor with a twelve-month's arrears in his pocket, 'or a Jacobite upon a day 'of ill news.' I'll ha' nothing to say to him—Let me see—How shall I get rid of him?—Oh, I have it—I'll

ſoon make him ſober, I'll warrant him——Soho, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, where do you intend to lie to-night?

Snap. Humph—Why, where you lay laſt night, unleſs you change your lodging.

Wom. Well, for once I'll take pity of you. Make no noiſe, but put out the candles, and follow me ſoftly, for fear of diſturbing my Lady.

Snap. I'll warrant ye; there's no fear of ſpoiling her muſic, while we are playing the ſame. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a dark Entry.*

Re-enter Snap *and Woman.*

Wom. Where are you? Lend me your hand.

Snap. Here, here; make haſte, my dear concupiſcence.

Wom. Hold; ſtand there a little, while I open the door gently, without waking the footman.

[*She feels about, and opens a trap-door.*

Wom. Come along, ſoftly, this way.

Snap. Whereabouts are you?

Wom. Here, here; here; come ſtraight forward.

[*He goes forward, and falls into the cellar.*

Snap. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! I have broke my neck.

Wom. I am glad to hear him ſay ſo, however; I ſhould be loth to be hanged for him. How d'ye, Sir?

Snap. D'ye, Sir! I am a league under ground.

Wom. Whereabouts are you?

Snap. In hell, I think.

Wom. No, no; you're but in the road to it, I dare ſay. Ah, dear! why will you follow lewd women at this rate, when they lead you to the very gulf of deſtruction? I knew you would be ſwallowed up at laſt. Ha, ha, ha!

Snap. Ah, ye ſneering whore!

Wom. Shall I fetch you a prayer-book, Sir, to arm you againſt the temptations of the fleſh?

Snap. No, you need but ſhew your damn'd ugly face to do that. Hark ye, either help me out, or I'll hang myſelf, and ſwear you murdered me.

Wom. Nay, if you are ſo bloody-minded, good night to ye, Sir.

[*She offers to ſhut the door over him, and he catches hold of her.*

Snap. Ah, ah, ah! have I caught you? 'Egad, we'll pig together now.

Wom. O Lord! pray let me go, and I'll do any thing.

Snap. And so ye shall before I part with you.

[*Pulls her in to him.*

And now, master, my humble service to you.

[*He pulls the door over them.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Sir William Wisewou'd's *house.*

Enter El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, *and a Lawyer with a Writing.*

ELDER WORTHY.

ARE the ladies ready?

Y. Wor. Hillaria is just gone up to hasten her cousin, and Sir William will be here immediately.

El. Wor. But hark you, brother; I have considered of it, and pray let me oblige you not to pursue your design on his five thousand pounds: for, in short, 'tis no better than a cheat, and what a gentleman should scorn to be guilty of. Is it not sufficient that I consent to your wronging him of his daughter?

Y. Wor. Your pardon, brother, I can't allow that a wrong: for his daughter loves me: her fortune, you know, he has nothing to do with; and 'tis a hard case a young woman shall not have the disposal of her heart. ——'Love's a fever of the mind, which nothing but 'our wishes can assuage; and I don't question but we 'shall find marriage a very cooling cordial.'——And as to the five thousand pounds, 'tis no more than what he has endeavoured to cheat his niece of.

El. Wor. What d'ye mean? I take him for an honest man.

Y. Wor. Oh! very honest! As honest as an old agent to a new-raised regiment.—No, faith, I'll say that for him, he will not do an ill thing, unless he gets by it. In a word, this so very honest Sir William, as you take him

to

to be, has offered me the refusal of your mistress: and upon condition I will secure him five thousand pounds upon my day of marriage with her, he will secure me her person, and ten thousand pounds, the remaining part of her fortune: there's a guardian for ye! What think ye now, Sir?

El. Wor. Why, I think he deserves to be served in the same kind. 'I find age and avarice are inseparable; 'therefore e'en make what you can of him, and I will 'stand by you.' But hark you, Mr. Forge, are you sure it will stand good in law, if Sir William signs the bond?

Law. In any court in England, Sir.

El. Wor. Then there's your fifty pieces; and if it succeeds, here's as many more in the same pocket to answer 'em. But, mum—here comes Sir William and the ladies.

Enter Sir William Wisewou'd, Hillaria, *and* Narcissa.

Sir Will. Good-morrow, gentlemen. Mr. Worthy, I give you joy. Odso! if my heels were as light as my heart, I shou'd ha' much ado to forbear dancing.—— Here, here, take her, man. [*Gives him* Narcissa's *hand.*] She's yours, and so is her thousand pounds a year, and my five thousand pounds shall be yours too.

Y. Wor. You must ask me leave first. [*Aside.*

Sir Will. Odso! is the lawyer come?

El. Wor. He is, and all the writings are ready, Sir.

Sir Will. Come, come, let's see, man—What's this? Odd! this law is a plaguy troublesome thing; for now-a-days it won't let a man give away his own, without repeating the particulars five hundred times over; when, in former times, a man might have held his title to twenty thousand pounds a year in the compass of an horn-book.

Law. That is, Sir, because there are more knaves now-a-days, and this age is more treacherous and distrustful than heretofore.

Sir Will. That is, Sir, because there are more lawyers than heretofore. But, come, what's this, pr'ythee?

Law. These are the old wtitings of your daughter's fortune.—This is Mr. Worthy's settlement upon her;—and this, Sir, is your bond for five thousand pounds to

him: there wants nothing but filling up the blanks with the parties names; if you pleaſe, Sir, I'll do it immediately.

Sir Will. Do ſo.

Law. May I crave your daughter's chriſtian name? the reſt I know, Sir.

Sir Will. Narciſſa: Pr'ythee, make haſte.

'*Y. Wor.* You know your buſineſs. [*Aſide to the lawyer.*

'*Law.* I warrant you, Sir.' [*Sits to write.*

Sir Will. Mr. Worthy, methinks your brother does not reliſh your happineſs as he ſhou'd do; poor man! I'll warrant he wiſhes himſelf in his brother's condition.

Y. Wor. Not I, I'll aſſure you, Sir.

Sir Will. Niece, niece, have you no pity? Pr'ythee look upon him a little. Odd! he's a pretty young fellow,—'I am ſure he loves you, or he wou'd not have 'frequented my houſe ſo often. D'ye think his brother 'could not tell my daughter his own ſtory without your 'aſſiſtance? Pſhaw-waw! I tell you, you were the beau-'ty that made him ſo aſſiduous:' Come, come, give him your hand, and he'll ſoon creep into your heart, I'll warrant you: come, ſay the word, and make him happy.

Hill. What, to make myſelf miſerable, Sir? Marry a man without an eſtate!

Sir Will. Hang an eſtate; true love's beyond all riches. 'Tis all dirt—mere dirt——Beſide, ha'n't you fifteen thouſand pounds to your portion?

Hil. I doubt, Sir, you would be loth to give him your daughter, though her fortune's larger.

Sir Will. Odd, if he lov'd her but half ſo well as he loves you, he ſhould have her for a word ſpeaking.

Hil. But, Sir, this aſks ſome conſideration.

'*Nar.* You ſee, Mr. Worthy, what an extraordinary 'kindneſs my father has for you.

'*Y. Wor.* Ay, Madam, and for your couſin too: but 'I hope, with a little of your aſſiſtance, we ſhall be both 'able, very ſhortly, to return it.

'*Nar.* Nay, I was always ready to ſerve Hillaria: for 'Heaven knows, I only marry to revenge her quarrel to 'my father: I cannot forgive his offering to ſell her.

'*Y. Wor.* Oh, you need not take ſuch pains, Madam,

'to

'to conceal your passion for me; you may own it with-
'out a blush, upon your wedding-day.

'*Nar.* My passion! When did you hear me acknow-
'ledge any? If I thought you could believe me guilty of
'such a weakness, though after I had married you, I'd
'never look you in the face.

'*Y. Wor.* A very pretty humour this, faith! What a
'world of unnecessary sins have we two to answer for!
'For she has told more lies to conceal her love, than I
'have sworn false oaths to promote it. [*Aside.*] Well,
'Madam, I'll content myself with your giving me leave
'to love.

'*Nar.* Which if I don't give, you'll take, I suppose.'

Hil. Well, uncle, I won't promise you, but I'll go to church, and see them married; when we come back, 'tis ten to one but I surprize you where you least think on.

Sir Will. Why, that's well said—Mr. Worthy, now, now's your time: Odd! I have so fired her, 'tis not in her power to deny you, man.—To her, to her; I warrant her thy own, boy.—You'll keep your word; five thousand pounds upon the day of marriage.

Y. Wor. I'll give you my bond on demand, Sir.

Sir. Will. O! I dare take your word, Sir——Come, lawyer, have you done? Is all ready?

Law. All, Sir. This is your bond, Mr. Worthy. Will you be pleased to sign that first, Sir?

Sir Will. Ay, ay; let's see: The condition of this obligation [*Reads*] Hum, um—Come, lend me the pen.—There—Mr. Worthy, I deliver this as my act and deed to you, and Heaven send you a good bargain.—'Niece,
'will you witness it? [*Which she does.*]' Come, lawyer, your fist. [*Lawyer witnesses it.*

'*Law.* Now, Sir, if you please to sign the jointure.

'*El. Wor.* Come on.—Sir William, I deliver this to
'you for the use of your daughter. Madam, will you
'give yourself the trouble once more? [Hillaria *sets her*
'*hand.*] Come, Sir. [*The lawyer does the same.*]' So, now let a coach be called as soon as you please, Sir.

Sir Will. You may save that charge, I saw your own at the door.

El. Wor.

El. Wor. Your pardon, Sir; that would make our buſineſs too publick: for which reaſon, Sir William, I hope you will excuſe our not taking you along with us.

[*Exit Servant.*

Sir Will. Ay, ay, with all my heart; the more privacy, the leſs expence. But pray, what time may I expect you back again? for Amanda has ſent to me for the the writings of her huſband's eſtate: I ſuppoſe ſhe intends to redeem the mortgage, and I am afraid ſhe will keep me there till dinner-time.

Y. Wor. Why about that time ſhe has obliged me to bring ſome of her neareſt friends to be witneſſes to her good or evil fortune with her huſband: methinks I long to know of her ſucceſs; if you pleaſe, Sir William, we'll meet you there.

Sir Will. With all my heart.—' [*Enter a Servant.*] ' Well, is the coach come?

' *Serv.* It is at the door, Sir.'

Sir Will. Come, gentlemen, no ceremony, your time's ſhort.

El. Wor. Your ſervant, Sir William.

[*Ex.* El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, Narciſſa, *and* Hillaria.

' *Sir Will.* So, here's five thouſand pounds got with a ' wet finger? This 'tis to read mankind! I know, a ' young lover wou'd never think he gave too much for ' his miſtreſs. Well, if I don't ſuddenly meet with ſome ' misfortune, I ſhall never be able to bear this tranquility of mind. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *changes to* Amanda's *houſe.*

Enter Amanda *ſola.*

Am. Thus far my hopes have all been anſwered, and my diſguiſe of vicious love has charm'd him ev'n to a madneſs of impure deſire:——but now I tremble to pull off the maſk, leſt barefac'd virtue ſhould fright him from my arms for ever. ' Yet ſure there are charms in virtue, ' nay, ſtronger and more pleaſing far than hateful vice ' can boaſt of; elſe why have holy martyrs periſhed for ' its ſake? while lewdneſs ever gives ſevere repentance ' and unwilling death.'——Good heaven, inſpire my heart, and hang upon my tongue the force of truth and eloquence,

eloquence, that I may lure this wandering falcon back to love and virtue.—He comes, and now my dreadful task begins.

Enter Loveleſs *in new cloaths.*

Am. How fare you, Sir? D'ye not already think yourſelf confined? Are you not tired with my eaſy love?

Love. O never, never; you have ſo fill'd my thoughts with pleaſures paſt, that but to reflect on them is ſtill new rapture to my ſoul, and the bliſs muſt laſt while I have life or memory.

Am. No flattery, Sir; I lov'd you for your plain dealing; and to preſerve my good opinion, tell me, what think you of the grape's perſuading juice? Come, ſpeak freely, would not the next tavern buſh put all this out of your head?

Love. Faith, Madam, to be free with you, I am apt to think you are in the right on't. For though love and wine are two very fine tunes, yet they make no muſick, if you play them both together; ſeparately they raviſh us: thus the miſtreſs ought to make room for the bottle, the bottle for the miſtreſs, and both to wait the call of inclination.

Am. That's generouſly ſpoken—I have obſerved, Sir, in all your diſcourſe, you confeſs ſomething of a man that has thoroughly known the world—Pray give me leave to aſk of you, of what condition you are, and whence you came?

Love. Why, in the firſt place, Madam,——by birth I am a gentleman; by ill friends, good wine, and falſe dice, almoſt a beggar: but by your ſervant's miſtaking me, the happieſt man that ever love and beauty ſmil'd on.

Am One thing more, Sir: are you married?—Now my fears. [*Aſide.*

Love. I was, but very young.

Am. What was your wife?

Love. A fooliſh loving thing, that built caſtles in the air, and thought it impoſſible for a man to forſwear himſelf when he made love.

Am. Was not ſhe virtuous?

Love.

Love. Umph——Yes, faith, I believe she might, I was ne'er jealous of her.

Am. Did you ne'er love her?

Love. Ah, most damnably at first, 'for she was with-'in two women of my maidenhead.'

Am. What's become of her?

Love. Why, after I had been from her beyond sea, about seven or eight years, like a very loving fool, she died of the pip, and civilly left me the world to range in.

Am. Why did you leave her?

Love. Because she grew stale, and I could not whore in quiet for her: 'besides she was always exclaiming 'against my extravagances, particularly my gaming, 'which she so violently opposed, that I fancied a pleasure 'in it, which since I never found; for in one month I 'lost between eight and ten thousand pounds, which I 'had just before called in to pay my debts. This mis-'fortune made my creditors come so thick upon me, that 'I was forced to mortgage the remaining part of my 'estate to purchase new pleasure; which I knew I could 'not do on this side of the water, amidst the clamours of 'insatiate duns, and the more hateful noise of a com-'plaining wife.

'*Am.* Don't you wish you had taken her counsel, 'though?

'*Love.* Not I, faith, Madam.

'*Am.* Why so?

'*Love.* Because 'tis to no purpose: I am 'master of 'more philosophy, than to be concerned at what I can't 'help.——But now, Madam,——pray give me leave to inform myself as far in your condition.

Am. In a word, Sir, till you know me thoroughly, I must own myself a perfect riddle to you.

Love. Nay, nay, I know you are a woman: but in what circumstances, wife or widow?

Am. A wife, Sir; a true, a faithful, and a virtuous wife.

Love. Umph! truly, Madam, your story begins some-thing like a riddle: a virtuous wife, say you? What, and was you never false to your husband?

Am.

Am. I never was, by heaven! for him and only him I ſtill love above the world,

Love. Good again! Pray, Madam, don't your memory fail you ſometimes? becauſe I fancy you don't remember what you do over-night.

Am. I told you, Sir, I ſhould appear a riddle to you: but if my heart will give me leave, I'll now unlooſe your fettered apprehenſion:——but I muſt firſt amaze you more.——Pray, Sir, ſatisfy me with one particular——'Tis this,—What are your undiſſembled thoughts of virtue? Now, if you can, ſhake off your looſe unthinking part, and ſummon all your force of manly reaſon to reſolve me.

Love. 'Faith, Madam, methinks this is a very odd 'queſtion for a woman of your character. I muſt con'feſs you have amazed me.

'*Am.* It ought not to amaze you. Why ſhould you 'think I make a mock of virtue? But laſt night you al'lowed my underſtanding greater than is uſual in our 'ſex: if ſo, can you believe I have no farther ſenſe of 'happineſs, than what this empty, dark, and barren 'world can yield me? No, I have yet a proſpect of a 'ſublimer bliſs, an hope that carries me to the brighter 'regions of eternal day.

'*Love.* Humh! I thought her laſt night's humour 'was too good to hold. I ſuppoſe, by and by ſhe will 'aſk me to go to church with her. [*Aſide.*]' Faith, Madam, in my mind this diſcourſe is a little out of the way. You told me I ſhould be acquainted with your condition, and at preſent that's what I had rather be informed of.

Am. Sir, you ſhall: but firſt, this queſtion muſt be anſwered: your thoughts of virtue, Sir?——By all my hopes of bliſs hereafter, your anſwering this pronounces half my good or evil fate for ever: but on my knees I beg you, do not ſpeak till you have weighed it well:——anſwer me with the ſame truth and ſincerity, as you would anſwer heaven at your lateſt hour.

Love. Your words confound me, Madam: ſome wondrous ſecret ſure lies ripened in your breaſt, and ſeems to ſtruggle for its fatal birth. What is it I muſt anſwer you?

Am.

Am. Give me your real thoughts of virtue, Sir: can you believe there ever was a woman truly miſtreſs of it, or is it only notion?

Love. Let me conſider, Madam.——What can this mean? Why is ſhe ſo earneſt in her demands, and begs me to be ſerious, as if her life depended upon my anſwer?——I will reſolve her as I ought, as truth, and reaſon, and the ſtrange occaſion ſeems to preſs me. [*Aſide.*] Moſt of your ſex confound the very name of virtue: for they would ſeem to live without deſires; which, could they do, that were not virtue, but the defect of unperforming nature, and no praiſe to them: for who can boaſt a victory, when they have no foe to conquer? Now ſhe alone gives the faireſt proofs of virtue, whoſe conſcience, and whoſe force of reaſon can curb her warm deſires, when opportunity would raiſe them: that ſuch a woman may be found, I dare believe.

Am. May I believe, that from your ſoul you ſpeak this undiſſembled truth?

Love. Madam, you may. But ſtill you rack me with amazement! Why am I aſked ſo ſtrange a queſtion?

Am. I'll give you eaſe immediately.——Since then you have allowed a woman may be virtuous—how will you excuſe the man who leaves the boſom of a wife ſo qualified, for the abandoned pleaſures of a deceitful proſtitute; ruins her fortune, contemns her counſel, loaths her bed, and leaves her to the lingering miſeries of deſpair and love? while, in return of all theſe wrongs, ſhe, his poor forſaken wife, meditates no revenge, but what her piercing tears, and ſecret vows to heaven for his converſion yields her; yet ſtill loves on, is conſtant and unſhaken to the laſt. Can you believe that ſuch a man can live without the ſtings of conſcience, 'and yet 'be maſter of his ſenſes?' Conſcience? Did you ne'er feel the checks of it? Did it never, never tell you of your broken vows?

Love. That you ſhould aſk me this, confounds my reaſon:——and yet your words are uttered with ſuch a powerful accent, they have awakened my ſoul, and ſtrike my thoughts with horror and remorſe.——

[*Stands in a fixed poſture*

Am.

Am. Then let me ſtrike you nearer, deeper yet.—— But arm your mind with gentle pity firſt, or I am loſt for ever.

Love. I am all pity, 'all faith, expectation, and con-'fuſed amazement:' Be kind, be quick, and eaſe my wonder.

Am. Look on me well: revive your dead remembrance: and, Oh! for pity's ſake [*Kneels.*] hate me not for loving long and faithfully; forgive this innocent attempt of a deſpairing paſſion, and I ſhall die in quiet.

Love. Hah!-ſpeak on! [*Amazed.*

Am. It will not be——The word's too weighty for my faultering tongue, and my ſoul ſinks beneath the fatal burden. Oh!— [*Falls to the ground.*

Love. Ha! ſhe faints! Look up, fair creature! behold a heart that bleeds for your diſtreſs, and fain would ſhare the weight of your oppreſſive ſorrows. Oh! thou haſt raiſed a thought within me, that ſhocks my ſoul.

Am. 'Tis done—[*Riſing.*] The conflict's paſt, and heaven bids me ſpeak undaunted. Know then, even all the boaſted raptures of your laſt night's love, you found in your Amanda's arms:——I am your wife——

Love. Ha!

Am. For ever bleſſed or miſerable, as your next breath ſhall ſentence me!

Love. My wife! impoſſible! Is ſhe not dead? How ſhall I believe thee?

Am. How time and my afflictions may have altered me, I know not: but here's an indelible confirmation. [*Bares her arms.*] Theſe ſpeaking characters, which in their chearful bloom our early paſſions mutually recorded.

Love. Hah! 'tis here;—'tis no illuſion, but my real name; which ſeems to upbraid me as a witneſs of my perjured love.—Oh, I am confounded with my guilt, and tremble to behold thee.——Pray, give me leave to think. [*Turns from her.*

Am. I will; [*Kneels.*] but you muſt look upon me: for only eyes can hear the language of the eyes; and mine have ſure the tendereſt tale of love to tell, that ever miſery, at the dawn of riſing hope, could utter.

Love. I have wronged you, (Oh riſe!) baſely wrong'd you. And can I ſee your face!

Am. One kind, one pitying look, cancels thoſe wrongs for ever. And, Oh! forgive my fond preſuming paſſion; for from my ſoul I pardon and forgive you all; all, all but this, the greateſt, your unkind delay of love.

Love. Oh! ſeal my pardon with thy trembling lips, while, with this tender graſp of fond reviving love, I ſeize my bliſs, and ſtifle all thy wrongs for ever.

[*Embraces her.*

Am. No more; I'll waſh away their memory in tears of flowing joy.

'*Love.* Oh! thou haſt rouzed me from my deep le-
'thargy of vice: for hitherto my ſoul has been enſlaved
'to looſe deſires, to vain deluding follies, and ſhadows of
'ſubſtantial bliſs; but now I wake with joy, to find my
'rapture real. Thus let me kneel and pay my thanks to
'her, whoſe conquering virtue has at laſt ſubdued me.
'Here will I fix, thus proſtrate, figh my ſhame, and waſh
'my crimes in never ceaſing tears of penitence.

'*Am.* Oh, riſe! this poſture heaps new guilt on me:
'Now you overpay me.'

Love. Have I not uſed thee like a villain? For almoſt ten long years deprived thee of my love, and ruined all thy fortune? But I will labour, dig, beg, or ſtarve, to give new proofs of my unfeigned affection.

Am. Forbear this tenderneſs, leſt I repent of having moved your ſoul ſo far. You ſhall not need to beg, Heaven has provided for us beyond its common care. 'Tis now near two years ſince my uncle, Sir William Wealthy, ſent you the news of my pretended death; knowing the extravagance of your temper, he thought it fit you ſhould believe no other of me: and about a month after he had ſent you that advice, poor man, he died, and left me in full poſſeſſion of two thouſand pounds a year, which I now cannot offer as a gift, becauſe my duty, and your lawful right, makes you the undiſputed maſter of it.

Love. How have I laboured for my own undoing! while in deſpite of all my follies, kind Heaven reſolved my happineſs.

Enter a Servant to Amanda.

Serv. Madam, Sir William Wiſewou'd has ſent your Ladyſhip the writings you deſired him, and ſays he'll wait on you immediately.

Am.

Am. Now, Sir, if you please to withdraw a while, you may inform yourself how fair a fortune you are master of.

Love. None, none that can outweigh a virtuous mind; while in my arms I thus can circle thee, I grasp more treasure, than in a day the posting sun can travel o'er. Oh! why have I so long been blind to the perfections of thy mind and person? Not knowing thee a wife, I found thee charming beyond the wishes of luxuriant love. Is it then a name, a word, shall rob thee of thy worth? Can fancy be a surer guide to happiness than reason? Oh, I have wandered like a benighted wretch, and lost myself in life's unpleasing journey!

'Twas heedless fancy first that made me stray,
But reason now breaks forth, and lights me on my way.

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE, *changes to an Entry.*

Enter three or four Servants.

1st Serv. Prithee, Tom, make haste below there; my lady has order'd dinner at half past one, precisely. Look out some of the red that came in last.

[*Two of the Servants haul* Snap *and* Amanda's *Woman out of the Cellar.*

2d Serv. Come, Sir, come out here, and shew your Face.

Wom. Oh! I am undone! ruin'd!

2d Serv. Pray, Sir, who are you; and what was your business? and how in the devil's name, came you here?

Snap. Why, truly, Sir, the flesh led me to the cellar door; but I believe the devil push'd me in.—That gentlewoman can inform you better.

3d Serv. Pray, Mrs. Anne, how came you two together in the cellar?

Wom. Why, he—he---pu---pu---pull'd me in.

[*Sobbing.*

3d Serv. But how the devil came he in?

Wom. He fe---fe---fe---fell in.

2d Serv. How came he into the house?

Wom. I don---do---don't know.

2d Serv. Ah! you are a crocodile; I thought what was the reason I could never get a good word from you.

'What in a cellar too? But come, Sir, we will take 'care of you however. Bring him along; we will firſt 'carry him before my Lady, and then toſs him in a 'blanket.

'*Snap.* Nay, but gentlemen, dear gentlemen.'

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Chamber.*

Enter Lovelefs, Amanda, Elder Worthy, Young Worthy, Narciſſa, *and* Hillaria.

E. Wor. This is indeed a joyful day; we muſt all congratulate your happineſs.

Am. Which while our love permits us to enjoy, we muſt ſtill reflect with gratitude on the generous author of it. Sir, we owe you more than words can pay you.

Love. Words are indeed too weak, therefore let my gratitude be dumb till it can ſpeak in actions.

Y. Wor. The ſucceſs of the deſign I thought on, ſufficiently rewards me.

Hil. When I reflect upon Amanda's paſt afflictions, I could almoſt weep to think of her unexpected change of fortune.

E. Wor. Methinks her fair example ſhould perſuade all conſtant wives ne'er to repine at unrewarded virtue. Nay, e'en my brother being the firſt adviſer of it, has atoned for all the looſeneſs of his character.

Love. I never can return his kindneſs.

'*Nar.* In a ſhort time, Sir, I ſuppoſe you'll meet with 'an opportunity, if you can find a receipt to preſerve 'love, after his honey-moon's over.

'*Love.* The receipt is eaſily found, Madam; love's a 'tender plant, which can't live out of a warm bed: you 'muſt take care, with undiſſembled kindneſs, to keep 'him from the northern blaſt of jealouſy.

'*Nar.* But I have heard your experienced lovers make 'uſe of coldneſs, and that's more agreeable to my in'clination.

'*Love.* Coldneſs, Madam, before marriage, like throw'ing a little water upon a clear fire, makes it burn the 'fiercer: but after marriage you muſt ſtill take care to 'lay on freſh fuel.

'*Nar.* Oh, fie, Sir! How many examples have we of 'men hating their wives for being too fond of them?

'*Love.*

'*Love.* No wonder, Madam: you may ſtifle a flame, 'by heaping on too great a load.

'*Nar.* Nay, Sir, if there be no other way of de-'ſtroying this paſſion for me, he may love till doomſday.'

E. Wor. Humh! don't you ſmell powder, gentlemen? Sir Novelty is not far off.

Love. What, not our fellow-collegian, I hope, that was expelled the univerſity for beating the proctor.

E. Wor. The ſame.

Love. Does that weed grow ſtill?

E. Wor. Ay, faith, and as rank as ever, as you ſhall ſee; for here he comes.

Enter Sir Novelty.

Sir Nov. Ladies, your humble ſervant. Dear Loveleſs, let me embrace thee; I am overjoyed at thy good fortune, ſtop my vitals—the whole town rings of it already—my Lady Tattle-tongue has tired a pair of horſes in ſpreading the news about. Hearing, gentlemen, that you were all met upon an extraordinary good occaſion, I could not reſiſt this opportunity of joining my joy with yours: for you muſt know I am———

Nar. Married, Sir?

Sir Nov. To my liberty, Madam: I have juſt parted from my miſtreſs.

Nar. And pray, Sir, how do you find yourſelf after it?

Sir Nov. The happieſt man alive, Madam; pleaſant, eaſy, gay, light, and free as air: ha! [*Capers.*] I beg your Ladyſhip's pardon, Madam; but, upon my ſoul, I cannot confine my rapture.

Nar. Are you ſo indifferent, Sir?

Sir Nov. Oh, Madam! ſhe's engaged already to a temple beau: I ſaw them in a coach together, ſo fond, and bore it with as unmoved a countenance, as Tom Worthy does a thundering jeſt in a comedy, when the whole houſe roars it.

Y. Wor. Pray, Sir, what occaſioned your ſeparation?

Sir Nov. Why, this, Sir:—you muſt know, ſhe being ſtill poſſeſſed with a brace of implacable devils, called revenge and jealouſy, dogged me this morning to the chocolate-houſe, where I was obliged to leave a letter for a young fooliſh girl, that—(you'll excuſe me, Sir) which I had no ſooner delivered to the maid of the houſe, but, whip, ſhe ſnatches it out of her hand, flew at her like a

dragon, tore off her head-clothes, flung down three or four sets of lemonade glasses, dashed my Lord Whiffle's chocolate in his face, cut him over the nose, and had like to have strangled me in my own steinkirk.

Love. Pray, Sir, how did this end?

Sir Nov. Comically, stop my vitals; for in the cloud of powder that she had battered out of the beau's periwig, I stole away: after which, I sent a friend to her with an offer, which she readily accepted (three hundred pounds a year during life) provided she would renounce all claims to me, and resign my person to my own disposal.

'*E. Wor.* Methinks, Sir Novelty, you were a little too 'extravagant in your settlement, considering how the 'price of women is fallen.

'*Sir Nov.* Therefore I did it — to be the first man 'should raise their price: for, the devil take me, the wo-'men of the town now come down so low, that my very 'footman, while he kept my place t'other day at the 'playhouse, carried a mask out of the side-box with him; 'and, stop my vitals, the rogue is now taking physic for it.'

'*Enter the Servants with* Snap.

'1*st Serv.* Come, bring him along there.

'*Love.* How, now? Hah! Snap in hold? Pray let's 'know the business.

'1*st Serv.* Why, an't please you, Sir, this fellow was 'taken in the cellar with my Lady's woman: she says 'he kept her in by force, and was rude to her; she 'stands crying here without, and begs her Ladyship to 'do her justice.

'*Am.* Mr. Loveless, we are both the occasion of this 'misfortune; and for the poor girl's reputation sake 'something should be done.

'*Love.* Snap, answer me directly, have you lain with 'this poor girl?

'*Snap.* Why, truly, Sir, imagining you were doing 'little less with my Lady, I must confess I did commit 'familiarity with her, or so, Sir.

'*Love.* Then you shall marry her, Sir. No reply, 'unless it be your promise.

'*Snap.* Marry her? Oh, lord, Sir, after I have lain 'with her? Why, Sir, how the devil can you think a 'man can have any stomach to his dinner, after he has 'had three or four slices off the spit?

'*Love.*

'*Love.* Well, firrah, to renew your appetite, and be-
'cauſe thou haſt been my old acquaintance, I'll give thee
'an hundred pounds with her, and thirty pounds a year
'during life, to ſet you up in ſome honeſt employment.

'*Snap.* Ah, Sir, now I underſtand you: Heaven re-
'ward you. Well, Sir, I partly find that the genteel
'ſcenes of our lives are pretty well over; and I thank
'Heaven, that I have ſo much grace left, that I can re-
'pent, when I have no more opportunies of being
'wicked.---Come, ſpouſe, [*She enters.*] here's my hand,
'the reſt of my body ſhall be forth coming.---Ah! little
'did my maſter and I think laſt night that we were rob-
'bing our own orchards. [*Exeunt.*'

E. Wor. Brother, 'ſtand upon your guard;' here comes Sir William.

Enter Sir William Wiſewou'd.

Sir Wil. Joy, joy to you all. Madam, I congratulate your good fortune. Well, my dear rogue, muſt not I give thee joy too, ha?

Y. Wor. If you pleaſe, Sir; but I confeſs I have more than I deſerve already.

Sir Wil. And art thou married?

Y. Wor. Yes, Sir, I am married.

Sir Wil. Odſo, I am glad on't: I dare ſwear thou doſt not grudge me the five thouſand pounds.

Y. Wor. Not I, really Sir: you have given me all my ſoul could wiſh for, but the addition of a father's bleſſing. [*Kneels with* Narciſſa.

Sir Wil. Humh! what doſt thou mean? I am none of thy father.

Y. Wor. This lady is your daughter, Sir, I hope.

Sir Wil. Pr'ythee, get up; pr'ythee, get up, thou art ſtark mad. True, I believe ſhe may be my daughter: Well, and ſo, Sir ——

Y. Wor. If ſhe be not, I'm certain ſhe's my wife, Sir.

Sir Wil. Humh! Mr. Worthy, pray, Sir, do me the favour to help me to underſtand your brother a little—— Do you know any thing of his being married?

E. Wor. Then, without any abuſe, Sir William, he married your daughter this very morning, not an hour ago, Sir.

Sir Wil. Pray, Sir, whoſe conſent had you? Who adviſed you to it?

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Our mutual love, and your consent, Sir; which these writings, entitling her to a thousand pounds a year, and this bond, whereby you have obliged yourself to pay me five thousand pounds on our day of marriage, are sufficient proofs of.

Sir Wil. He, he! I gave your brother such a bond, Sir.

Y. Wor. You did so; but the obligation is to me: Look there, Sir.

Sir Wil. Very good, this is my hand, I must confess, Sir; and what then?

Y. Wor. Why then, I expect my five thousand pounds, Sir. Pray, Sir, do you know my name?

Sir Wil. I am not drunk, Sir; I am sure it was Worthy, and Jack, or Tom, or Dick, or something.

Y. Wor. No, Sir, I'll shew you---'tis William; look you there, Sir: you should have taken more care of the lawyer, Sir, that filled up the blank.

E. W. So, now his eyes are open.

Sir Wil. And have you married my daughter against my consent, and tricked me out of five thousand pounds, Sir?

Hil. His brother, Sir, has married me too with my consent, and I am not tricked out of five thousand pounds.

Sir Wil. Insulting witch! Look ye, Sir, I never had a substantial cause to be angry in my life before: but now I have reason on my side, I will indulge my indignation most immoderately: 'I must confess, I have not 'patience to wait the slow redress of a tedious law-suit; 'therefore am resolved to right myself the neareſt way.' Draw, draw, Sir; you must not enjoy my five thousand pounds, though I fling as much more after it, in procuring a pardon for killing you. [*They hold him.*] Let me come at him; I'll murder him; I'll cut him; I'll tear him; I'll broil him, and eat him; a rogue! a dog! a curſed dog! a cut-throat, murdering dog!

E. Wor. Oh, fie: Sir William, how monstrous is this passion!

Sir Wil. You have disarmed me; but I shall find a time to poison him.

Love. Think better on't, Sir William; your daughter has married a gentleman, and one whose love entitles him to her person.

Sir Wil. Ay, but the five thouſand pounds, Sir—Why the very report of his having ſuch a fortune, will ruin him. I'll warrant you, within this week, he will have more duns at his chamber in a morning, than a gaming lord after a good night at the groom-porters, or a poet upon the fourth day of his new play. I ſhall never be pleaſed with paying it againſt my own conſent, Sir.

Hil. Yet you would have had me done it, Sir William: But, however, I heartily wiſh you would as freely forgive Mr. Worthy, as I do you, Sir.

Sir Wil. I muſt confeſs, this girl's good-nature makes me aſhamed of what I have offered: but, Mr. Worthy, I did not expect ſuch uſage from a man of your character; I always took you for a gentleman.

E. Wor. You ſhall find me no other, Sir. Brother, a word with you.

Love. Sir William, I have ſome obligations to this gentleman, and have ſo great a confidence in your daughter's merit, and his love, that I here promiſe to return you your five thouſand pounds, if after the expiration of one year, you are then diſſatisfied in his being your ſon-in-law.

Y. Wor. But ſee, brother, he has foreſtalled your purpoſe.

E. Wor. Mr. Loveleſs, you have been beforehand with me; but you muſt give me leave to offer Sir William my joint ſecurity for what you promiſed him.

Love. With all my heart, Sir. Dare you take our bonds, Sir William?

Y. Wor. Hold, gentlemen; I ſhould bluſh to be obliged to that degree; therefore, Sir William, as the firſt proof of that reſpect and duty I owe a father, I here, unaſked, return your bond, and will henceforth expect nothing from you, but as my conduct may deſerve it.

Au. This is indeed a generous act; methinks 'twere pity it ſhould go unrewarded.

Sir Wil. Nay, now you vanquiſh me; after this, I can't ſuſpect your future conduct: there, Sir, 'tis yours; I acknowledge the bond, and wiſh you all the happineſs of a bridal bed. Heaven's bleſſing on you both. Now riſe, my boy; and let the world know 'twas I ſet you upon your legs again.

Y. Wor. I'll ſtudy to deſerve your bounty, Sir.

Love.

Love. Now, Sir William, you have ſhewn yourſelf a father. This prudent action has ſecured your daughter from the uſual conſequence of a ſtolen marriage, a parent's curſe. Now ſhe muſt be happy in her love, while you have ſuch a tender care on't.

Am. This is indeed a happy meeting: we all of us have drawn our ſeveral prizes in the lottery of human life; therefore I beg our joys may be united: not one of us muſt part this day. The ladies I'll intreat my gueſts.

Love. The reſt are mine, and I hope will often be ſo.

'*Am.* 'Tis yet too ſoon to dine: therefore, to divert 'us in the mean time, what think you of a little muſic? 'the ſubject perhaps not improper to this occaſion.

'*E. Wor.* 'I will oblige us, Madam; we are all lovers 'of it.

'*The* SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Love *ſeated on a* '*Throne, attended by* Fame, *with a Chorus.*

'*Fame.* Hail! Hail! victorious Love!
'To whom all hearts below,
'With no leſs pleaſure bow,
'Than to the thund'ring Jove,
'The happy ſouls above.

'*Cho.* Hail! &c.

'*Enter* Reaſon.

'*Reaſon.* Ceaſe, ceaſe, fond fools, your empty noiſe,
'And follow not ſuch idle joys:
'Love gives you but a ſhort-liv'd bliſs,
'But I beſtow immortal happineſs.

'*Love.* Rebellious Reaſon talk no more;
'Of all my ſlaves, I thee abhor:
'But thou, alas! doſt ſtrive in vain
'To free the lover from a pleaſing chain;
'In ſpite of Reaſon, Love ſhall live and reign.

'*Cho.* In ſpite, &c.

'*A Martial Symphony.*

'*Enter* Honour.

'*Hon.* What wretch would follow Love's alarms,
'When Honour's trumpet ſounds to arms?
'Hark! how the warlike notes inſpire
'In ev'ry breaſt a glowing fire.

'*Love.* Hark! how it ſwells with love and ſoft deſire.

'*Hon.*

' *Hon.* Behold, behold the marry'd ſtate,
' By thee too ſoon betray'd.
' Repenting now too late.
' *Enter* Marriage, *with his Yokes.*
' *Mar.* Oh! tell me, cruel God of Love,
' Why didſt thou my thoughts poſſeſs
' With an eternal round of happineſs?
' And yet, alas! I lead a wretched life,
' Doom'd to this galling yoke,—the emblem of a wife.
' *Love.* Ungrateful wretch! how dar'ſt thou Love upbraid?
' I gave thee raptures in the bridal bed.
' *Mar.* Long ſince, alas! the airy viſion fled,
' And I with wand'ring flames my paſſion feed.
' Oh! tell me, pow'rful God,
' Where I ſhall find
' My former peace of mind?
' *Love.* Where firſt I promis'd thee a happy life,
' There thou ſhalt find it, in a virtuous wife.
' Love *and* Fame.
' Go home, unhappy wretch, and mourn
' For all the guilty paſſions paſt;
' There thou ſhalt find thoſe joys return,
' Which ſhall for ever, ever laſt.

' *End with the firſt Chorus.*

Love. ' 'Twas generouſly deſigned, and all my life to ' come ſhall ſhew how I approve the moral. Oh, Amanda! once more receive me to thy arms; and while I am there, let all the world confeſs my happineſs. By my example taught, let every man, whoſe fate has bound him to a married life, beware of letting looſe his wild deſires: for, if experience may be allowed to judge, I muſt proclaim the folly of a wandering paſſion. The greateſt happineſs we can hope on earth,

And ſure the neareſt to the joys above,
Is the chaſte rapture of a virtuous love.

END of the FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken in the Character of CUPID.

NOW, gallants, for the author. First, to you,
Kind city gentlemen o'th' middle row;
He hopes you nothing to his charge can lay,
There's not a cuckold made in all his play.
Nay, you muſt own, if you believe your eyes,
He draws his pen againſt your enemies:
For he declares, to-day he merely ſtrives
To maul the beaux——becauſe they maul your wives.
Nor, Sirs, to you whoſe ſole religion's drinking,
Whoring, roaring, without the pain of thinking.
He fears he's made a fault you'll ne'er forgive,
A crime beyond the hopes of a reprieve:
An honeſt rake forgo the joys of life,
His whores and wine, t'embrace a dull chaſte wife!
Such out-of-faſhion ſtuff! But then again,
He's lewd for above four acts, gentlemen.
For faith, he knew, when once he'd chang'd his fortune,
And reform'd his vice, 'twas time—to drop the curtain.
Four acts for your coarſe palates were deſign'd,
But then the ladies taſte is more refin'd;
They, for Amanda's ſake, will ſure be kind.
Pray let this figure once your pity move;
Can you reſiſt the pleaſing God of Love?
In vain my pray'rs the other ſex purſue,
Unleſs your conqu'ring ſmiles their ſtubborn hearts ſubdue.

13

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